THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Wedn. Night, March 1.

MR Fowler ſet out yeſterday for Glouceſterſhire, where he has an eſtate. He propoſes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a viſit to Mr Reeves, and deſired him to preſent to me his beſt wiſhes and reſpects. He declared, that he could not poſſibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodneſs, as he called it. But it was *that* which cut him to the heart: So kind, and ſo cruel, he ſaid, he could not bear it.

I hope poor Mr Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks, I could have been half-glad to have ſeen him before he went: And yet *but* half-glad; ſince, had he ſhewn much concern, I ſhould have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what paſſed this day in St James's-ſquare.

There were at Sir Charles Grandiſon's, beſides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miſs Grandiſon's humble ſervants; Mr Everard Grandiſon; Miſs Emily Jervois, a young lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr Bartlett, a divine; of whom more by and by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-room, where only were his two ſiſters. They received my couſins and me with looks of love.

I will tell you, ſaid Sir Charles, your company, before I preſent them to you. Lord L. is a good man. I honour him as ſuch; and love him as my ſiſter's huſband.

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if ſhe took pride in her brother's approbation of her Lord.

Mr Everard Grandiſon, proceeded he, is a ſprightly man. He is prepared to admire you, Miſs Byron. *You* will not believe, perhaps, half the handſome things he will ſay to you; but yet will be the only perſon who hears them that will not.

Lord G. is a modeſt young man: He is genteel, well-bred; but is ſo much in love with a certain young lady, that he does not appear with that dignity in her eye [why bluſhes my Charlotte?] that otherwiſe, perhaps, he might.

Are not *you*, Sir Charles, *a modeſt man?*

No compariſons, Charlotte. Where there is a double prepoſſeſſion; no compariſons!—But Lord G. Miſs Byron, is a good kind of young man.

You'll

You'll not diſlike him, though my ſiſter is pleaſed to think—

No compariſons, Sir Charles.

That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miſs Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and diſlikes of ladies, than we men can.

Dr Bartlett you'll alſo ſee. He is learned, prudent, humble. You'll read his heart in his countenance the moment he ſmiles upon you. Your grandpappa, madam, had fine curling ſilver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your grandfather's care and delight in you, I figure to myſelf, that he was juſt ſuch a man, habit excepted: Your grandfather was not a clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a ſtrong deſire to pleaſe, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr Bartlett's company. He has but one fault; he ſpeaks too little: But were he to ſpeak much, every one elſe would *wiſh* to be ſilent.

My ward Emily Jervois is an amiable girl. Her father was a good man but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care, on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My ſiſter loves her. I love her for her own ſake as well as for her father's. She has a great fortune: And I have had the happineſs to recover large ſums, which her father gave over for loſt. He was an Italian merchant, and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his wife. I have had ſome trouble with her; and, if ſhe be living, expect more.

Unhappy temper of his wife, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the moſt abandoned of women.

Well, but, Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily's ſtory, to procure for her an intereſt in Miſs Byron's favour, and to make their

firſt acquaintance eaſy to each other. Emily wants no prepoſſeſſion in Miſs Byron's favour. She will be very ready herſelf to tell her whole ſtory to Miſs Byron. Mean time, let us not ſay all that is juſt to ſay of the *mother*, when we are ſpeaking of the *daughter*.

I ſtand corrected, Sir Charles.

Emily, madam (turning to me), is not conſtantly reſident with us in town. She is fond of being every where with my Charlotte.

And where *you* are, Sir Charles, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

Mr Reeves whiſpered a queſtion to Sir Charles, which was ſeconded by my eyes; for I gueſſed what it was: Whether he had heard any thing further of Sir Hargrave?

Don't be anxious, ſaid Sir Charles. All muſt be well. People, long uſed to error, don't, without reluctance, ſubmit to new methods of proceeding. All muſt be well.

Sir Charles, ſtepping out, brought in with him Miſs Jervois. The gentlemen ſeemed engaged in converſation, ſaid he. But I know the impatience of this young lady to pay her reſpects to Miſs Byron.

He preſented her to us: This dear girl is my Emily. Allow me, madam, whenever Miſs Grandiſon ſhall be abſent, to claim for her the benefit of your inſtruction, and your general countenance, as ſhe ſhall appear worthy of it.

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one lady, without robbing, or, at leaſt, depreciating another. How often have you and I obſerved, that a polite brother is a black ſwan?

I ſaluted the young lady, and told her, I ſhould be fond of embracing every opportunity that ſhould offer to commend myſelf to her favour.

Miſs Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel,

genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, though pitted with the ſmall-pox, is pretty. The ſweetneſs of her manners, as expreſſed in her aſpect, gives her great advantage. I was ſure, the moment I ſaw her, that her greateſt delight is to pleaſe.

She made me two or three pretty compliments, and, had *not* Sir Charles commended her to me, I ſhould have been highly taken with her.

Mr Grandiſon entered: Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can ſtay no longer, ſaid he: To know that the fineſt woman in England is under the ſame roof with me; yet to be ſo long detained from paying my reſpects to her—I can't bear it—And in a very gallant manner, as he ſeemed to *intend*, he paid his compliments, firſt to me, and then to my two couſins:—And whiſpering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miſs Grandiſon, ſwore by his ſoul, that report fell ſhort of my perfections—and I can't tell what.

Did I not tell you that you would ſay ſo, Sir? ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: But, perhaps, ſhould have been leſs indifferent to his compliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr Greville, Mr Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this caſt, I think, ſeem all alike. Poor creature! how from my heart—But, indeed, now that I have the honour to know theſe two ſiſters, I deſpiſe *myſelf*.

Sir Charles addreſſing himſelf to my couſins and me, Now, ſaid he, that my couſin Grandiſon has found an opportunity to introduce himſelf, and that I have preſented my ward to you, we will, if you pleaſe, ſee how Lord L. Lord G. and Dr Bartlett, are engaged.

He led my couſin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addreſſed us with great politeneſs.

After Sir Charles had preſented the doctor to my couſins, he reſpectfully took my hand: Were there fifty ladies here, my good Dr Bartlett, whom you had never ſeen before, you would, I am ſure, from the character you have had of Miſs Byron, be under no difficulty of reading that character in this young lady's face.—Miſs Byron, behold, in Dr Bartlett, another grandfather!

I reverence, ſaid I, good Dr Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's thought: The character he has given you, Sir, is ſtamped in your countenance. I ſhould have venerated you where-ever I had ſeen you.

The gentleman has ſuch a truly venerable aſpect, my Lucy, I could not help ſaying this.

Sir Charles's goodneſs, madam, ſaid he, as it ever did, prevents my wiſhes. I rejoice to ſee, and to congratulate a new ſiſter *reſtored*, as I will call it in the language of Miſs Grandiſon, to the beſt of families.

Juſt then came in a ſervant and whiſpered to Sir Charles: Shew the gentleman, ſaid Sir Charles, into the drawing-room next the ſtudy.

Mr Grandiſon came up to me, and ſaid many ſilly things. I thought them ſo at that time.

Mr Reeves ſoon after was ſent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be ſerved, and Sir Charles, who was ſtill with the gentleman, ſummoned to it, he deſired we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were ſeated.

Some new trouble, thought I, of which I am the cauſe, I doubt.

Preſently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly ſmiling and ſerene.—God bleſs you, Sir! thought I—His looks pleaſed me better than my couſin's.

But, my dear, there is ſomething going forward that I cannot get out of my couſin. I hoped I ſhould, when I got home. The gentleman to whom

Sir

Sir Charles was called out, was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr Reeves cannot deny that. I gueſſed it was, by Sir Charles's ſending in for Mr Reeves. It muſt be about me.

We had ſeveral charming converſations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining. So unaſſuming, ſo lively, ſo modeſt! It was alſo delightful to ſee the attention paid to him by the ſervants as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never ſaw love and reverence ſo agreeably mingled in ſervants' faces in my life. And his commands were delivered to them with ſo much gentleneſs of voice and aſpect, that one could not but conclude in favour of both, that they were the beſt of ſervants to the beſt of maſters.

Mr Grandiſon was very gallant in his ſpeeches to me; but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. ſaid but little; but what he did ſay deſervedly gained attention.

Every body reverenced Dr Bartlett, and was attentive when he ſpoke; and would, I dare ſay, on his own account, had not the maſter of the houſe, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the queſtions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himſelf, it was evident he could himſelf have anſwered: Yet he put them with an air of *teachableneſs*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; and received the doctor's anſwers to them with as much ſatisfaction as if he were then newly enlightened by them.—Ah, my Lucy! you imagine, I dare ſay, that this admirable man loſt nothing in my eyes by this his polite condeſcenſion. Reſerve, and a politeneſs that had dignity in it, ſhewed that the fine gentleman and the clergyman were not ſeparated in Dr Bartlet.—Pity they ſhould be in any of the function!

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to ſhine, by leading the diſcourſe into circumſtances and details, which Lord G. could beſt recount.

He

He is a connoiſſeur in antiquities, and in thoſe parts of *nice* knowledge, as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themſelves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miſs Grandiſon. Upon my word, Lucy, ſhe makes very free with him. I whiſpered her, that ſhe did—A very Miſs Howe, ſaid I.

To a *very* Mr Hickman, re-whiſpered ſhe.—But here's the difference: I am not determined to have Lord G. Miſs Howe yielded to her mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr Hickman, even when ſhe uſed him worſt. One time or other (archly continued ſhe the whiſper, holding up her ſpread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) my Lord G. is to ſhew us his collection of butterflies, and other gaudy inſects: Will you make one?—

Of the gaudy inſects? whiſpered I.—

Fie, Harriet!—One of the party, you know, I muſt mean. Let me tell you, I never ſaw a collection of theſe various inſects, that I did not the more admire the maker of them, and of all us inſects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones.—Another word with you, Harriet—Theſe little playful ſtudies may do well enough with perſons who do not want to be *more* than indifferent to us: But do you think a lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a butterfly, when a fine lady has made herſelf all over butterfly to attract him?—Eyes off, Sir Charles!—for he looked, though ſmilingly, yet earneſtly, at us, as we whiſpered behind the Counteſs's chair; who heard what was ſaid, and was pleaſed with it.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday morning, March 2.

I SHOULD have told you that Miſs Grandiſon did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I ſhould. But I have not yet done with Lord G. Poor man! he is exceſſively in love, I ſee that. Well he may. What man would not with Miſs Grandiſon? Yet is ſhe too ſuperior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addreſſed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Muſt ſhe throw away her talents? Muſt ſhe hide her light under a buſhel purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and chuſe as men can. She has only her negative; and, if ſhe is deſirous to oblige her friends, not always *that*. Yet, it is ſaid, women muſt not encourage ſops and fools. They muſt encourage men of ſenſe only. And it is *well* ſaid. But what will they do, if their lot be caſt among foplings? If the men of ſenſe do not offer themſelves? And pray, may I not aſk, if the taſte of the age, among the men, is not dreſs, equipage, and foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their ſtudy? The men, in ſhort, are ſunk, my dear; and the women but barely ſwim.

Lord G. ſeems a little too finical in his dreſs. And yet I am told, that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandiſon is before them? *He* ſcruples not to modernize a little; but then you ſee, that it is in compliance with the faſhion, and to avoid ſingularity; a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often ſubject, though *he* is ſo much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is *very* much in earneſt in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miſs Grandiſon. I doubt not, if he be, but he has good reaſons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head, I could ſatisfy myſelf about twenty and twenty things, that now-and-then I want to know.

Miſs Jervois behaved very diſcreetly. With what pleaſure did ſhe hang on every word that fell from the lips of her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Poor girl! how I ſhould pity her, were ſhe inſenſibly to ſuffer her gratitude to lead her to be in love with her benefactor! Indeed I pity every body who is hopeleſly in love.

Now don't ſhake your head, my uncle! Did I not always pity Mr Orme and Mr Fowler?—You know I did, Lucy.

Miſs Jervois had a ſmile ready for every one; but it was not an implicit, a childiſh ſmile. It had diſtinction in it; and ſhewed intelligence. Upon the whole, ſhe ſaid little; and heard all that was ſaid with attention: And hence I pronounce her a very diſcreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with the *men* firſt; and here is Mr Grandiſon hardly mentioned; who, yet in his own opinion, was not the laſt of the men at table.

Mr Grandiſon is a man of middling ſtature, not handſome in my eyes; but ſo near being handſome, that he may be excuſed, when one knows him, for thinking himſelf ſo; becauſe he is liable to make greater miſtakes than that.

He dreſſes very gaily too. He is at the *head* of the faſhion, as it ſeems he thinks; but, however, is one of the *firſt* in it, be what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room; of all manner of public ſpectacles; a leader of the taſte at a new play or opera. He dances, he ſings, he laughs;

laughs; and values himſelf on all three qualifications: And yet certainly has ſenſe; but is not likely to improve it much; ſince he ſeems to be ſo much afraid of ſuffering in the conſequence he thinks himſelf of, that whenever Sir Charles applies himſelf to him, upon any of his levities, tho' but by the eye, his conſciouſneſs, however mild the look, makes him ſhew an uneaſineſs at the inſtant: He reddens, ſits in pain; calls for favour by his eyes and his quivering lips; and has, notwithſtanding, a ſmile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to leſſen his own ſenſibility, ſhould he be likely to ſuffer in the opinion of the company: But every motion ſhews his conſciouſneſs of inferiority to the man, of whoſe ſmiles or animadverſions he is ſo very apprehenſive.

What a captious, what ſupercilious huſband, to a woman who ſhould happen to have a ſtronger mind than his, would Mr Grandiſon make! But he values himſelf upon his having preſerved his liberty.

I believe there are more bachelors now in England by many thouſands, than were a few years ago: And probably, the numbers of them (and of ſingle women of courſe) will every year increaſe. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this; and the turn our ſex take in *un*-domeſticating themſelves, for a good deal more. But let not thoſe worthy young women, who may think themſelves deſtined to a ſingle life, repine over-much at their lot; ſince, poſſibly, if they had no lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found a huſband, they have had rather a miſs than a loſs, as men go. And let me here add, that I think, as matters ſtand in this age, or indeed ever did ſtand, that thoſe women who have joined with the men in their inſolent ridicule of old maids, ought never to be forgiven: No, though Miſs Grandiſon ſhould be one of the ridiculers. An old

maid

maid *may be* an odious character, if they will tell us, that the bad qualities of the perſons, not the maiden ſtate, are what they mean to expoſe: But then they muſt allow, that there are old maids of twenty; and even that there are widows and wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abuſive ſenſe of the words, are as much old maids as the moſt particular of that claſs of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr Grandiſon.

He is about thirty-two. He has had the *glory* of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has *reſtored* him to a ſenſe of ſhame [all men, I hope, are born with it], which a few months ago he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with inſtances of the frailty of individuals of their ſex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to ſmile at; when I am very much miſtaken, if every woman would not find her account, if ſhe wiſhes *herſelf* to be well thought of, in diſcouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debaſe or expoſe the ſex in general. How can a man be ſuffered to boaſt of his vileneſs to one woman in the preſence of another, without a rebuke that ſhould put it to the proof, whether the boaſter was, or was not paſt bluſhing.

Mr Grandiſon is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very conſiderable, by his free living, and an itch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has underſtanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miſs Grandiſon, that he both loves and fears him; and now and then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be juſt what Sir Charles is. Good God! at other times he has broke out, what an odious creature is a rake! How I hate myſelf, when I contemplate the excellencies of this divine brother of yours!

I ſhall ſay nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon were the graces of the table. So lively, ſo ſenſible, ſo frank, ſo polite, ſo good-humoured, what honour do they and their brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandiſon, it ſeems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How uſeful, if ſo, are the women in the greater, as well as in the leſſer parts of domeſtic duty, where they *perform* their duty! And what have thoſe, who do not, to anſwer for, to God, to their children, and even to their whole ſex, for the contempts they bring upon it by their uſeleſſneſs, and perhaps extravagance; ſince, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil.

Dr Bartlett I have already ſpoken of. How did he enliven the converſation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, ſo clear, ſo juſt, ſo ſolid his reaſoning! I wiſh I could remember every word he ſaid.

Sir Charles obſerved to us, before we *ſaw* him, that he was not forward to ſpeak: But as I hinted, he threw the occaſion in his way, on purpoſe to draw him out: And at ſuch times, what he ſaid was eaſy, free, and unaffected: And whenever a ſubject was concluded, he had done with it. His modeſty, in ſhort, made him always follow rather than lead a ſubject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer; which he, occaſionally, gave us on the antient Perſians being talked of.

Looking up to the riſing ſun, which it was ſuppoſed they worſhipped, theſe were the words of the Brachman:

"O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) by whom "*Thou* (meaning the ſun) art enlightened, illumi- "nate my mind, that my actions may be agree- "able to THY will!"

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, ſhall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every body was pleaſed with Mr and Mrs Reeves. Their modeſty, good ſenſe, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not oſtentatious regard which they expreſt to each other (a regard ſo creditable to the married ſtate), cauſe them to be always treated and ſpoken of with diſtinction.

But I believe, as I am in a ſcribbling vein, I muſt give you the particulars of one converſation; in which farther honour was done to Dr Bartlett.

After dinner, the Counteſs, drawing me on one ſide by both my hands, ſaid, Well, our other ſiſter, our new found ſiſter, let me know how you like us; I am in pain leſt you ſhould not love us as well as you do *our* Northamptonſhire relations.

You overcome me, madam, with your goodneſs.

Miſs Grandiſon then coming towards us, Dear Miſs Grandiſon, ſaid I, help me to words—

No, indeed, I'll help you to nothing. I am jealous. Lady L. don't think to rob me of my Harriet's preferable love, as you have of Sir Charles's. I *will* be beſt ſiſter here. But what was your ſubject?—Yet I will anſwer my own queſtion. Some pretty compliment, I ſuppoſe; women to women. Women hunger and thirſt after compliments. Rather than be without them, if no men are at hand to flatter us, we love to ſay handſome things to one another; and ſo teach the men to find us out.

You need not be *jealous*, Charlotte, ſaid the Counteſs: You may be *ſure*. This ſaucy girl, Miſs Byron, is ever fruſtrating her own pretenſions. Can flattery, Charlotte, ſay what we will, have place

place *here?*—But tell me, Miſs Byron, how you like Dr Bartlett?

Ay, tell us, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, how you like Dr Bartlett? Pray Lady L. don't anticipate me: I propoſe to give our new ſiſter the hiſtory of us all: And is not Dr Bartlett one of *us?* She has already given me the hiſtory of all her friends, and of herſelf: And I have communicated to you, like a good ſiſter, all ſhe has told me.

I conſidered Dr Bartlett, I ſaid, as a ſaint; and at the ſame time, as a man of true politeneſs.

He is indeed, ſaid the Counteſs, all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don't you ſee how Sir Charles admires him?

Pray, Lady L. keep clear of my province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties.

Sir Charles heard this laſt ſentence—Yet I wonder not, ſaid he, joining us, that three ſuch women get together: Goodneſs to goodneſs is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded.—Dr Bartlett, if you pleaſe—

The doctor approached in a moſt graceful manner—Let me again, Miſs Byron, preſent Dr Bartlett to you, as a man that is an honour to his cloth; and that is the ſame thing, as if I ſaid, to human nature [the good man bowed in ſilence]; and Miſs Byron to you, my good doctor (taking my hand), as a lady moſt worthy your diſtinguiſhed regard.

You do me too much honour, Sir, ſaid I. I ſhall hope, good Dr Bartlett, by your inſtructions, to be enabled to deſerve ſuch a recommendation.

My dear Harriet, ſaid the Counteſs, ſnatching my other hand, you are a *good* girl; and that is more to your honour than beauty.

Be quiet, Lady L. ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

Mr Grandiſon came up—What? Is there not another hand for me?

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr Bartlett from ſaying ſomething that his lips were opening to ſpeak with a ſmile of benignity.

How the world, ſaid Sir Charles, ſmiling, will puſh itſelf in! *Heart*, not *hand*, my dear Mr Grandiſon, was the ſubject.

Whenever you, Sir Charles, and the doctor, and theſe ladies, are got together, I know I *muſt* be unſeaſonable: But if you exclude me ſuch company, how ſhall I ever be what you and the doctor would have me to be.

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us: See your attraction, Miſs Byron! ſaid the Counteſs.

But, joined in Miſs Grandiſon, we will not leave our little Jervois by herſelf, expecting and longing! Our couſins Reeves—(only that when they are together, they cannot want company)—ſhould not be thus left. Is there more than one heart among us?—This man's excepted, humouroufly puſhing Mr Grandiſon, as if from the company—Let us be orderly, and take our ſeats.

How cruel is this! ſaid Mr Grandiſon, appealing to Sir Charles.

Indeed I think it is a little cruel, Charlotte.

Not ſo: Let him be good then.—Till when, may all our ſex ſay, to ſuch men as my couſin has been —"Thus let it be done by the man, whom, if he 'were good, good perſons would delight to honour."

Shame, if not principle, ſaid Lord L. ſmiling, would effect the cure, if all ladies were to act thus. Don't you think ſo, couſin Everard?

Well, well, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, I will be good as faſt as I can: But doctor, what ſay you?—Rome was not built in a day.

I have great hopes of Mr Grandiſon, ſaid the Doctor. But, ladies, you muſt not, as Mr Grandiſon obſerved, exclude from the benefit of *your* converſation,

converſation, the man whom you wiſh to be good.

What! Not till he *is* good? ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. Did I not ſay, we ſhould delight to honour him when he was?

But, what, Sir Charles (come, I had rather take my cue from you than any body), what are the ſigns which I am to give to be allowed—?

Only theſe, my couſin—When you can be ſerious on ſerious ſubjects; yet ſo chearful in your ſerioufneſs, as if it ſat eaſy upon you; when you can, at times, prefer the company and converſation of Dr Bartlett, who is not a ſolemn or ſevere man, to any other; and, in general, had rather ſtand well in his opinion, than in that of the gayeſt man or woman in the world.

Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the Doctor's—

Command me, Mr Grandiſon, whenever you two are together. We will not oppreſs you with our ſubjects. Our converſation ſhall be that of men, of *chearful* men. You ſhall lead them and change them at pleaſure. The firſt moment (and I will watch for it) that I ſhall imagine you to be tired or uneaſy, I will break off the converſation; and you ſhall leave us, and purſue your own diverſions, without a queſtion.

You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles, ſaid Mr Grandiſon; and I have retired, and bluſhed to myſelf, ſometimes, for *wanting* your indulgence.

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own ſeat next Lord L. whom he ſet in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my Lord gave of the pleaſure which the Counteſs, on that her firſt journey into thoſe parts, gave to all *his* family and friends; as Lady L. on her part acknowledged ſhe had a grateful ſenſe of *their* goodneſs to her.

I rejoice, ſaid Sir Charles, that the ſea divides us not from ſuch worthy people as you, my Lord, have given us a relation to. Next viſit you make (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your Lordſhip before.

You will add to our pleaſure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour.

But, my Lord, did not the ladies think a little hardly of your Lordſhip's engagement? that a man of your merit ſhould go from Scotland for a wife? I do aſſure you, my Lord, that, in all the countries I have been in, I never ſaw finer women than I have ſeen in Scotland; and, in very few nations, though ſix times as large, greater numbers of them.

I *was* to be the happieſt of men, Sir Charles, in a Grandiſon—I thank *you*, bowing.

It is one of my felicities, my Lord, that my ſiſter calls herſelf yours.

Lady L. whiſpering me, as I ſat between her and Miſs Grandiſon, the two worthieſt hearts in the world, Miſs Byron! my Lord L.'s, and my brother's!

With joy I congratulate your ladyſhip on both, re-whiſpered I. May God long continue to you two ſuch bleſſings!

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

I can tell you how, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, to repay that nation—You, Sir Charles, ſhall go down, and bring up with you a Scottiſh lady.

I was vexed with myſelf for ſtarting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scottiſh ladies?—I own that I have heard the women of our northern countries praiſed *alſo*. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

My

My ſiſter Harriet, applied Sir Charles to me, you need not, I hope, be told, that I am a great admirer of fine women.

I had liked to have bowed—I ſhould not have been able to recover myſelf, had I ſo ſeemed to apply his compliment.

I had the leſs wonder that you are, Sir Charles, becauſe, in the word *fine*, you include mind as well as perſon.

That's my good girl! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, as ſhe poured out the tea: And ſo he does.

My dear Charlotte, whiſpered I—Pray, ſay ſomething encouraging to Lord G. He is pleaſed with every body; but no body ſays any thing to him; and he, I ſee, both loves and fears you.

Huſh, child, whiſpered ſhe again. The man's beſt when he is ſilent. If it be his day to *love*, it is his day to *fear*. What a deuce! ſhall a woman's time be never?

That's good news for my lord: Shall I hint to him, that his time *will* come?

Do, if you dare. I want you to provoke me. She ſpoke aloud.

I have done, ſaid I.

My lord, what do you think Miſs Byron ſays?

For heaven's ſake, dear Miſs Grandiſon!

Nay, I *will* ſpeak it.

Pray, madam, let me know, ſaid my Lord.

You will know Miſs Grandiſon in time, ſaid Sir Charles. I truſt her not with any of *my* ſecrets, Miſs Byron.

The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles; for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, Sir, to Miſs Byron, for your reſerves at Colnebrook.

Be ſo good, madam, ſaid my Lord—

Nay, nothing but the mountain and the mouſe. Miſs Byron only wanted to ſee your collection of inſects.

Miſs

Miſs Byron will do me great honour—

If Charlotte won't attend you, madam, ſaid the Counteſs, to my Lord G.'s, I will.

Have I not brought you off, Harriet, whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon—Truſt me another time.—She will let you know the day before, my lord.

Miſs Grandiſon, my Lord, ſaid I, loves to alarm. But I will with pleaſure wait on *her*, and on the Counteſs, whenever they pleaſe.

You will ſee many things worth your notice, madam, in Lord G.'s collection, ſaid Sir Charles to me. But Charlotte thinks nothing leſs than men and women worthy of hers; her parrot and ſquirrel, the one for its prattle, the other for its vivacity, excepted.

Thank you, Sir Charles—But pray do *you* be quiet! I fear nobody elſe.

Miſs Byron, ſaid the Counteſs, pray ſpare her not: I ſee you can make Charlotte be afraid of *two*.

Then it muſt be of *three*, Lady L.—You know my reverence for my elder ſiſter.

Indeed but I don't. I know only, that nobody can better tell, what ſhe *ſhould* do, than my Charlotte: But I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wiſh or expect you to rein it in.

You acted by me like an *indolent* parent, Lady L. who miſcalls herſelf *indulgent*. You gave me my head for your own pleaſure; and when I had got it, though you found inconvenience, you choſe rather to bear it, than to take the pains to reſtrain me—But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finiſhed. He grew not up with us from year to year: His blaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for *him*.

If

If I have not my ſiſter's love rather than what ſhe pleaſantly calls her reverence, I ſhall have a much worſe opinion of my own outward behaviour than of her merit.

Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault, ſaid Lord L.: But I join with my ſiſter Charlotte, in her opinion of what *is*.

And I too ſaid the counteſs—for I am a party—This is it, Sir Charles—Who that lies under obligations which they cannot return, can view the obliger but with the moſt delicate ſenſibility!

Give *me* leave, ſaid Miſs Emily, her face crimſoned over with modeſt gratitude, to ſay, that I am one that ſhall ever have a reverence, ſuperior to my love, for the beſt of guardians.

Bluſhes overſpread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgment, on my part, of the ſame ſenſibility, from the ſame motives.

Who is it, joined in Dr Bartlett, that knows my patron, but muſt acknowledge—

My dear Dr Bartlett, interrupted Sir Charles, from you, and from my good Lord L. theſe fine things are not to be borne. From my three ſiſters, looking at *me* for one, and from my dear ward, I cannot be ſo uneaſy, when they will not be reſtrained from acknowledging, that I have ſucceeded in my endeavours to perform my *duty* to them.

I long to know, as I ſaid once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige every body in ſo high a manner. Don't *you*, Lucy? Bleſs me! what a deal of time have I waſted ſince I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had ſoared to ſo great a height, that every thing and perſon that I before beheld without diſſatisfaction, in this great town, looks dimunitive and little, under my aking eye. Thus, my dear, it muſt be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the *higheſt* of our ſatisfactions in this.

I was

I was aſked to give them a leſſon on the harpſichord after tea. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, Come, come, to prevent all excuſes, I will ſhew you the way.

Let it then be, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, Shakeſpeare's Cuckow. You have made me enter with ſo much comparative ſhame into myſelf, that I muſt have ſomething lively to raiſe my ſpirits.

Well, ſo it ſhall, replied Miſs Grandiſon. Our poor couſin does not know what to do with himſelf when you are got a little out of his reach.

This is not fair, Charlotte, ſaid Sir Charles. It is not that graceful manner of obliging in which you generally excel. Compliance and reflection are not to be coupled.

Well, well, but I will give the good man his Cuckow to make him amends.

Accordingly ſhe ſung that ballad from Shakeſpeare; and with ſo much ſpirit and humour, as delighted every body.

Sir Charles being a judge of muſic, I looked a little ſillier than uſual, when I was again called upon.

Come, my dear, ſaid the kind Counteſs, I will prepare you a little further. When you ſee your two eldeſt ſiſters go before you, you will have more courage.

She ſat down, and played one of Scarlatti's leſſons; which, you know, are made to ſhow a fine hand: And ſurely, for the ſwiftneſs of her fingers, and the elegancy of her manner, ſhe could not be equalled.

It is referred to you, my third ſiſter, ſaid Sir Charles [who had been taken aſide by Mr Reeves; ſome whiſpering talk having paſſed between them], to favour us with ſome of Handel's muſic: Mrs Reeves ſays, ſhe has heard you ſing ſeveral ſongs out of the Paſtoral, and out of ſome of his fineſt oratorios.

Come

Come hither, come hither, my ſweet Harriet—Here's his Alexander's Feaſt: my brother admires *that*, I know; and ſays it is the nobleſt compoſition that ever was produced by man; and is as finely ſet as written.

She made me ſit down to the inſtrument.

As you know, ſaid I, that great part of the beauty of this performance ariſes from the proper tranſitions from one different ſtrain to another, any one ſong muſt loſe greatly by being taken out of its place; and I fear—

Fear nothing, Miſs Byron, ſaid Sir Charles: Your obligingneſs, as well as your obſervation, intitle you to all allowances.

I then turned to that fine air,

Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.

Which not being ſet ſo full with accompanying ſymphonies, as moſt of Mr Handel's are, I performed with the more eaſe to myſelf, though I had never but once before played it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requeſted me to play and ſing it once more.

Dare repeat! methinks I hear my uncle Selby ſay; the girl that does nothing but repeat her own praiſes, comes with her *If I dare repeat?*

Yes, Sir, I anſwer, for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: But ſuch as *indeed* raiſe one's vanity; how can one *avow* that vanity by writing them down? —But they were reſolved to be pleaſed before I began.

One compliment however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, paſs over in ſilence. He whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon, as he leaned upon my chair, How could Sir Hargrave Pollexſen have the heart to endeavour to ſtop ſuch a mouth as that.

AND now, having laſt night, and this morning, written ſo many ſides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable converſation that paſſed, were I ſure you would not think me inſufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reſerve of my couſin Reeves, as to the buſineſs of that Bagenhall, ruſh upon my memory with freſh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my couſin himſelf ſeems not eaſy; but is in expectation of hearing ſomething that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, ſhould our friends take upon themſelves to keep us in the dark, as to thoſe matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any body elſe? There is a tenderneſs ſometimes ſhewn on arduous occaſions in this reſpect, that gives as much pain as we could receive from the moſt explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is ſo much ſtrength of mind, and diſcretion, ſuppoſed in the perſon that knows an event, and ſuch weakneſs in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—But I grow as ſaucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expoſe myſelf to reproof for a petulance that I hope is not natural to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Thurſday Night, March 2.

AND what do you think was the reaſon of Mr Reeves's reſerves? A moſt alarming one! I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, though the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it, as it comes out.

I told

I told you in my former, that the perſon to whom Sir Charles was ſent for out, was Mr Bagenhall; and that Sir Charles had ſent in for Mr Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like ſo well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from minutes of Mr Reeves, what paſſed on the occaſion.

Sir Charles took Mr Reeves aſide—This unhappy man (Sir Hargrave, I mean, ſaid he) ſeems to me to want an excuſe to himſelf, for putting up with a treatment which he thinks diſgraceful. When we have to deal with children, humours muſt be a little allowed for. But you will hear what the propoſal is now. Let not the ladies, however, nor the gentlemen within, know any thing of the matter till all is over. This is a day devoted to pleaſure. But *you*, Mr Reeves, know ſomething of the matter; and can anſwer for your fair couſin.

He then led Mr Reeves in to Mr Bagenhall.

This, Sir, is Mr Reeves.—Sir Hargrave, in ſhort, Mr Reeves, among other demands that I cannot comply with (but which relate only to myſelf, and therefore need not be mentioned), inſiſts upon an introduction to Miſs Byron. He ſays, ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged—Is ſhe, Sir?

I dare ſay ſhe is, anſwered my couſin.

This gentleman has been naming to me Mr Greville, Mr Orme, and others.

No one of them has ever met with the ſhadow of encouragement from my couſin. She is above keeping any man in ſuſpence, when ſhe is not in any herſelf. Nothing has given her more uneaſineſs than the number of her admirers.

Miſs Byron, ſaid Sir Charles, *muſt* be admired by every one that beholds her; but ſtill more by thoſe who are admitted to the honour of converſing with her. But Sir Hargrave is willing to build upon her diſengagement ſomething in his own favour. Is

there any room for Sir Hargrave, who pleads his ſufferings for her; who vows his honourable intentions even at the time that he was hoping to gain her by ſo unmanly a violence; and appeals to her for the purity, as he calls it, of his behaviour to her all the time ſhe was in his hands—who makes very large offers of ſettlements—Is there any room to hope that Miſs Byron—

No, none at all, Sir Charles—

What! not to ſave a life, Mr Reeves?—ſaid Mr Bagenhall.

If you mean mine, Mr Bagenhall, replied Sir Charles, I beg *that* may not be conſidered. If Sir Hargrave means his own, I will pronounce that it is ſafe from any premeditated reſentment of mine. Do you think Miſs Byron will bear to ſee Sir Hargrave, Mr Reeves? I preſume he intends to beg pardon of her. Will ſhe conſent to receive a viſit from him?—But is not this wretched trifling, Mr Bagenhall?

You will remember, Sir Charles, this is a propoſal of *mine:* What I *hoped* might be agreed to by Sir Hargrave; but that I was willing to conſult you before I mentioned it to him.

I beg your pardon, Mr Bagenhall: I now remember it.

If ever man doated upon a woman, ſaid Mr Bagenhall, it is Sir Hargrave on Miſs Byron. The very methods he took to obtain her for a wife ſhew *that* moſt convincingly.—You will promiſe not to ſtand in his way, Sir?

I repeat, Mr Bagenhall, what I have heretofore told you, That Miſs Byron (*You will* excuſe me, Mr Reeves) is ſtill under *my* protection. If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is inclined to aſk her pardon; and if he can obtain it, and even upon his own terms, I ſhall think Miſs Byron and he may be happier together, than at preſent I can imagine

it

it poſſible. I am not deſirous to be any-ways conſidered but as her protector from violence and inſult; and that I *will* be, if ſhe claims it, in defiance of a hundred ſuch men as Sir Hargrave. But then, Sir, the occaſion muſt be ſudden: No legal relief muſt be at hand. I will not, either for an adverſary's ſake, or my own, be defied into a cool and premeditated vengeance.

But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave has ſome hardſhips in this caſe. You will not give him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman: And, according to the laws of honour, a man is not entitled to be *treated* as a gentleman, who denies to one—

Of whoſe making, Mr Bagenhall, are the laws of honour you mention? I own no laws, but the laws of God and my country. But, to cut this matter ſhort, tell Sir Hargrave, that little as is the dependence a man of honour can have upon that of a man, who has acted by an helpleſs woman, as he has acted by Miſs Byron, I will breakfaſt with him in his own houſe to-morrow morning, if he contradicts it not. I will attribute to the violence of his paſſion for the lady, the unmanly outrage he was guilty of. I will ſuppoſe him miſtaken enough to imagine, that he ſhould make her amends by marriage, if he could compel her hand; and will truſt my perſon to his honour, one ſervant only to walk before his door, not to enter the houſe, to attend my commands, after our converſation is over. My ſword, and my ſword only, ſhall be my companion: But this rather, that I would not be thought to owe my ſafety to the want of it, than in expectation, after ſuch confidence placed in him, to have occaſion to draw it in my own defence. And pray, Mr Bagenhall, do you, his friend, be preſent; and any other friends, and to what number he pleaſes.

When I came to this place in my couſin's minutes, I was aſtoniſhed; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr Bagenhall was ſurpriſed; and aſked Sir Charles, if he were in earneſt?

I would not be thought a raſh man, Mr Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave *threatens* me: I never avoid a threatener. *You* ſeem to hint, Sir, that I am not intitled to fair play, if I conſent not to meet him with a murderous intention. With *ſuch* an intention I never will meet any man, though I have as much reaſon to rely on the ſkill of my arm as on the juſtice of my cauſe. If foul play is hinted at, I am no more ſafe from an aſſaſſin in my bed-chamber, than in Sir Hargrave's houſe. Something muſt be done by a man who refuſes a challenge, to let a challenger ſee (ſuch is the world, ſuch is the cuſtom) that he has *better* motives than fear for his refuſal. I will put Sir Hargrave's honour to the fulleſt teſt: Tell him, Sir, that I will bear a great deal; but that I will not be inſulted, were he a prince.

And you really would have me—

I would, Mr Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave, I ſee, will not be ſatisfied, unleſs ſomething extraordinary be done: And if I hear not from you, or from him, I will attend him by ten to-morrow morning, in an amicable manner, to breakfaſt at his own houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare.

I am in terror, Lucy, even in tranſcribing only.

Mr Reeves, ſaid Sir Charles, you undo me, if one word of this matter eſcape you, even to your wife.

Mr Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

By no means, Mr Reeves.

Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger.

I do *not*. Something, as I ſaid, muſt be done. This is the ſhorteſt and beſt method to make all parties

parties eaſy. Sir Hargrave thinks himſelf ſlighted. He may infer, if he pleaſes, in his own favour, that I do *not* deſpiſe a man in whom I can place ſuch a confidence. Do you, Mr Reeves, return to the company; and let no one know the occaſion of your abſence, or of mine, from it.

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each ſeparately entered the dining-room. And could this great man (ſurely I may call him *great*), could he, in *ſuch* circumſtances, on his return, give joy, pleaſure, entertainment, to all the company, without the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion of what had paſſed.

Mr Reeves, as I told you, ſingled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had paſſed after he left him and Mr Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that Mr Bagenhall had propoſed to let him know that night or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended viſit. He has, accordingly, ſignified to me already, ſaid Sir Charles, that Sir Hargrave expects me.

And will you go, Sir?

Don't give yourſelf concern about the matter, Mr Reeves. All muſt end well. My intention is not to run into miſchief, but to prevent it. My principles are better known abroad than they are in England; I have been challenged more than once by men who knew them, and thought to find their ſafety from them. I have been obliged to take ſome extraordinary ſteps to ſave myſelf from inſult; and thoſe ſteps have anſwered my end, in more licentious countries than this. I hope this ſtep will preſerve me from calls of this nature in my own country.

For God's ſake, Sir Charles—

Be not uneaſy on my account, Mr Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave value himſelf upon his

fortune? He would be loth to forfeit it. *His* fortune is *my* ſecurity. And am I not a man of ſome conſequence myſelf? Is not the affair between us known? Will not therefore the cauſe juſtify me, and condemn him? The man is turbulent; he is uneaſy with himſelf; he knows himſelf to be in the wrong. And ſhall a man, who reſolves to pay a ſacred regard to laws divine and human, fear this Goth? It is time enough to fear, when I can be unjuſt. If you value my friendſhip, as I do yours, my good Mr Reeves, proceeded he, I ſhall be ſure of your abſolute ſilence. I will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-morrow morning. You will hear from me, or ſee me at your own houſe, by twelve.

And then it was, as Mr Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a leſſon from Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt.

Mr Reeves went out in the morning. My couſin ſays, he had been exceſſively uneaſy all night. He now owns he called in St James's-ſquare, and there breakfaſted with Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, Miſs Emily, and Dr Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine in a chair, one ſervant only attending him: The family knew not whither. And his two ſiſters were fomenting a rebellion againſt him, as they humorouſly called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from *him*) his motions, when they and my Lord were together, and at his houſe: But my lord and Miſs Emily pleaſantly refuſed to join in it. Mr Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was ſo ſunk, that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, juſt as Mr Reeves was determined to go to St James's-ſquare again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendiſh-ſquare (though irreſolute what to do when there), the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles.

Charles. After what I have written, does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

Dear Sir, *Half an hour after two.*

I WILL do myſelf the honour of viſiting Mrs Reeves, Miſs Byron, and you, at your uſual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the ladies here, that thoſe who have leaſt to do are generally the moſt buſy people in the world. I can therefore be only anſwerable, on this viſit, for, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Then it was, that, vehemently urged both by my couſin and me, Mr Reeves gave us briefly the cauſe of his uneaſineſs.

About ſix o'clock Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dreſſed. I thought him, the moment he entered, the handſomeſt man I ever ſaw in my life. What a tranſporting thing muſt it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without reſtraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty, to run with open arms to receive a worthy huſband, returning to her after a long abſence, or from an eſcaped danger! How cold, how joyleſs!—But no! I was neither cold nor joyleſs; for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow; and my heart was ready to burſt with congratulatory meaning, at the viſible ſafety, and unhurt perſon, of the man who had laid me before under ſuch obligations to him, as were too much for my gratitude. O do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that *you* love him, that *you* wiſh me to be his. I ſhall be ready, if you *do*, to wiſh—I don't know what I would ſay: But *your* wiſhes were always the leaders of *mine*.

Mrs Reeves, having the ſame cauſe for apprehenſion, could hardly reſtrain herſelf when he entered

tered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with ſo much emotion, that Sir Charles ſaid, How well, Mr Reeves, you have kept my ſecret!—Mr Reeves told him what an uneaſineſs he had laboured under from the preceding evening; and how ſilent he had been, till his welcome billet came.

Then it was that both my couſins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the fool, the maiden fool, looked, and acted. Her feet inſenſibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my couſins. I curtſied baſhfully; it was hardly noticeable; and, *becauſe* unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper curtſey. And then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had a hand or not—I am grieved, Sir, ſaid I, to be the occaſion, to be the cauſe—And I ſighed for one reaſon (perhaps you can gueſs what that was), and bluſhed for two; becauſe I knew not what to ſay, nor how to look; and becauſe I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly ſaved my further confuſion, by making light of what had paſſed: And, leading me to a ſeat, took his place by me.

May I aſk, Sir Charles?—ſaid my couſin Reeves, and ſtopt.

The converſation was too tedious, and too various, to be minutely related, Mr Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr Bagenhall's deſire, got his ſhort-hand writer in a cloſet; and that unknown to me, till all was over. I am to have a copy of what paſſed. You ſhall ſee it, if you pleaſe, when it is ſent me. Mean time, what think you of a compromiſe at *your* expence, Miſs Byron?

I dare abide by every thing that Sir Charles Grandiſon has ſtipulated for me.

It would be cruelty to keep a lady in ſuſpence, where doubt will give her pain, and cannot end in

pleaſure

pleaſure. Sir Hargrave is reſolved to wait upon you: Are you willing to ſee him?

If, Sir, you will adviſe me to ſee him.

I adviſe nothing, madam. Purſue your inclinations. Mr Reeves is at liberty to admit whom he pleaſes into his houſe; Miſs Byron to ſee in it, or whereſoever ſhe is, whom *ſhe* pleaſes. I told him my mind very freely: But I left him determined to wait on you. I have reaſon to believe he will behave very well. I ſhall be ſurpriſed, if he does not in the humbleſt manner aſk your pardon; and *yours*, Mr Reeves, and your lady's. But if you have any apprehenſions, madam (to me), I will be ready to attend you at five minutes notice, before he ſhall be admitted to your preſence.

It is very good, Sir, ſaid Mr Reeves, to be ready to favour Miſs Byron with your countenance, on ſuch an occaſion. But I hope we need not give you that trouble in this houſe.

Sir Charles went away ſoon after; and Mr Reeves has been accuſing himſelf ever ſince with anſwering him too abruptly, though he meant nothing but the trueſt reſpect. And yet as I have written it, on re-peruſal, I don't above half like Mr Reeves's anſwer. But where high reſpect is entertained, grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accuſing themſelves of imperfections, which none other ſee, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is ſafe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's viſit, I will diſpatch this letter, with aſſurances that I am, my dear Lucy,

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Friday, One o'Clock, Mar. 3.

SIR Charles has juſt ſent the impatiently expected paper, tranſcribed by the ſhort-hand writer from his minutes of the converſation that paſſed on Sir Charles's intrepid viſit at Sir Hargrave's. *Intrepid*, I call it: But had I known of it, as Mr Reeves did, before the event, in ſome meaſure, juſtified the *raſhneſs*, I could have called it raſh, and been for propoſing to ſend peace-officers to Cavendiſh-ſquare, or taking ſome method to know whether he were ſafe in his perſon; eſpecially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of moſt other people of faſhion.

Mr Reeves has been ſo good as to undertake to tranſcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular viſits which I have received. I aſked Mr Reeves, if it were not a ſtrange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his ſhort-hand writer, and now turned liſtener, always with him? He anſwered, it was not an uſual way; but, in caſes of this nature where murder, and a trial, were expected to follow the raſhneſs, in a court of juſtice, he thought it carried with it, though a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairneſs; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad ſcrapes before now, and was willing to uſe every precaution for the future.

THE PAPER.

On Thurſday morning, March the 2d, 17. I Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding

preceding evening, went to the houſe of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Baronet, in Cavendiſh-ſquare, about half an hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in ſhort-hand, of a converſation that was expected to be held between the ſaid Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, Baronet, upon a debate between the ſaid gentlemen; on which I had once before attended James Bagenhall, Eſq; at the houſe of the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon in St James's-ſquare; and from which conſequences were apprehended, that might make an exact account of what paſſed of great importance.

I was admitted, about nine o'clock, into the withdrawing-room; where were preſent the ſaid Sir Hargrave, the ſaid James Bagenhall, Solomon Merceda, Eſq; and John Jordan, Eſq;: And they were in full converſation about the reception that was to be given to the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon; which not being a part of my orders or buſineſs, I had no command to take down; but the *contrary*.

And that I might, with the leſs interruption, take minutes of the expected converſation, I was ordered to place myſelf in a large cloſet adjoining to the ſaid withdrawing-room, from which it was ſeparated by a thin wainſcot partition: But, leſt the ſaid Sir Charles ſhould object to the taking of the ſaid minutes, I was directed to conceal myſelf there till called forth; but to take the ſaid minutes fairly and truly, as, upon occaſion, I would make oath to the truth thereof.

About half an hour after nine o'clock, I heard Mr Bagenhall, with an oath, that denoted by the voice, eagerneſs and ſurpriſe, ſay, Sir Charles was come. And immediately a footman entered, and ſaid, "Sir Charles Grandiſon!"

Then three or four of the gentlemen ſpoke together pretty loud and high: But what they ſaid

ſaid I thought not in my orders to note down. But this is not improper to note: Sir Hargrave ſaid, Give me that pair of piſtols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G— he ſhall take *one*.

No, no! I heard Mr Merceda ſay; who being a foreigner, I knew his voice from the reſt—No, no! That muſt not be.

And another voice, I believe, by the liſp, it was Mr Jordan's, ſay, Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what a man ſo gallant has to ſay for himſelf. *Occaſions* may ariſe *afterwards*.

Mr Bagenhall, whoſe voice I well knew, ſaid, D—n his blood, if a hair of Sir Charles Grandiſon's head ſhould be hurt on this viſit.

Do I, d—n ye all, ſaid Sir Hargrave, offer any thing unfair, when I would give him the choice of the piſtols?

What! in your own garden! A pretty ſtory, whichſoever drops! ſaid Mr Merceda. The devil's in it, if he may not be *forced* now to give you the ſatisfaction of a gentleman elſewhere.

Deſire Sir Charles (d—n his blood, ſaid Sir Hargrave) to come in. And then [as I ſaw through a knot-hole, that I juſt then, hunting for a crack in the wainſcot-partition, diſcovered] Sir Charles entered: and I ſaw that he looked very ſedate and chearful; and he had his ſword by his ſide, though in a morning dreſs. And then the converſation began as follows:

Sir Charles. YOUR ſervant, Sir Hargrave. Mr Bagenhall, yours. Your ſervant, gentlemen.

Mr Bagenhall. Yours, Sir Charles. You are a man of your word. This gentleman is Mr Jordan, Sir Charles. This gentleman is Mr Merceda.

Sir Ch. Mr Merceda!—I have heard of Mr Merceda.—I have been very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite myſelf to breakfaſt with you. *Sir*

Sir Hargrave. Yes, by G—. And ſo you have before now. Have you any body with you, Sir?—If you have, let them walk in.

Sir Ch. Nobody, Sir.

Sir Har. Theſe are gentlemen, Sir. They are men of honour. They are *my* friends.

Sir Ch. They look like gentlemen. I ſuppoſe every man a man of honour, till I find him otherwiſe.

Sir Har. But don't think I have them here to intimidate—

Sir Ch. Intimidate, Sir Hargrave! I know not what it is to be intimidated. You ſay the gentlemen are your friends. I came with a view to increaſe and not diminiſh the number of your friends.

Sir Har. "Increaſe the number of my friends!" —What! with one who robbed me of the only woman on earth that is worth having! And who, but for the unmanly advantage taken of me, had been my wife before the day was over, Sir! And yet to refuſe me the ſatisfaction of a gentleman, Sir!—But I hope you are now come—

Sir Ch. To breakfaſt with you, Sir Hargrave—Don't be warm. I am determined, if poſſible, not to be provoked—But I muſt not be ill-treated.

Sir Har. Why then, Sir, take one of thoſe two piſtols. My chariot ſhall carry us—

Sir Ch. No where, Sir Hargrave. What has hitherto paſſed between us was owing to accident. It is not my way to recriminate. To your own heart, however, I appeal: That muſt convince you, that the method you took to gain the lady rendered you unworthy of her. I took no *unmanly* advantage of you. That I refuſed to meet you in the way you have demanded, gives me a title to call myſelf your beſt friend—

Sir Har. "My beſt friend," Sir!—

Sir Ch. Yes, Sir. If either the preſervation of your own life, or the ſaving you a long regret for taking that of another, as the chance might have been, deſerves your conſideration. In ſhort, it depends upon yourſelf, Sir Hargrave, to let me know whether you were guilty of a bad action from mad and violent paſſion, or from deſign, and a natural biaſs, if I may ſo call it, to violence; which alone can lead you to think of juſtifying one bad action by another.

Sir Har. Then, Sir, account me a man of *natural violence*, if you pleaſe. Who ſhall value the opinion of a man that has diſgracefully—G— d— you, Sir,—Do you ſee—what marks I ſhall carry to my grave—

Sir Ch. Were I as violent as you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry thoſe marks to your grave, and not wear them long.—Let us breakfaſt, Sir. That will give you time to cool. Were I even to do as you would have me, you would beſt find your account in being cool. You cannot think I would take ſuch an advantage of you as your paſſion would give me.

Mr Bag. Nobly ſaid, by heaven! Let us breakfaſt, Sir Hargrave. Then you will be cooler. Then will you be fitter to diſcuſs this point, or any other.

Mr Merceda. Very right. You have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Ch. I am no man's enemy, Mr Merceda. Sir Hargrave ſhould conſider, that in the occaſion for all this, he was to blame; and that all *my* part in the affair was owing to accident, not malice.

Mr Jordan. I doubt not, Sir Charles, but you are ready to aſk pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your part—

Sir Ch. Aſk pardon, Sir!—No!—I think I *ought* to have done juſt as I did. Were it to do again, I ſhould do it, whoever were the man.

Sir

Sir Har. See there! See there!—Mr Bagenhall, Mr Merceda, Mr Jordan! See there! Hear that!—Who can have patience?

Sir Ch. I can tell you who ought to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I ſhould have a very mean opinion of any man here, called upon as I was, if he had not done juſt as I did: And a ſtill meaner than I have of *you*, Sir Hargrave, had you, in the like caſe, refuſed aſſiſtance to a woman in diſtreſs. But I will not repeat what I have written.

Sir Har. If you are a *man*, Sir Charles Grandiſon, take your choice of one of thoſe piſtols. G— d—n you! I *inſiſt* upon it.

And I ſaw through the knot-hole, that Sir Hargrave aroſe in paſſion.

Sir Ch. As I AM a *man*, Sir Hargrave, I will *not*. It might look to an angry man like an inſult, which I am above intending, were I to ſay, that I have given, on our *firſt* interview, proofs that I want not courage. I give you now, as I think, the higheſt I *can* give, in refuſing your challenge. A perſonal inſult I know how to repel. I know how to defend myſelf—But, as I ſaid, I will not repeat any thing I have written.

Mr Mer. But, Sir Charles, you have threatened a man of honour in what you have written, if we take you right, with a weapon that ought to be uſed only to a ſcoundrel; yet refuſe—

Sir Ch. The man, Sir, that ſhall take it into his head to inſult me, may do it with the greater ſafety, though perhaps not with impunity, as he may be aſſured I will not kill him for it, if I can help it. I can play with my weapons, Sir (it may look like boaſting); but will not play with any man's life, nor conſent to make a ſport of my own.

Sir Har. D—n your coolneſs, Sir!—I cannot bear—

Sir Ch. Curſe not your ſafety, Sir Hargrave.

Mr Jor. Indeed, Sir Charles, I could not bear ſuch an air of ſuperiority—

Sir Ch. It is *more* than an air, Mr Jordan. The man who can think of juſtifying one violent action by another, muſt give a *real* ſuperiority againſt himſelf. Let Sir Hargrave confeſs his fault—I have put him in the way of doing it, with all the credit to himſelf that a man can have who has *committed* a fault—and I offer him my hand.

Sir Har. Damnable inſult!—What! own a fault to a man who, without any provocation, has daſhed my teeth down my throat; and, as you ſee—Gentlemen—ſay, can I, ought I, *now* to have patience?

Sir Ch. I intended not to do you any of this miſchief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my ſword, to return a paſs made by yours—Actually received a raking on my ſhoulder from a ſword that was aimed at my heart. I ſought nothing but to hinder you from doing that miſchief to *me*, which I was reſolved not to do to *you*. This, Sir Hargrave, this, gentlemen, was the ſtate of the caſe; and the cauſe ſuch as no man of honour could refuſe engaging in.—And now, Sir, I meet you, upon my own invitation, in your own houſe, unattended, and alone, to ſhew you, that I have the ſame diſpoſition as I had from the firſt, to avoid doing you injury: And *this* it is, gentlemen, that gives me a ſuperiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may leſſen by behaving as I, in this caſe, would behave to him.

Mr Bag. By G— this is nobly ſaid.

Mr Jor. I own, Sir Hargrave, that I would ſooner kneel to ſuch a man as this than to a king on his throne.

Sir

Sir Har. D—n me, if I forgive him, with theſe marks about me!—I inſiſt upon your taking one of thoſe piſtols, Sir.—Gentlemen, my friends, he boaſts of his advantages: He *may* have ſome from his curſed coolneſs: He can have none any other way. Bear witneſs, I forgive him if he lodges a brace of bullets in my heart—Take one of thoſe piſtols, Sir. They are equally loaded—Bear witneſs, if I die, that I have provoked my fate. But I will die like a man of honour.

Sir Ch. To *die* like a man of honour, Sir Hargrave, you muſt have *lived* like one. You ſhould be ſure of your cauſe. But theſe piſtols are too ready a miſchief. Were I to meet you in *your own* way, Sir Hargrave, I ſhould not expect that a man ſo enraged would fire his over *my* head, as I ſhould be willing to do mine over *his*. Life I would not put upon the perhaps involuntary twitch of a finger.

Sir Har. Well then, the ſword. You came, though undreſſed, with your ſword on.

Sir Ch. I did; and for the reaſon I gave to Mr Bagenhall. I draw it not, however, but in my own defence.

Sir Har. (riſing from his ſeat) Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen my friends ſtay here. They ſhall only look out of the windows, if they pleaſe—Only to that graſs-plot, Sir (pointing as I ſaw)—If *you* fall, I ſhall have the worſt of it, from the looks of the matter, killing a man in my own garden: If I fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

Sir Ch. I need not look at the place, Sir Hargrave. And ſince, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the piſtols may be diſmiſſed; and ſince by their lying loaded on the table, they ſeem but to ſtimulate to miſchief; you will all excuſe me, and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me—

And ſo ſaying, he aroſe, with great tranquillity, as I ſaw; and taking the piſtols, lifted up the ſaſh that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave ſtood, and diſcharged them both out of the window.

By the report, the writer is ſure they were well loaded.

In ran a croud of ſervants, men and women, in diſmay. The writer ſat ſtill in the cloſet, knowing the matter to be no worſe. One of the men cried out, This is the murderer. And they all (not ſeeing their maſter, as I ſuppoſe, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himſelf too much ſurpriſed to ſtir or ſpeak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his ſword; but mildly ſaid, my friends, your maſter is ſafe. Take care I hurt not any of you.

Sir Har. I am ſafe—Begone, ſcoundrels!

Mr Bag. Begone! Quit the room. Sir Hargrave is ſafe.

Mr Mer. } Begone! Begone!
Mr Jor. }

The ſervants, as I ſaw, crouded out as faſt as they came in.

Sir Charles, then ſtepping towards Sir Hargrave, ſaid, you will ſome time hence, Sir, think the diſcharge of thoſe piſtols much happier than if they had been put to the uſe deſigned when they were loaded. I offer you my hand: It is an offer that is not to be twice refuſed. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myſelf to *breakfaſt* with you. You and your friends ſhall be welcome to *dine* with me. My time is near expired (looking at his watch)—for Sir Hargrave ſeemed too irreſolute either to accept or refuſe his hand.

Mr Jor. I am aſtoniſhed!—Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquillity muſt you have within you! The devil

devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you ſhall not make up matters with ſuch a noble adverſary.

Mr Mer. He has won me to his ſide. By the great God of Heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandiſon for my friend than the greateſt prince on earth.

Mr Bag. Did I not *tell* you, gentlemen?—D—n me, if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my ſhame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandiſon in this one paſt hour, than the great Mogul all my life.

Sir Hargrave even ſobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child.—D—n my heart, ſaid he, in broken ſentences—And muſt I thus put up—And muſt I be thus overcome? By G—, By G—, Grandiſon, you muſt, you muſt, walk down with me into the garden. I have ſomething to propoſe to you; and it will be in your own choice either to compromiſe, or to give me the ſatisfaction of a gentleman: But you muſt retire with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

And taking off his ſword, he laid it on the table.

Sir Har. And muſt I do ſo too?—D—n me, if I do!—Take up your ſword, Sir.

Sir Ch. I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it, or not.

Sir Har. D—n me, if I can live to be *thus* treated!—Where the devil have you been till now?—But you muſt go down with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. Shew me the way, Sir Hargrave.

They all interpoſed: But Sir Charles ſaid, Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you preſently.

The writer then came out, by the gentlemen's leave, who ſtaid behind, at the windows. They expreſſed their admiration of Sir Charles. And Mr Merceda and Mr Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other,

other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave ſoon appeared in ſight, walking and as converſing earneſtly. The ſubject, it ſeems, was ſome propoſals made by Sir Hargrave about the lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the graſs-plot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waiſt-coat, and drew; and ſeemed, by his motions, to inſiſt upon Sir Charles's drawing likewiſe. Sir Charles had his ſword in one hand, but it was undrawn; the other was ſtuck in his ſide: his ſrock was open. Sir Hargrave ſeemed ſtill to inſiſt upon his drawing, and put himſelf into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then calmly ſtepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's ſword with his hand, and put his left arm under Sir Hargrave's ſword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other arm paſſionately: But Sir Charles, who was on his guard, immediately laid hold of it, and ſeemed to ſay ſomething mildly to him; and letting go his left hand, led him toward the houſe; his drawn ſword ſtill in his hand. Sir Hargrave ſeemed to expoſtulate, and to reſiſt being led, though but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles's behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles's arm ſtill within his ſword-arm—[The writer retired to his firſt place]. D—n me, ſaid Sir Hargrave, as he entered the room, this man, this Sir Charles, is the devil—He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither, in the point my heart is ſet upon. He threw his ſword upon the floor. This only I will ſay, as I ſaid below, be my friend in that one point, and I will forgive you with all my ſoul.

Sir Ch. The lady is, muſt be her own miſtreſs, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you muſt

muſt allow me to ſay, ſhe muſt not be terrified. I do aſſure you, that her life has been once in danger already: All the care and kindneſs of my ſiſter and a phyſician could hardly reſtore her.

Sir Har. The moſt inflexible man, devil I ſhould ſay, I ever ſaw in my life! But you have no objection to my ſeeing her. She ſhall ſee (yet how can I forgive you that?) what I have ſuffered in my perſon for her ſake. If ſhe will not be mine, theſe marks ſhall be *hers*, not *yours*. And though I will not terrify her, I will ſee if ſhe has no pardon, no pity for me. She knows, ſhe *very* well knows, that I was the moſt honourable of men to her, when ſhe was in my power. By all that's ſacred, I intended only to make her Lady Pollexſen. I ſaw ſhe had as many lovers as viſiters, and I could not bear it. —You, Sir Charles, will ſtand my friend, and if money and love will purchaſe her, ſhe ſhall yet be mine.

Sir Ch. I promiſe you no friendſhip in this caſe, Sir Hargrave. All her *relations* leave her, it ſeems, to her own diſcretion; and who ſhall offer to lead her choice? What I ſaid below, when you would have made *that* a condition, I repeat—I think ſhe ought *not* to be yours; nor ought you, either for your own ſake or hers, to deſire it. Come, come, Sir Hargrave, conſider the matter better. Think of ſome other woman, if you are diſpoſed to marry. Your figure—

Sir Har. Yes, by G—. I make a pretty figure now, don't I.

Sir Ch. Your fortune will make you happier in marriage with any other woman, after what has happened, than this *can* make you. For my own part, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the greateſt princeſs on earth, if I thought ſhe did not love me above all other men, whether I *deſerved* her love or not.

Sir

Sir Har. And you have no view to yourſelf in the advice you give?—Tell me that—I inſiſt upon your telling me that.

Sir Ch. Whenever I pretend to give advice, I ſhould abhor myſelf, if I did not wholly conſider the good of the perſon who conſulted me; and if I had any retroſpection to myſelf, which might in the leaſt affect that perſon.

The breakfaſt was then brought in. This that follows was the converſation that paſſed at and after breakfaſt.

Mr Bag. See what a Chriſtian can do, Merceda. After this will you remain a Jew?

Mr Mer. Let me ſee ſuch *another* Chriſtian, and I will give you an anſwer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will not think you yourſelf intitled to boaſt of your chriſtianity?

Mr Bag. Too true! We have been both of us ſad dogs.

Sir Har. And I have been the moſt innocent man of the three, and yet, that's the devil of it, am the greateſt ſufferer. Curſe me, if I can bear to look at myſelf in the glaſs!

Mr Jor. You ſhould be above all that, Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be aſhamed to be overcome, as you are overcome. You really appear to me a *greater*, and not a *leſs* man, than you did before, by your compromiſing with ſuch a noble adverſary.

Sir Har. That's ſome comfort, Jordan. But, d—n me, Sir Charles, I will ſee the lady: And you ſhall introduce me to her too.

Sir Ch. That cannot be—What! Shall I introduce a man to a woman, whom I think he ought no more to ſee than ſhe ſhould ſee him? If I thought you would go, I might, if *ſhe* requeſted it, be there, leſt, from what ſhe has ſuffered already, ſhe ſhould be too much terrified.

Sir

Sir Har. What, Sir! You would not turn *Quixotte* again?

Sir Ch. No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the *giant* who ſhould run away with the lady.

The gentlemen laughed.

Sir Har. By G—, Sir, you have carried your matters very triumphantly.

Sir Ch. I mean not to triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or juſtice is concerned, I hope I ſhall never palliate.

Mr Bag. Curſe me, if I believe there is ſuch another man in the world!

Sir Ch. I am ſorry to hear you ſay that, Mr Bagenhall. Occaſion calls not out every man equally.

Sir Har. Why did I not ſtrike him? D—n me, that muſt have provoked you to fight.

Sir Ch. Provoked, in that caſe, I ſhould have been, Sir Hargrave. I told you, that I would not bear to be inſulted. But, ſo warranted to take *other* methods, I ſhould not have uſed my ſword: The caſe has happened to me before now: But I would be upon friendly terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Har. Curſe me, if I can bear my own littleneſs!

Sir Ch. When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reaſon to rejoice, that an enterprize begun in violence, and carried on ſo far as you carried it, concluded not worſe. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your ſatisfaction to the end of your life. You could *not* have been happy, had you prevailed over me. Think you, that a murderer ever was a happy man? I am the more ſerious, becauſe I would have you think of this affair. It *might* have been a *very* ſerious one.

Sir

Sir Har. You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromiſed with you below. But not one point—

Sir Ch. Compromiſe, Sir Hargrave!—As I told you, I had no quarrel with *you:* You propoſed conditions, which I thought ſhould not be complied with. I aimed not to carry *any* point. Self-defence, I told you, was the whole of my ſyſtem.

Mr Bag. You have given ſome hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unuſed to affairs of this kind.

Sir Ch. I have before now met a challenger; but it was when I could not avoid it; and with the reſolution of ſtanding only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy a friend. Had I—

Mr Bag. What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

Mr Mer. Be ſilent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done ſpeaking. Pray, Sir Charles—

Sir Ch. I was going to ſay, that had I ever premeditatedly given way to a challenge that I *could* have declined, I ſhould have conſidered the acceptance of it as the greateſt blot of my life; I am naturally choleric; yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much ſubdued myſelf. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleaſure to reflect, that *paſſion*, which I hold to be my moſt dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an aſcendency over me.

Sir Har. No, by my ſoul! And how ſhould it? You came off too triumphantly. *You* were not hurt: *You* have no *marks* to ſhew. May I be curſed, if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think myſelf the greater hero!

Sir Ch. I will not conteſt that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is no doubt but the man, who can ſubdue his paſſion and forgive a *real* injury, is a hero. Only remember, Sir, that it was

not owing to your *virtue* that I was not hurt; and that it was not my *intention* to hurt *you*.

Mr Jor. I am charmed with your ſentiments, Sir Charles. You muſt allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal: But no one has the courage to break through a bad cuſtom.

Sir Ch. The empty, the *falſe* glory, that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehenſion of being deemed cowards among men, and among *women* too, very few men aim to get above.

Mr Jor. But you, Sir Charles, have ſhewn that reputation and conſcience are entirely reconcileable.

Mr Bag. You have, by heaven! And I beg of you, Sir, to allow me to claim your further acquaintance. You may ſave a ſoul by it.—Merceda, what ſay you?

Mr Mer. Say! What a devil can I ſay? But the *doctrine* would have been nothing without the *example*.

Sir Har. And all this at my expence!—But, Sir Charles, I muſt, I will have Miſs Byron.

Mr Jor. I think every thing impertinent, that hinders me from aſking queſtions for my information and inſtruction, of a man ſo capable of giving both, on a ſubject of this importance. Allow me, Sir Charles, to aſk a few queſtions, in order to confirm me quite your proſelyte.

Sir Ch. [taking out his watch, as I ſaw] Time wears. Let my ſervant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.

It was immediately ordered, with apologies.

Sir Ch. Aſk me, Mr Jordan, what queſtions you pleaſe.

Mr Jor. You have been challenged more than once, I preſume.

Sir Ch. I am not a quarrelſome man: But as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more ſubjected, I have reaſon to think, for that, to inconveniencies of this nature.

Mr Jor. Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, and ſteadineſs, I know not what to call it, which we have ſeen and admire in you?

Sir Ch. I have always conſidered ſpirit as the diſtinction of a man. My father was a man of ſpirit. I never feared man, ſince I could write man. As I never ſought danger, or went out of the way to meet it, I looked upon it when it came as an unavoidable evil, and as a call upon me for fortitude. And hence I hardly ever wanted that preſence of mind in it, which a man ought to ſhew; and which ſometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

Sir Har. An inſtance of which this morning, I ſuppoſe you think, has produced?

Sir Ch. I had not that in my head. In Italy, indeed, I ſhould hardly have acted as in the inſtance you hint at. But in England, and, Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendiſh-ſquare, I could not but conclude myſelf ſafe. I know my own heart. I wiſhed you no evil, Sir. I was calm. I *expected* to meet you full of fire, full of reſentment: But it is hard, thought I (as ſome extraordinary ſtep ſeems neceſſary to be taken), if I cannot content myſelf with that ſuperiority (excuſe me, Sir Hargrave) which my calmneſs, and Sir Hargrave's paſſion, muſt give me over him, or any man. My ſword was in my power. Had I even apprehended aſſaſſination, the houſe of an Engliſh gentleman could not have been the place for it; and where a confidence was repoſed. But one particular inſtance, I own, I had in my mind, when I ſaid what I did.

All

All the gentlemen beſought him to give it.

Sir Ch. In the raging of the war, now ſo ſeaſonably for all the powers at variance concluded, I was paſſing through a wood in Germany, in my way to Manheim. My ſervant, at ſome diſtance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right road, there being more than one. He rode back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, ſucceeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as thoſe of a dying perſon! and beſought me to make the beſt of my way back. As I was thinking to do ſo (though my way lay through the wood, and I had got more than half-way in it), I beheld ſix Pandours iſſue from that inner part of the wood, into which, in all probability, they had dragged ſome unhappy paſſenger; for I ſaw a horſe bridled and ſaddled, without a rider, grazing by the road-ſide. They were well armed. I ſaw no way to eſcape. They probably knew every avenue in and out of the wood: I did not. They ſtopped when they came within two muſquet-ſhots of me, as if they had waited to ſee which way I took. Two of them had dead poultry ſlung acroſs their ſhoulders, which ſhewed them to be common plunderers. I took a reſolution to ride up to them. I bid my ſervant, if he ſaw me attacked, make the beſt of his way for his own ſecurity, while they were employed either in rifling or murdering me; but if they ſuffered me to paſs, to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and my other baggage, I had cauſed to be ſent by water to Manheim.—I am an Engliſhman, gentlemen, ſaid I (judging, if Auſtrians, as I ſuppoſed they were, that plea would not diſavail me): I am doubtful of my way. Here is a purſe; holding it out. As ſoldiers, you muſt be gentlemen: It is at your ſervice, if one or two of you will be ſo kind as to eſcorte and guide me through this wood.

They looked upon one another: I was loth they ſhould have time to deliberate—I am upon buſineſs of great conſequence. Pray direct me the neareſt way to Manheim. Take theſe florins.

At laſt, one that ſeemed of authority among them held out his hand; and, taking the purſe, ſaid ſomething in Sclavonian; and two of them, with their pieces ſlung on their ſhoulders, and their ſabres drawn, led me out of the wood in ſafety; but hoped, at parting, my farther generoſity. I found a few more florins for them; and they rode back into the wood; I ſuppoſe to their fellows; and glad was I to come off ſo well. Had I either ſeemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to eſcape, probably I had been loſt. Two perſons were afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my ſervant had heard cry out, and groan.

Mr Jor. I feel *now* very ſenſibly, Sir Charles, your danger and eſcape. Your fortitude indeed was *then* of ſervice to you.

Sir Har. But, Sir Charles, methinks I ſhall be eaſier in myſelf, if you give me one inſtance of your making before now an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

Sir Ch. Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

Sir Har. I *muſt* have it, Sir Charles. A brother-ſufferer will better reconcile me to myſelf.

Sir Ch. If you will *not* excuſe me then, I will tell you the ſtory.

Mr Jor. Pray, Sir—

Sir Ch. I had a miſunderſtanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger—

Mr Bag. At the Carnival, I ſuppoſe!—About a lady, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. He was the only ſon of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him.

He

He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had alſo an intereſt in his welfare. We had made a friendſhip together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and ſtood well with all his family. He took offence againſt me, at the inſtigation of a deſigning relation of his; to own the truth, a lady, as you ſuppoſe, Mr Bagenhall, his ſiſter. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuſer; nor yet to appeal to his father, who was a perſon of temper as well as ſenſe. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was reſolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the lady excepted, who would not be ſeen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had ſo managed, that I could not with honour appeal to them; and at taking leave of him in their preſence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a challange. The anſwer I returned, after proteſting my innocence, was to this effect: "I am ſetting out for Verona in a few 'hours. You know my principles; and I hope 'will better conſider of the matter: I never, 'while I am maſter of my temper, will give my-'ſelf ſo much cauſe of repentance to the laſt hour 'of my life, as I ſhould have, were I to draw my 'ſword, to the irreparable injury of any man's 'family; or to run the ſame riſque of injuring 'my own, and of incurring the final perdition of 'us both!"

Mr Mer. This anſwer rather provoked than ſatisfied, I ſuppoſe?

Sir Ch. Provocation was not my *intention.* I deſigned only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our reſpective families, and to throw in a hint of a ſtill ſuperior conſideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman

Catholic country than, I am ſorry to ſay it, it would in this Proteſtant one.

Sir Har. How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

Sir Ch. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. Why ſhould I draw? ſaid I. Will the deciſion by the ſword be *certainly* that of juſtice? You are in a paſſion. You have no reaſon to doubt either my ſkill, or my courage [on ſuch an occaſion, gentlemen, and with ſuch a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himſelf a little conſequence]: And ſolemnly once more do I avow my innocence; and deſire to be brought face to face with my accuſers.

He raved the more for my calmneſs. I turned from him, with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a perſonal inſult—I now, methinks, bluſh to tell it—He gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me draw—

Mr Mer. And *did* you draw, Sir?

Mr Bag. To be ſure you *then* drew?

Mr Jor. Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then *help* drawing? This was a provocation that would juſtify a ſaint.

Sir Ch. He had forgot, in that paſſionate moment, that *he* was a gentleman. I did not remember that *I* was one. But I had no occaſion to draw.

Sir Har. What a plague—You did not cane him?

Sir Ch. He got well after a fortnight's lying by.

Sir Har. Damnation!

Sir Ch. I put him into poſſeſſion of the lodgings I had taken for myſelf, and into proper and ſafe hands. He was indeed unable for a day or two to direct for himſelf. I ſent for his friends. His ſervant did me juſtice as to the provocation. Then it was that I was obliged, in a letter, to acquaint the father of a diſcovery I had made, which

which the ſon had refuſed to hear; which, with the lady's confeſſion, convinced them all of my innocence. His father acknowledged my moderation; as the young gentleman himſelf did, deſiring a renewal of friendſhip: But as I thought the affair had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want inſtigators to urge him to reſent an indignity, which he had, however, brought upon himſelf, by a greater offered to me, I took leave of him and his friends, and reviſited ſome of the German courts; that of Vienna in particular; where I reſided ſome time.

In the mean while the young gentleman married. His lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent woman. He had a great fortune with her. Soon after his nuptials, he let me know, that, as he doubted not, if I had drawn my ſword, I ſhould, from his violence at the time, have had his life in my power, he could not but acknowledge that he owed all his acquiſitions, and the beſt of wives, as well as the happineſs of both families, with *that* life, to me.

I apply not this inſtance: But, Sir Hargrave, as I hope to ſee you married, and happy, though it can never be, I think, to Miſs Byron, ſuch generous acknowledgments as miſbecome not an Italian, I ſhall then hope for from an Engliſhman.

Sir Har. And had your Italian any marks left him, Sir?—Depend upon it, I ſhall never look into a glaſs, but I ſhall curſe you to the very pit!

Sir Ch. Well, Sir Hargrave: This only I will add; that be as ſenſible as you will, and *as I am*, of the happy iſſue of this untoward affair, I will never expect a compliment from you that ſhall tend to your abaſement.

Mr Jor. Your hand, Sir Hargrave, to Sir Charles—

Sir

Sir Har. What! without terms?—Curſe me, if I do!—But let him bring Miſs Byron in his hand to me (that is the leaſt he can do): Then may I thank him for my wife.

Sir Charles made ſome ſmiling anſwer: But the writer heard it not.

Sir Charles would then have taken leave: But all the gentlemen, Sir Hargrave among the reſt, were earneſt with him to ſtay a little longer.

Mr Jor. My converſation muſt be perfected, Sir Charles. This is a ſubject that concerns us all. *We ſhall remember every tittle of the converſation;* and think of it when we do not ſee you.—Let me beg of you to acquaint me, how you came to differ from all other men of honour in your practice, as well as in your notions, upon this ſubject?

Sir Ch. I will anſwer your queſtion, Mr Jordan, as briefly as I can.

My father was a man of ſpirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inſpired me early with the ſame. I had not paſſed the twelfth year, when he gave me a maſter to teach me what is called the ſcience of defence. I was fond of the practice, and ſoon obtained ſuch a ſkill in the weapons as pleaſed both my father and maſter. I had ſtrength of body beyond my years: The exerciſe added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility: And the praiſes given me by my father and maſter ſo heightened my courage, that I was almoſt inclined to wiſh for a ſubject to exerciſe it upon. My mother was an excellent woman: She had inſtilled into my earlieſt youth, almoſt from infancy, notions of moral rectitude, and the firſt principles of Chriſtianity, now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready ſometimes to tremble at the conſequences, which ſhe thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this *practice;* and was continually reading

reading lectures to me upon *true* magnanimity, and upon the law of kindneſs, benevolence, and forgiveneſs of injuries. Had I not loſt her ſo ſoon as I did, I ſhould have been a more perfect ſcholar than I am in theſe noble doctrines. As ſhe knew me to be naturally haſty, and very ſenſible of affronts; and as ſhe had obſerved, as ſhe told me, that, even in the delight ſhe had brought me to take in doing good, I ſhewed an over-readineſs, even to raſhneſs, which ſhe thought might lead me into errors, that would more than over-balance the good I aimed to do; ſhe redoubled her efforts to keep me right: And on this particular acquirement of a ſkill in the management of the weapons, ſhe frequently enforced upon me an obſervation of Mr Locke; "That young men, in their warm 'blood, are often forward to think they have in 'vain learned to fence, if they never ſhew their 'ſkill in a duel."

This obſervation, inſiſted upon, and inculcated, as ſhe knew how, was very ſeaſonable at that time of danger. And ſhe never forgot to urge upon me, that the ſcience I was learning was a ſcience properly called of *defence*, and not of *offence*; at the ſame time endeavouring to caution me againſt the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as againſt the diverſions themſelves exhibited at the infamous places where thoſe brutal people reſorted: Infamous even by name *, as well as in the nature of them.

From her inſtructions, I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to reſent it; and to give a life than to take it. My father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my mother was my oracle. And he was always ſo juſt to her merit, as to command me to conſider her as ſuch; and the rather, he uſed to

* Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

to ſay, as ſhe diſtinguiſhed well between the *falſe* glory and the *true;* and would not have her boy a coward.

Mr Mer. A good beginning, by my life!

Mr Jor. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, we all liſten.

Mr Bag. Curſe him that ſpeaks next to interrupt you.

Sir Ch. But what indelibly impreſſed upon my heart my mother's leſſons, was an occurrence, which, and the conſequences of it, I ſhall ever deplore. My father, having taken leave of my mother, on a propoſed abſence of a few days, was, in an hour after brought home, as it was thought, *mortally* wounded in a duel. My mother's ſurprize on this occaſion threw her into fits, from which ſhe never after was wholly free. And theſe, and the dangerous way he continued in for ſome time, brought her into an ill ſtate of health, broke, in ſhort, her conſtitution; ſo that, in leſs than a twelvemonth, my father, to his inexpreſſible anguiſh of mind (continually reproaching himſelf on the occaſion) loſt the beſt of wives, and my ſiſters and I the beſt of mothers and inſtructors.

My concern for my father, on whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement, and my being by that means a witneſs of what both he and my mother ſuffered, completed my abhorence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myſelf a maſter of the *ſcience*, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the *ſtaff;* the better to enable me to avoid drawing my ſword, and to empower me, if called to the occaſion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the cuſtom was ſo general, that a young man of ſpirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to eſcape a provocation of this ſort.

My

My father once had a view, at the perſuaſion of my mother's brother, who was a general of note and intereſt in the imperial ſervice, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a ſoldier of me, tho' an only ſon; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way: But the diſguſt I had conceived, on the above occaſion, againſt duelling, and the conſideration of the abſurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge, contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke, if they do not (though a ſoldier is the leaſt maſter of himſelf, or of his own life, of any man in the community), made me think the Engliſh ſervice, though that of my country, the leaſt eligible of all ſervices. And for a man, who was born to ſo conſiderable a ſtake in it to devote himſelf to another, as my uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but heſitate on the propoſal, young as I was. As it ſoon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cauſe, without examining the juſtice of it, it will be the leſs wondered at, that I could not think of any foreign ſervice.

Mr Bag. Then you have never ſeen ſervice, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. Yes, I made one campaign as a voluntier, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid. I was then in the midſt of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor thoſe martial movements had raiſed in my breaſt. But, unleſs my country were to be unjuſtly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any conſideration, be drawn into the field again.

Mr Jor. But you lead from the point, Mr Bagenhall: Sir Charles was going to ſay ſomewhat more on the ſubject of duelling.

Sir Ch. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my mother, my father, in order to abate my grief [I was very much grieved], was pleaſed to conſent

conſent to my going abroad, in order to make the grand tour, as it is called; having firſt viſited all the Britiſh dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then ſuppoſing I might fall into circumſtances that might affect the principles my mother had been ſo careful to inſtil into me, and to which my father's danger, and her death, had added force, it was natural for me to look into hiſtory, for the riſe and progreſs of a cuſtom ſo much and ſo juſtly my averſion; and which was ſo contrary to all laws divine and human; and particularly to that true heroiſm which Chriſtianity injoins, when it recommends meekneſs, moderation, and humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

When I found, continued he, that this unchriſtian cuſtom owed its riſe to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, ſome plea to make in excuſe, which *we* have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as to a laſt reſort, perſons ſuppoſing themſelves aggrieved might appeal for legal redreſs; and that theſe barbarous nations were *truly* barbarous, and enemies to all politeneſs; my reaſoning on this occaſion added new force to prejudices ſo well founded.

The gentlemen ſeemed afraid that Sir Charles had done ſpeaking. They begged he would go on.

I then had recourſe, proceeded he, to the hiſtories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who by that quality obtained the empire of the world, was my firſt ſubject. I found not any traces in their hiſtory, which could countenance the ſavage cuſtom. When a diſpute happened, the challenge from both parties generally was, "That each ſhould appear at the head of the

'army the next engagement, and give proofs of 'his intrepidity againſt the common foe." The inſtance of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, which was a *public*, a *national* combat, as I may call it, affords not an exception to my obſervation. And yet even *that*, in the *early ages* of Rome, ſtands condemned by a better example. For we read, that Tullus challenged Albanus, general of the Albans, to put the cauſe of the two nations upon the valour of each captain's arm, for the ſake of ſparing a greater effuſion of blood: But what was the anſwer of Albanus, though the inducement to the challenge was ſo plauſible? "That the cauſe was 'a public, not a private one; and the deciſion 'lay upon the two cities of Alba and Rome."

Many ages afterwards, Auguſtus received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought of branding as a coward that prince, on his anſwering, "That if Antony were weary of his "life, he might find many *other* ways to end it than "by *his* ſword?"

Metellus, before that, challenged by Sertorius, anſwered with his pen, not his ſword, "That it "was not for a captain to die the death of a com-"mon ſoldier."

The very Turks know nothing of this ſavage cuſtom: And they are a nation that raiſed themſelves by their bravery, from the moſt obſcure beginnings, into one of the greateſt empires on the globe, as at this day. They take occaſion to exalt themſelves above Chriſtians, in this very inſtance; and think it a ſcandal upon Muſſulmans to quarrel, and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

All the Chriſtian doctrines, as I have hinted, are point againſt it. But it is dreadful to reflect, that the man who would endeavour to ſupport his arguments againſt this infamous practice of duelling, by the laws of chriſtianity, though the moſt excellent

of all laws [excuſe me, Mr Merceda, your own are *included* in them], would ſubject himſelf to the ridicule of perſons who call themſelves Chriſtians. I have mentioned therefore Heathens and Mahometans; though in this company, perhaps—But I hope I need not, however, remind any-body here, that that one doctrine of returning *good* for *evil*, is a nobler and more herioc doctrine than *either* of thoſe people, or your *own*, Mr Merceda, ever knew.

Mr Jor. You have ſhewn it, Sir Charles, by example, by practice, to be ſo. I never ſaw a hero till now.

Sir Ch. One *modern* inſtance, however, of a challenge refuſed, I recollect, and which may be given, by way of *inference*, at leaſt, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Mareſchal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hoſtile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The elector, incenſed at the unſoldierly deſtruction, challenged the Mareſchal to a ſingle combat. The Mareſchal's anſwer was to this effect: "That if the truſt which the king his "maſter had repoſed in him would permit him to "accept of his challenge, he would not refuſe it; "but on the contrary, would deem it an honour to "meaſure his arms with thoſe of ſo illuſtrious a "prince; but that, for the ſake of his maſter's "ſervice, he muſt be excuſed."

Now, though I think the Mareſchal might have returned a ſtill better anſwer (though this was not a bad one for a military man), yet where we can, as Chriſtians and as men, plead the divine laws, and have not, when we meet, as private ſubjects, the Mareſchal's, nor even the *Goths'* excuſe, I think the example worthy conſideration.

And if, gentlemen, I *have* argued before now, or ſhould hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, ſhall I deſerve either to be branded or inſulted?

"Of

"Of what uſe are the laws of ſociety, if magiſtracy may be thus defied? Were I to accept of your challenge, and were you to prevail againſt me, who is to challenge you? and if you fall, who him by whoſe ſword you periſh? Where, in ſhort, is the evil to ſtop? But I will *not* meet you. My ſyſtem is ſelf-defence, and ſelf-defence only. Put me upon *that*, and I queſtion not but you will have cauſe to repent it. A *premeditated* revenge is that which I will not meet you to gratify. I will not dare to riſk the ruſhing into my Maker's preſence from the conſequences of an act, which cannot, in the man that falls, admit of repentance, and leaves for the ſurvivor's portion nothing but bitter remorſe. I fear not any more the reproaches of men than your inſults on this occaſion. Be the latter offered to me at your *peril*. It is perhaps as happy for you as for myſelf, that I have a fear of an higher nature. Be the event what it will, the teſt you would provoke me to, can decide nothing as to the juſtice of the cauſe on either ſide. Already you will find me diſpoſed to do you the juſtice you pretend to ſeek. For your own ſake, therefore, conſider better of the matter; ſince it is not impoſſible, but, were we to meet, and both ſurvive, you may exchange what you will think a real diſgrace for an imaginary one."

And thus, gentlemen, have I almoſt ſyllogiſtically argued with myſelf on this ſubject:

Courage is virtue;
Inordinate paſſion is a vice:
Such paſſion, therefore, cannot be courage.

Does it not then behove every man of true honour to ſhew, that reaſon has a greater ſhare than reſentment in the boldneſs of his reſolves?

And what, by any degree, is *ſo* reaſonable as a regard to our duty?

You called upon me, gentlemen, to communicate my notions on this important ſubject. I have the more willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir Hargrave, on the occaſion that brought us to this not unhappy breakfaſting, will be the better ſatisfied that it has ſo ended; and as, if you are ſo good as to adopt them, they may be of ſervice to others of your friends, in caſe of debates among them. Indeed, for my own ſake, I have always been ready to communicate my notions on this head, in hopes ſometimes to be ſpared provocation; for, as I have owned, I am paſſionate: I have pride: I am often afraid of *myſelf;* and the more, becauſe I am not naturally, I will preſume to ſay, a timid man.

Mr Bag. 'Fore God, Sir Hargrave, ſomebody has eſcaped a ſcouring, as the ſaying is.

Mr Mer. Ay, by my life, Sir Hargrave, you had like to have caught a tartar.

Sir Ch. The race is not always to the ſwift, gentlemen. Sir Hargrave's paſſion would, doubtleſs, have laid him under diſadvantage: Defence is guarded: Offence expoſes itſelf.

Mr Bag. But, Sir Charles, you deſpiſe no man, I am ſure, for differing from you in opinion. I am a Catholic—

Sir Ch. A *Roman* Catholic—No religion teaches a man evil. I honour *every man* who lives up to what he profeſſes.

Mr Bag. But that is not the caſe with me, I doubt.

Mr Mer. That is *out* of doubt, Bagenhall.

Mr Jor. The truth is, Mr Bagenhall has found his conveniencies in changing. He was brought up a Proteſtant. Theſe *diſpenſations*, Mr Bagenhall!—

Mr Mer. Ay, and they were often an argument in Bagenhall's mouth, for making me his proſelyte.

Sir

Sir Ch. Mr Bagenhall, I perceive, is rather of the religion of the *court*, than of that of the *church* of Rome.

Mr Bag. But what I mean, by telling you I am a Catholic, is this: I have read the opinion of ſome of our famous caſuiſts, that, in ſome caſes, a private man may become his own avenger, and challenge an enemy into the field.

Sir Ch. Bannes and *Cajetan*, you mean; one a Spaniard, the other an Italian. But the higheſt authority of your church is full againſt them in this point. The council of Trent treats the combatants who fall as ſelf-murderers, and denies them Chriſtian burial. It brands them, and all thoſe who by their preſence countenance and abet this ſhocking and unchriſtian practice, with perpetual infamy; and condemns them to the loſs of goods and eſtates. And furthermore, it deprives, *ipſo jure*, all thoſe ſovereign princes, who ſuffer ſuch acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the church, of all the territories ſo held. I need not add to this, that Louis the XIV.'s edict againſt duelling was the greateſt glory of his reign. And permit me to conclude with obſerving, that the baſe arts of poiſoning, by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of aſſaſſination by bravoes hired on purpoſe to wreak a private revenge, ſo frequent in Italy, are natural *branches* of this old *Gothic tree*. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling, from *their* polity, which we have not from *ours*; Chriſtianity out of the queſtion.

The gentlemen ſaid, they would very ſeriouſly reflect upon all that had paſſed in this uncommon converſation.

Sir Har. Well, but, Sir Charles, I muſt recur to my old note—Miſs Byron—She *muſt* be

mine. And I hope you will not ſtand in my way.

Sir Ch. The lady is her own miſtreſs. I ſhall be glad to ſee any and all of you, gentlemen, at St James's-ſquare.

Mr Bag. One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandiſon. You know, Sir, that I brought a young man to your houſe, to take minutes of the converſation that paſſed between you and me there, in apprehenſion of conſequences. In *like* apprehenſions, I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave—

Sir Har. And now, Bagenhall, I could curſe you for it. The affair—confound it!—that I meant to be recorded for my own juſtification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white, for a tame—fool.—Is it not ſo?

Mr Jor. By no means. If you think ſo, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble ſentiments.

Sir Ch. How is this, Mr Bagenhall?

Mr Bag. I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the ſame young man, who is honeſt, diſcreet, and one of the ſwifteſt ſhort-hand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of every thing that has paſſed; and he is in that cloſet.

Sir Ch. I muſt ſay, this is very extraordinary—But as I always ſpeak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

Mr Bag. You need not in this caſe, Sir Charles. Nothing has paſſed, as Sir Hargrave obſerves, but what makes for your honour: We that ſet him to work have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honeſt, and not ſpare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended ſo amicably.

Mr Jor. Thank God they have!

Mr Mer. A very happy ending, I think!

Sir

Sir Har. Not except Miſs Byron conſents to wipe out theſe marks.

Mr Bag. Mr Cotes, your taſk is over. Pray ſtep in with what you have done.

The writer obeyed. Mr Bagenhall aſked, if the minutes ſhould be read? Sir Hargrave ſwore no; except, as he ſaid, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them, he could not ſtay to hear them: But that, as they *were* written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what paſſed between him and Mr Bagenhall, he ſhould be glad to have one now; and the rather, as Sir Hargrave ſhould have an inſtance, after he had peruſed it, of his readineſs to condemn himſelf, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character, or to that of any man preſent.

They conſented, that I ſhould ſend Sir Charles the firſt fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

The gentlemen all ſtood ſilent for ſeveral minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon one another as if each expected the other to ſpeak: But when they ſpoke, it was all in praiſe of Sir Charles, as the moſt modeſt, the moſt polite, the braveſt, and nobleſt of men. Yet his maxims, they ſaid, were confoundedly ſtrange; impoſſible for ſuch ſorry dogs as them (that was their phraſe) to practiſe.

But Sir Hargrave ſeemed greatly diſturbed and dejected. He could not, he ſaid, ſupport himſelf under the conſciouſneſs of his own inferiority. But what could I do? ſaid he. The *devil* could not have made him fight. Plague take him! he beat me out of my play.

And yet, ſaid Mr Merceda, a tilting-bout ſeems no more to him than a game at puſhpin.

You

You would have thought ſo, ſaid Sir Hargrave, had you obſerved with what a ſlight, and with what unconcernedneſs, he puſhed down my drawn ſword with his hand (though he would grant me nothing) and took me under the arm, and led me in to you, as though he had taken me priſoner. The devil has long, continued he, owed me a ſhame: But who would have thought he had ſo much power over Sir Charles Grandiſon, as to get him to pay it to me? But, however, I never will be eaſy till Miſs Byron is Lady Pollexfen.

I take leave, honoured Sir, to obſerve, that a few things are noted in this copy, which, to avoid giving offence, will not be in that I ſhall write for the gentlemen. I was ordered to ſhew it to Mr Bagenhall, before you had it; but for this reaſon I ſhall excuſe myſelf, as not having remembered that command.

This, therefore, is a true copy of *all* that paſſed, taken to the beſt of the ability of, Sir, give me leave to ſubſcribe,

Your very great admirer,
and moſt humble ſervant,
HENRY COTES.

Continuation of Miſs BYRON'S *Letter.*

WHAT a paquet, including the ſhort-hand writer's paper, tranſcribed by my couſin Reeves, ſhall I ſend you this time? I will not ſwell it by reflections on that paper (that would be endleſs), but haſten to give you ſome account of the viſitors I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, without any previous notice, about nine o'clock.

My

My heart ſunk when his chair ſtopt at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was ſhewn into the great parlour. My couſins Reeves ſoon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and ſo Mr Reeves ſaid he ought) for the diſturbance he had given them.

He laid all to love—Proſtituted name! made a cover to all acts of violence, indiſcretion, folly, in both ſexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him ſo; and begged, that he would not inſiſt upon ſeeing me.

The whole intent of this viſit, he ſaid, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I ſhould have the ſame emotion upon his firſt viſit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of ſeeing me. He had a *right*, he ſaid, to ſee me: He was a ſufferer for my ſake. They ſaw, he told them, that he was not the man he had *been;* and as he had been denied, and had been brought to deny himſelf, the ſatisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he inſiſted on having the opportunity given him of ſeeing me, and receiving my forgiveneſs, as what would conſolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandiſon.

There was no reſiſting this plea.

And down I *trembled;* I can hardly ſay walked.

Notwithſtanding all my little reaſoning with myſelf to behave with the dignity of an injured perſon, yet the moment I ſaw him approach me at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandiſon been there, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have run to him in the ſame manner.

Ever-

Ever-dear and adorable goodneſs! (were his words, coming to me), how ſweet is this terror, and how juſt! *I* have forgiven worſe injuries, pointing to his mouth. I meant nothing but honour to *you*.

Honour, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you *wiſh* to ſee the creature whom you ſo wickedly treated?

I appeal to yourſelf, madam, if I offered the leaſt indecency!—For all I have ſuffered by my mad enterprize, what but diſgrace—

Diſgrace, Sir, was your portion, Sir (half out of breath)—What *would* you, Sir?—Why this viſit? What am I to do?

I hardly knew what I ſaid; and ſtill I held Mr Reeves's arm.

Forgive me, madam: *That* is what you are to do: Pardon me: On my knee I beg your pardon. And he dropt down on one knee.

Kneel not to me, Sir—Pray do not kneel—You bruiſed, you hurt, you terrified me, Sir—And, Lord bleſs me! I was in danger of being your *wife*, Sir?

Was not this laſt part of my anſwer a very odd one? But the memory of what I ſuffered at the time, and of the narrow eſcape I had, left me not the leaſt preſence of mind, on his addreſs to me kneeling.

He aroſe. *In danger of being my wife*, madam! Only that the method I took was wrong, madam!

Miſs Byron, you ſee, is in terror, Sir Hargrave—Sit down, my love (taking my hand, and leading me to the fire-ſide); How you tremble, my dear!—You ſee, Sir Hargrave, the terror my couſin is in—You ſee—

I do—I do; and am ſorry for the occaſion.—We will all ſit down. Compoſe yourſelf, dear Miſs Byron—And (holding up his claſped hands to me) I beſeech you, forgive me.

Well, Sir, I forgive you—I forgive you, Sir.

Were

Were you not in ſo much diſorder, madam,—Were it to be ſeaſonable now—I will tell you what I have further to beg. I would—

Speak, Sir, now; and never let me—

Suffer an interruption, madam—I am too apprehenſive of that word *never*. You *muſt* allow of my addreſs. I aſk you not any favour, but as I ſhall behave myſelf in future.

Yes, yes, Sir, your behaviour—But, Sir, were you to become the beſt man in the world, this, this is the laſt time that I ever—

Dear Miſs Byron! And then he pleaded his paſſion; his fortune; his *ſufferings*.—A wretch! [Yet I had now-and-then a little pity for his diſfigured mouth and lip]—His reſolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life—The ſettlement of one half of his eſtate upon me—The *odious* wretch mentioned *children*, my dear—*younger* children. He ran on in ſuch a manner as if he had been drawing up marriage-articles all the way hither.

Upon my abſolutely refuſing him, he aſked e, If Sir Charles Grandiſon had not made an impreſſion on my heart?

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this queſtion? I could hardly have patience to reply. I now ſee, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not accountable to you—

You are not, madam: But I muſt inſiſt upon an anſwer to this queſtion. If Sir Charles Grandiſon has made an application to you for favour, I can have no hope.

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Sir, is abſolutely diſintereſted. Sir Charles Grandiſon has made—There I ſtopt; I could not help it.

No application to my couſin, I aſſure you, Sir Hargrave, ſaid Mr Reeves. He is the nobleſt of men.

men. Had he any ſuch thoughts, I dare ſay, he would be under difficulties to break his mind, leſt ſuch a declaration ſhould be thought to leſſen the merit of his protection.

A good thought of Mr Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be ſome foundation for it?

Protection! D—n it! But I am the *eaſier* upon this aſſurance. Let me tell you, Mr Reeves, that had I not found him to be a wonder of a man, matters ſhould not have ended as they ſeem at preſent to have done.

But, Sir Hargrave, ſaid Mrs Reeves, permit me to ſay, as I know Miſs Byron's mind, that there cannot be the leaſt room to imagine that Miſs Byron—

Dear Mrs Reeves, forgive me. But I cannot receive a denial from any other mouth than hers. Is there no room for a ſincere penitent to hope for mercy from a ſweetneſs ſo angelic, and who is abſolutely diſengaged?

You have had *mine* already, Sir Hargrave, ſaid I. I am amazed, that, knowing my mind *before* your wicked inſult upon me, you ſhould have any expectation of this kind *after* it.

He again vowed his paſſion, and ſuch ſtuff.

I think, Lucy, I never ſhall be able, for the future, to hear with patience any man talk of love, of paſſion, and ſuch nonſenſe.

Let me ſummarily add, for I am tired of the ſubject, that he ſaid a hundred impertinent things ſillier than any of thoſe ſaid by Mr Grandiſon, in my praiſe [indeed every thing of this nature now appears ſilly to me]—He inſiſted upon a preference to Mr Greville, Mr Fenwick, Mr Orme.—He reſolved not to deſpair, as his ſufferings for my ſake had given him (as he ſaid he preſumed to tell me) ſome merit in his *own* opinion, if not in *mine*; and as his forgiveneſs of the man who had injured

him,

him, ought, he thought, to have ſome weight in his favour.

He took leave of my couſins, and in a very reſpectful manner. I wiſh him no harm. But I hope I ſhall never ſee him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very diſagreeable viſit, I will conclude my letter; and ſhall have another long one ready for the next poſt.

LETTER V.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

March 3.

I HAD not recovered myſelf after Sir Hargrave's viſit, when Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon called, as they ſaid, for a moment; however, this agreeable moment laſted two hours. Miſs Grandiſon, the inſtant ſhe ſaw me, challenged me—Hey-day! What's the matter with our Harriet, Mrs Reeves? And, patting my neck, Why theſe flutters, child? —Perturbations delightful, or undelightful, Harriet, whether?

I told her who had been here, and but juſt left me; and by the help of my couſins, gave them the particulars of what had paſſed.

They were greatly pleaſed; and the more, they ſaid, as their brother, on ſeeing them uneaſy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

Let me reckon with you, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon (taking my hand with a ſchooling air); I am half jealous of you: Lady L. has got the ſtart of me in my brother's affections: But ſhe is my elder ſiſter; firſt come, firſt ſerved; I can bear that: But I will not be cut out by a younger ſiſter.

What is now to follow? though I; and I fluttered like a fool; the more for her arch look, as if ſhe would read my heart in my eyes.

Increaſed palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jeſt for earneſt. What a ſituation am I in!

Dear Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. ſmiling, you ſhall not thus perplex our ſweet ſiſter.—My dear, don't mind her. You'll know her better in time.

Be quiet, Lady L. I ſhall have it all out.

All what out? ſaid I. O Miſs Grandiſon, how you love to alarm!

Well, well, I'll examine farther into theſe perturbations another time. I have beat the buſh before now for one hare, and out have popt two. But all I mean is; a paper, a letter (my brother called it a paper), was brought to him ſealed up. He rewarded the bringer; but ſent it directly away unopened (that we found out) to you, Harriet. Now, child, if I allow of *his* reſerves, I will not allow of *yours*. Pray anſwer me fairly and truly; What are the contents of that paper?

They give the particulars of the converſation that paſſed in the alarming interview between Sir Charles—

And Sir Hargrave. That's my good girl. You ſee, Lady L. how this young thief will ſteal away the affections of our brother from us both. He has ſhewed *us* nothing of this. But if you would not have me jealous, Harriet, be ſure keep no one ſecret of your heart from me—

That merely relates to myſelf, I think I will not.

Then you'll be a good girl: And I'll give my love for you the reins, without a pull-back.

Juſt then a ſervant came in with a card.

" Lady D.'s compliments to Mrs Reeves and
" Miſs Byron; and if it would be agreeable,
" ſhe will wait on them preſently, for one
" quarter

" quarter of an hour. She is obliged to go " out of town early in the morning."

What ſhall I do now? ſaid I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's viſit had thrown me.

What now?—What now? ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. Ah! Harriet, we ſhall find you out by degrees.

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that to avoid all *ſays-I's* and *ſays-ſhe's*, I will henceforth, in all dialogues, write names in the margin: So fancy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

Harriet. Do you know Lady D.?

Miſs Gr. Very well: But I did not know that *you* did, Harriet.

Lady L. And I know ſhe has a ſon: And I know ſhe wants him to marry.

Harriet. That I may keep no ſecrets from my two ſiſters, my aunt Selby has written to me—

Miſs Gr. Lately?

Harriet. Very lately.

Miſs Gr. O! becauſe you had not told me of that.

Mrs Reeves. And pray, ladies, what is Lady D.'s character?

Lady L. She is a very ſenſible and prudent woman.

Miſs Gr. I am not very intimate with her, but have ſeen her in two or three of my viſits. I have always thought her ſo. And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what character my *Lord* bears.

Harriet. My Lord is nothing to me. I *have* anſwered. I have given my negative.

Miſs Gr. The deuce you have!—Why, the man has a good 12,000*l.* a-year.

Harriet. I don't care.

Miſs Gr. What a deuce ails the girl!

Then humorouſly telling on her fingers—ORME, *one*; FENWICK, *two*; GREVILLE, *three*; FOWLER, *four* — I want another finger; but I'll take in my thumb—SIR HARGRAVE, *five*;—And now (putting the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of the other) LORD D. *ſix!*—And one of them the man! —Depend upon it, girl, pride will have a fall.

What could ſhe mean by that?—Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſiſters, I hope, will not—But I believe ſhe meant nothing.

Have I pride, Miſs Grandiſon? coldly and gravely aſked I, as my couſin obſerved to me afterwards.

Miſs Gr. Have you pride?—Yes, that you have; or you have *worſe*.

What could this mad lady mean by this?—And what could *I* mean! For I had tears in my eyes. I was very low-ſpirited at that moment.

Lady L. Well, but Miſs Byron, ſhall we be impertinent, if we ſtay to ſee the lady? —I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable executrix and truſtee for her ſon; and was as good a wife. I was juſt going; but, as ſhe goes out of town to-morrow, will ſtay to pay my compliments to her. We can withdraw till you have had your talk.

Miſs Gr. Does ſhe come to perſuade you, Harriet, to retract your refuſal?

Harriet. I know not her buſineſs. I wrote my mind to my aunt Selby. But I believe my aunt could not have written, and the Counteſs received what ſhe wrote, by this time. But do not go: We can have no private talk.

Miſs Gr. Well, but now I will tell you, without puniſhing your curioſity further, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as ſober a man as moſt of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In ſenſe he neither abounds, nor is wanting; and that claſs of men, take my word for it, are the beſt qualified

qualified of all others to make good huſbands to women of ſuperior talents. They know juſt enough to induce them to admire in *her* what they have not in *themſelves*. If a woman has prudence enough to give conſequence to ſuch a one before folks, and will behave as if ſhe thought him her ſuperior in underſtanding, ſhe will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of *I will, ſhall I?*—Or, *If you pleaſe*, my dear, *I will do—what I think fit*. But a fool and a wit are the extreme points, and equally unmanageable. And now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refuſing ſuch a man as this?

Harriet. I wiſh, my dear, you would not talk to me of theſe men. I am ſick of them all—Sir Hargrave has cured me—

Miſs Gr. You fib, my dear—But did you ever ſee Lord D.?

Harriet. No, indeed!

Miſs Gr. "No, indeed!"—Why then you are a ſimpleton, child. What, refuſe a man, an earl too! in the bloom of his years, 12,000 good pounds a-year! yet never have ſeen him—Your motives, child! Your motives!—I wiſh you are not already—There ſhe ſtopt.

Harriet. And I wiſh, Miſs Grandiſon, with all my heart, if that would tame you, that you were in love over head and ears, and could not help it!

Miſs Gr. And wiſh you me that for ſpite, or to pleaſe me?—I *am* in love, my dear; and nothing keeps me in countenance, but having company among the grave ones. Dearly do I love to find girls out. Why, I found out Lady L. before ſhe would own a tittle of the matter. So prim!—"And *how can you think ſo*, Charlotte? *Who, I, in 'love!* No indeed! No man has a place in *my 'heart!*"—Then I was reſolved to have her ſecret out. I began with my *roundabouts*, and my *ſuppoſes's*—

poſes's—A *leer* as thus—[I was both vexed and pleaſed with her archneſs] And then a *ſuppoſe*—Then came a bluſh—" Why, Charlotte, I cannot ' but *ſay*, that if I were *obliged* to have the one ' man or the other—" Then came a ſigh, endeavoured in haſte to be returned to the heart whence it came; and when it could not find its way back, to be cut into three halves, as the Iriſhman ſaid; that is, into two half-ſighs, and a hem; and a " Get you gone, for an impertinent"—As much as to ſay, " You have it!"—And when I found I *had*, and ſhe owned it, why then I put my mad head to her grave one, and we had but one heart betwixt us.

Lady L. (laughing)—Out of breath, Charlotte, I hope.

Miſs Gr. Not yet—How often have I kept watch and ward for her! Sometimes have I lent her my dreſſing-room for their love-meetings: Yet, for the *world*, ſhe would not marry without her papa's conſent: No, but like the reſt of us, ſhe would ſuffer her affections to be *engaged*, without letting him know a ſyllable of the matter. —Very true, Lady L. what ſignifies looking ſerious?

Lady L. Strange creature!

Miſs Gr. Once or twice did I change dreſſes with her. In ſhort, I was a perfect Abigail to her in the affair: And let me tell you, two ſiſters, agreed to manage a love-affair, have advantages over even a lady and her woman.

Lady L. Mad creature!

Miſs Gr. All this I did for her without fee or reward; only from the dear delight of promoting the good work, and upon the Chriſtian principle of, Do as you would be done by.—Is not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if you can.

Lady L. And have you *done*, Charlotte? Ah! my dear Miſs Byron, you'll never do any thing with

with this girl, except you hear all ſhe has to ſay. And if you *have* a ſecret, 'tis better to let her know it at firſt. Charlotte is a generous girl, after all; but ſometimes, as now, a very impertinent one—

What could theſe ladies mean by this I wonder? If they ſuſpect me to love ſomebody, ſurely this is not the way that two ſuch ladies, in *generoſity*, ſhould take; when they think I have no engagement, and know that the doubt muſt lie on their brother's ſide, whom, with all their *roundabouts*, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any thing, methinks, to know if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Juſt then a rapping at the door made us ſuppoſe it was the Counteſs. It was. After compliments to Mrs Reeves and me, ſhe embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miſs Grandiſon kindly; aſking the firſt after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her brother: He is the man of all men, Miſs Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, that I want to ſee. We ſhall be in town ſoon, for a month or two; and then you muſt make me known to one whom every body calls the beſt of men: As here, ſaid ſhe, coming up again to me, I have longed to be acquainted with one of the beſt of women.

Lady L. Miſs Byron is indeed an excellent young woman. We do ourſelves the honour of calling her *ſiſter*.

Lady D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me ſay, that where beauty and goodneſs meet, as *here*, they adorn each other.

Agreeable Lady D.! thought I: My heart will not ſuggeſt a thought in favour of your *ſon;* but I ſhall eaſily be in love with *you*. The heart hardly deſerves praiſe, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her

Her Ladyſhip took Lady L. aſide; and ſaid ſomething to her. Lady L. anſwered with a no, as I ſuppoſe: To which Lady D. replied, I am glad of that; adding, I am not afraid of ſaying any thing to a perſon of Lady L.'s known prudence.

Ah! my Lucy! She aſked Lady L. I dare ſay, whether the acknowledged ſiſterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as—ſomething elſe—And by her chearful and condeſcending court to me afterwards, and to Mrs Reeves, was ſatisfied by Lady L.'s anſwer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s addreſs, for any thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy! Greatly as I admire ſomebody, theſe excellent ſiſters ſhall not find me *entangled in an hopeleſs paſſion.*

Her Ladyſhip took my hand, and led me to the window. I was brought to town, ſaid ſhe, on an extraordinary occaſion, two days ago; and muſt ſet out on my return in the morning. I thought I would not miſs the opportunity of paying my compliments to a young lady, of whom I had heard every body ſpeak with great commendation. I make no doubt but your good aunt has—There ſhe ſtopt.

My aunt has ſent me up two of your ladyſhip's letters, and copies of her anſwers.

I am pleaſed with your frankneſs, my dear. It was that part of your character that engaged me. Young women, in theſe caſes, are generally either ſo affected, ſo ſtarched (as if they thought there were ſomething ſhameful in a treaty of this kind), or they are ſo aukward, that I have not patience with them. You have all the modeſty—Indeed, my dear, your goodneſs of heart ſhines out in every feature of your face.

Your ladyſhip does me high honour.

I am

I am pleaſed even with that acknowledgment. The diſcretion of a perſon is often moſt ſeen in minuteneſſes. Another would have made diſqualifying ſpeeches—But compliments made to the heart by one who is not accuſtomed to flatter; ſuch compliments, I mean, as it would be culpable for a perſon not to be able to verify, ſhould not be diſclaimed. To ſay truth, my dear, I did not intend to mention one word of the matter to you, on this firſt viſit. I only wanted to ſee you, and to converſe with you a little, that I might make report accordingly to my ſon; who, however, knows not that I ſhould pay my compliments to you: But the moment I ſaw you, your aſpect confirmed all that I had heard ſaid in your favour; and ſeeing you alſo ſo much careſſed by two ladies of character ſo eſtabliſhed; and no leſs pleaſed with what I obſerved of Mr and Mrs Reeves [You are a family of good people], I was reſolved to be as frank as you are, and as your aunt Selby has been—She is a good woman—

Indeed, madam, ſhe is—

Accordingly, I have ſingled you out, in the face of every body preſent—You will have the diſcretion to caution them on this ſubject, till you have ſeen my ſon (I am ſure there can be no doubt on his ſide)—and till you know whether you ſhall approve of our propoſals or not: And, without heſitation, I beſpeak your good opinion of *me* till then. I am ſure, my dear, we ſhall be very happy in each other. If you and my Lord are happy, you and I *muſt* be ſo—But, when the knot is tied, I will be only your viſitor, and that at your own invitation. I am thought to be a managing woman: Managing women are not always the beſt to live with. You, I underſtand, are an excellent œconomiſt [A glorious character in this age for a young woman! —Perſons of the higheſt quality ought not to think themſelves above it]. One perſon's methods may

differ

differ from another's; yet both may be equally good, and reach the ſame end. My ſon has found the *benefit* of my œconomy: nevertheleſs, his wife ſhall not have cauſe to think, that, where ſhe means well, I will prefer my method to hers. If ever I give advice, it ſhall only be when you aſk it: And then, if you do not take it, I will not be angry; but allow, that, having weighed the matter well, you prefer your own judgment on the beſt convictions. People who are to act for themſelves ſhould be always left to judge for themſelves; becauſe they only are anſwerable for their own actions. You bluſh, my dear! I hope, I don't oppreſs you. I would not oppreſs a modeſty ſo happily blended with frankneſs.

I was affected with her goodneſs. What an amiable frankneſs! O that all huſbands' mothers were like your ladyſhip! ſaid I—What numbers of happy daughters-in-law would there then be, that now are not ſo!

Charming creature! ſaid ſhe. Proceed. I am glad I don't oppreſs you with my prate.

Oppreſs me, madam! You delight me! Talk of a bad world!—*I* ought, I am ſure, to think it a good one!—In every matronly lady I have met with a *mother*: In many young ladies, as thoſe before us, *ſiſters*: In their brother, a *protector*: If your ladyſhip has not heard on what occaſion, I ſhall be ready to acquaint you with it.

Sweet child! Charming frankneſs! I have *ſeen*, I have *heard* enough of you for my preſent purpoſe—We will return to company—Such company as I find you in is not to be had at all times. I will reſtore you to them.

But madam, declining her leading hand—

But what, my dear!

Have you not, madam!—But your Ladyſhip could *not* have received any letter from my aunt Selby—I wrote—

I have

I have *not*, my dear. I could not, as you ſay. But I ſhall find a letter from her, perhaps, on my return. You approve, I hope, of the propoſal, if you ſhall have no objection to my ſon?.

My aunt, madam, will let you know—

I will not have it otherwiſe than I wiſh it to be —Remember that I value you for the frankneſs you are praiſed for—A little female trifling to my *ſon*, you will, in order to be aſſured of his value for you (and men love not all halcyon courtſhips), but none to *me*, my love. I'll aſſiſt you, and keep your counſel, in the firſt caſe, if it be neceſſary. He ſhall love you above all the women on earth, and convince you that he does, or he ſhall not call you his—But no female trifling to his mother, child! We women ſhould always underſtand one another.

Becauſe I would not be thought to be an inſincere creature, a trifler, I think I ought to mention to your ladyſhip, that it would be a great, a very great part of my happineſs, to be deemed worthy of your friendſhip—without—

Without what?—You do well perhaps to bluſh! Without what?

Without the relation—if you pleaſe.

I was confounded with her goodneſs, Lucy. Here, my dear, is another ſuperior character—I fancy her maiden-name was Grandiſon.

But I *don't pleaſe*. So no more of this. Let us join company. And, taking my hand with the goodneſs of a real mother, yet her brow a little overclouded, ſhe made apologies to them for taking me aſide; and ſaid, ſhe could truſt to their prudence, ſhe was ſure, they muſt needs gueſs at her view; and therefore ſhe offered not to put a limit to their conjectures, ſince denial or evaſion would but, in this caſe, as it *generally* did, defeat its own end, and ſtrengthen what it aimed to weaken.

Is there no obtaining ſuch a mother, thought I, without marrying Lord D.?—And ſhould I refuſe to ſee him, if an interview is deſired, eſpecially when Lady L. has ſeemed to encourage the Counteſs to think, that Somebody has no thought—Indeed I don't deſire that that Somebody ſhould—If —I don't know what I was going to add to that *if:* But pray tell my grandmamma, that I hope her Harriet will never give her cauſe to lament her being *entangled in a hopeleſs paſſion.* No, indeed!

But, my Lucy, one ſilly queſtion to *you* who have been a little *entangled,* and more happily *diſentangled:* I catch myſelf of late in ſaying *him* and *he* and writing to you *Somebody,* and ſuch like words, inſtead of ſaying and writing boldly, as I uſed to do, Sir Charles, and Sir Charles Grandiſon; which would ſound more reſpectfully, and yet am ſure I want not reſpect. What is the meaning of this?—Is it a ſign—Ah! my Lucy! you ſaid you would keep a ſharp-look-out; and did I not ſay I would upon myſelf: Surely I ſaid truth: Surely you will think ſo, when you ſee ſuch little ſilly things as theſe do not eſcape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don't expoſe me. Don't read it out in the venerable circle. 'That to ſome may appear very weak and ſilly, which by others will be thought excuſeable, becauſe natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write ſeparately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I ſhould be—afraid—I was going to write, that I ſhould be *aſhamed* of? But I think I *am* a little aſhamed, at times, for all that—Ah, Lucy! don't add, "And ſo I ought."

Lady D. repeated her deſire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She has no daughter: So it was purely for the ſake of his great character. She heard, ſhe ſaid, that he was the politeſt of brothers. That was always a good ſign with her.

He gives you, Miſs Grandiſon, I am told, a great deal of his company.

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, that their brother, ſhe believed, was one of the buſieſt men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in public affairs; and yet the moſt of a family man. I endeavour, ſaid ſhe, to make home delightful to him. I never break in upon him when he is in his ſtudy, without leave: Indeed I ſeldom aſk it; for when he is inclined to give me his company, he ſends his compliments to me and requeſts, as a favour *from* me, what I am always ready to conſider as one done *to* me. And I ſee he loves me. He is not uneaſy in my company: He comes for half an hour, and ſtays an hour—But don't ſet me into talking of him; for my heart always dilates, when I enter into the agreeable ſubject, and I know not where to ſtop.

Lady L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

Miſs Gr. And Lady L. is a happy woman; for he loves *her* as well as he loves *me*. Indeed he is ſo good as to ſay (but I know it is to keep us from pulling caps) that he knows not which he loves beſt: We have different qualities, he ſays; and he admires in each what the other has not.

Lady D. But what are his employments? What can he be ſo much buſied in?

Miſs Gr. A continual round of good offices. He has a ward. She has a large fortune. The attention he pays to her affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own ſteward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, of which we aſk him not one word; yet long to know ſomething about them.—But this we are ſure of, that, if he thinks any thing will give us pleaſure, we ſhall hear of it: If the contrary, he is as ſecret as the night.

Will nobody ſay one bad or one indifferent thing of this man, Lucy! There is no bearing

theſe things! O my dear, what a nobody is your poor Harriet!

Lady D. He is one of the handſomeſt men in England, they tell me.

Miſs Gr. Siſters are not judges. They may be partial. His benignity of heart makes his face ſhine. Had I a lover but half as handſome as I think my brother, I ſhould make no objection to him on the account of perſon.

Lady L. But he is the genteeleſt of men!—What think *you*, ſiſter Harriet.

Harriet. "Siſters are not judges. They may 'be partial."

What meant Lady L. to apply to me! But I had been ſome time ſilent. She *could* not mean any thing: And both ſiſters complimented me on recognizing the relation.

Lady D. aſked me how long I ſhould ſtay in town?

I ſaid, I believed not long. I had leave for three months. Thoſe would be ſoon elapſed; and as my friends were ſo good as to be pleaſed with my company, I ſhould rather chuſe to walk within than ſtep out of my limits.

The Counteſs, with a nod of approbation, ſaid, With good young people it will be always ſo: And this is more praiſeworthy in Miſs Byron, as ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes.

Then taking me a little aſide—I hope, my dear, you meant nothing contrary to my wiſhes, when you referred, in ſo doubtful a manner, to what you had written to your aunt. You don't anſwer me! This is a call upon your frankneſs. Women, when any thing is depending, on which they have ſet their hearts, are impatient—Don't you know that?—They love not ſuſpenſe.

It is painful to me, madam, to decline a propoſal that would give me a relation to ſo excellent a lady—But—

But

But *what*, my dear?—Let not maidenly affectation ſtep in with its cold water. You are above it. Woman to woman, daughter to mother—You are above it.

Then, turning to the ladies, and to my couſins—You don't know, any of you (we are by ourſelves), that Miſs Byron's heart is engaged? Miſs Grandiſon, let me apply to you: Maiden ladies open their hearts to one another. Know you whether Miſs Byron has yet ſeen the man to whom ſhe wiſhes to give her hand? Her aunt Selby writes to me, that ſhe has not.

Miſs Gr. We young women, madam, often know leaſt of our own hearts. We are almoſt as unwilling to find out ourſelves in certain caſes, as to be found out by others. Speak, ſiſter Harriet: Anſwer for yourſelf.

[Was not this grievous, Lucy? And yet what ailed me, that I could not ſpeak without heſitation! But this lady's condeſcending goodneſs—Yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me, has made me quite another creature than I was.]

My aunt Selby, madam, wrote the truth. To ſay I wiſh not to marry for ſome time to come, may ſound like an affectation, becauſe I have ever honoured the ſtate—But ſomething has happened that has put me out of conceit with myſelf, and with men too.

Lady D. With *all* men, child?—I will allow for a great many things in a *weak* mind, that I will not in *yours*. I have had a hint or two about an inſult, or I know not what, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, ſince I came to town; for I have aſked after you, my dear: But what is that but a confirmation of your merits? What a diſagreeable woman muſt ſhe be, whom but one man in the world could like?

But excuſe me, Miſs Byron, I have ſaid abundance of impertinent things: I have gone further on this firſt viſit than I intended. You muſt thank for this that ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at firſt ſight, the character I had heard given by every body who ſpoke of you. I ſhall ſee, perhaps, what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I ſhall ſoon be in town, as I ſaid, for the reſt of the winter; and then I will make myſelf miſtreſs of your whole hiſtory from theſe ladies, and from yourſelf: And there ſhall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my ſolicitudes, on an article that is next my heart. —Mean time, adieu, my dear—Adieu.

She then, courteſying to all round, gave her hand to Mr Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praiſes.

Miſs Gr. (looking archly) I ſay nothing as to her *particular* errand, becauſe I would not be too curious; and becauſe you aſk *me* no queſtions Harriet.

Lady L. This muſt do, Miſs Byron: Who would not wiſh for ſuch a mother?

Harriet. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in ſuch an article as this?

Miſs Gr. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in ſuch an age of petits maitres, to live ſingle, till you meet with a man who deſerves you?—But, Harriet, you muſt voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curioſity; and, whenever you are diſpoſed to gratify it, will not *withdraw* my attention.

Harriet. I will read to you this moment, if you pleaſe, ladies, as to my ſiſters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby; and what my aunt anſwered on the occaſion.

Miſs Gr. That's my beſt Harriet! I love to hear *how* and *every thing about* theſe ſort of matters.

Lady

Lady L. Theſe girls, Mrs Reeves, delight in love-ſubjects: There is a kind of enthuſiaſm in theſe matters that runs away with them.

Miſs Gr. Say you ſo, Lady L.? And pray had *you* ever any of this enthuſiaſm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it?—See, Harriet! My ſiſter has not been married many months; yet how *quietly* ſhe now talks of the *enthuſiaſm* of love to us maidens!—Ah! my dear Lady L.! women, I ſee, have their free-maſonry as well as men! Don't you think ſo, Mrs Reeves? A poor ſecret after all, I believe, on both ſides, whiſpered the lively lady; but loud enough for every one to hear what ſhe ſaid.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. But let us be favoured, ſaid ſhe to me, with your communications.

I pulled out the letters. I read the two firſt paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me entire; for they propoſe the matter, and nothing elſe.

What follows, ſaid I, is full of love and care, and ſo forth: But here is one paragraph more I can read to you.

Miſs Gr. As much reſerve as you pleaſe, ſiſter Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

Lady L. Why that Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than we have a mind we ſhould know. Regard not, therefore, this threatening, Miſs Byron.

Harriet. To own the truth, I cannot read everything my aunt writes: But the Counteſs of D.'s propoſal, and what relates to that, I will read, if you pleaſe.

Miſs Gr. What you will—Read what you will. I find we are not at preſent ſo well acquainted as we ſhall be hereafter.

What could Miſs Grandiſon mean by that?

I read the laſt paragraph but one, in which my aunt propoſes my coming down; and that I will

either encourage the Counteſs's propoſal, or accept of Mr Orme; ending with the earneſt deſire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miſs Grandiſon's hands the Counteſs's firſt letter; and ſhe read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. Were all women, ſaid ſhe, capable of acting thus *frankly*, the ſex would leave affectation to the men-monkeys. Remember, Harriet, that your openneſs of heart is one of the graces for which I principally admire you.

Lady L. O the rogue! Take care of her, Miſs Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your ſecrets.

Miſs Grandiſon may eaſily obtain her end, madam. She need only tell me, what ſhe beſt likes I ſhould be; and I muſt try to be that.

Miſs Gr. Good girl! And take this along with you; and when you convince *me* that you will not *hide*, I will convince *you* that I will not *ſeek*. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's anſwer.

Miſs Gr. May I read it all?

Harriet. If you pleaſe: The fondneſs of my aunt, and the partiality of—

Miſs Gr. Away! away, Harriet!—No affectation, child!

She read it out. Both ſiſters praiſed the heart of the dear and thrice indulgent writer! and called her *their* aunt Selby.

I then gave Miſs Grandiſon the Counteſs's ſecond letter. They were no leſs pleaſed with that than with the firſt.

Miſs Gr. But now your opinion of the propoſal, child? Will you truſt us with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

Harriet. I kept a copy only of what immediately reſpected the propoſal; and that, becauſe it was poſſible

poſſible I might want to have recourſe to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write farther about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

Thank you, child, ſaid ſhe: I ſhould have no curioſity, if I did not love you.

She read it out: It was the paragraph that begins with "You will, upon the ſtrength of what I "have ſaid," *&c.*—ending with "*Such is my mean-* "*ing.*"—Luckily, I had not tranſcribed the concluding ſentence of that paragraph; having been aſhamed of the odd words, *Hope of your hope.*

Lady L. But *why* ſhould that be your *meaning*, my dear?

Harriet. I added, I remember, that I was pained by the teazing of theſe men, one after another; that I never took delight in the airy adulation; and was now the more pained, becauſe of the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, which had given me a ſurfeit of the ſex.

Miſs Gr. A temporary ſurfeit! It is over, I hope, by this time. But, my dear—And yet as I owe to your generoſity the communication, I would not take occaſion from it to teaze you—

Harriet. Miſs Grandiſon will oblige me, ſay what ſhe pleaſes.

Miſs Gr. As you intend to marry—As your friends are very deſirous that you *ſhould*—As Lady D. is an excellent woman—As her ſon is, as men go, a tolerable man—As he is a peer of the realm; which is ſomething in the ſcale, though it is not of weight, ſingly conſidered—As his eſtate is very conſiderable—As you may have your own terms—As you like not any one of your numerous admirers: —All theſe *As's* conſidered, why, why, in the name of goodneſs, ſhould you give ſo flat a denial? Yet have not ſeen the gentleman, and therefore *can* have no diſlike either to his ſenſe or perſon? I wiſh,

wiſh, my dear, you would give ſuch a reaſon for your denial, a denial ſo *ſtrongly* expreſſed, as one would imagine ſuch a woman as the Counteſs of D. would be ſatisfied with, from ſuch a one as Miſs Byron.

Lady L. Perhaps, now that Miſs Byron has ſeen what a lady the Counteſs of D. is—

Miſs Gr. And now that ſhe has overcome the *temporary ſurfeit*—

Lady L. She will change her mind.

[Are you not, my dear aunt Selby, are you not, my Lucy, diſtreſſed for me at this place? I was at the time greatly ſo for *myſelf.*]

Harriet. My mind has been diſturbed by Sir Hargrave's violence; and by apprehenſions of fatal miſchiefs that might *too* probably have followed the generous protection given me: Wonder not, therefore, ladies, if I am unable, on a ſudden, to give ſuch reaſons for having refuſed to liſten to Lady D.'s propoſal, as you require; although, at the ſame time, I find not in my heart the leaſt inclination to encourage it.

Miſs Gr. You *have* had your difficulties of late, my Harriet, to contend with: And thoſe you muſt look upon as a tax to be paid by a merit ſo conſpicuous. Even in this ſlighter caſe, as you love to oblige, I can pity you for the ſituation you are likely to be in, betwixt the refuſed ſon and the deſerving mother. But when you conſider, that the plagues of the diſcreet proceed from other people, thoſe of the indiſcreet from themſelves, you will ſit down with a juſt compliment to yourſelf, and be content. You ſee I can be grave now-and-then, child.

Harriet. May I *deſerve* to be called prudent and diſcreet! On that condition I am willing to incur the penalty.

Lady

Lady L. Come, come; that is out of the queſtion, my dear: So you are contented of courſe, or in the way to be ſo.

The ladies took their leave, and ſeemed pleaſed with their viſit.

It is now, my dear friends, ſome how or other, become neceſſary, I think, to let you minutely into my ſituation, that you may adviſe, caution, inſtruct me—For, I proteſt, I am in a ſort of wilderneſs.—Pray, my Lucy, tell me—But it cannot be from *Love:* So I don't care—Yet to lie under ſuch a weight of obligation; and to find myſelf ſo much ſurpaſſed by theſe ladies—Yet it is not from *Envy*, ſurely: That is a very bad paſſion. I hope my boſom has not a place in it for ſuch a mean ſelf-tormentor. Can it be from *Pride?* Pride is a vice that always produces mortification: And proud you all made me of your favour—Yet I thought it was grateful to be proud of it.

[I wiſh I were with you, Lucy. I ſhould aſk you abundance of queſtions; and repoſe my anxious heart on your faithful boſom; and, at the ſame time, from your anſwers, arm it againſt too great a ſenſibility before it is too late.

But, pray, don't I remember, that you ſaid, you found ſighing a relief to you, on a certain occaſion?—I am ſerious, my dear. That there was a ſort of you know not what of *pleaſure* in ſighing? Yet that it was involuntary?—Did you not ſay, that you were ready to quarrel with yourſelf, you knew not why?—And, pray, had you not a fretting, gnawing pain in your ſtomach, that made you I can't tell how to deſcribe it; yet were humble, meek, as if looking out for pity from every body, and ready to pity every body?—Were you not attentive to ſtories of people, young women eſpecially, labouring under doubts and difficulties?—Was not your humanity raiſed? your

ſelf-

ſelf-conſequence lowered? But did you not think *ſuſpence* the greateſt of all torments?—I think, my dear, you lived without eating or drinking; yet looked not pining, but freſh.—Your reſt—I remember it was broken. In your ſleep you ſeemed to be diſturbed. You were continually rolling down mountains, or tumbling from precipices—or were borne down by tempeſts; carried away with ſudden inundations; or ſinking in deep waters; or flying from fires, thieves, robbers—

How apt are we to recollect, or to *try* to recollect, when we are apprehenſive that a caſe may poſſibly be our own, all thoſe circumſtances, of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us), we had not any clear or adequate ideas!—But I know, that ſuch of theſe as I recollect not from *you*, muſt be owing to the danger, to the terror I was in from the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and often do I dream over again what I ſuffered from him. I am now imploring mercy from him; and meet with nothing but upbraidings and menaces. He is now ſtopping my mouth with his handkerchief: His horrible clergyman, if a clergyman he was, is reading the ſervice quite through: And I am contending againſt the legality of the aſſerted marriage. At other times, I have eſcaped; and he is purſuing me: He gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myſelf with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my reſcuer, my deliverer: And he is ſometimes a mighty prince (dreams then make me a perfect romancer), and I am a damſel in diſtreſs. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All the marvellous takes place; and lions and tygers are ſlain, and armies routed, by the puiſſance of his ſingle arm.

Now, do not theſe reveries convince you, that I owe all my uneaſineſs to what I ſuffered from Sir Hargrave's

Hargrave's barbarity? I think I muſt take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I ſhall better find out, whether, as all my friends ſuſpect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myſelf now begin ſometimes to fear a paſſion ſtronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am ſure, my reaſoning faculties are weakened. Miſs Grandiſon ſays, that, in my illneſs at Colnebrook, I was delirious; and that the doctor they called in was afraid of my head: And ſhould I ſuffer myſelf to be *entangled in a hopeleſs paſſion*, there will want no further proof, that my reaſon has ſuffered.]

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The concluſion of it, I doubt, will of itſelf be a ſufficient evidence of the weakneſs I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of

Your HARRIET.

On peruſal of the latter part of this letter [which I have encloſed in hooks], if you can avoid it, Lucy, read it not before my uncle.

LETTER VI.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Sat. March 4.

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr Reeves a viſit. He ſaid it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to ſay, or to appear unpolite.

He propoſed viſiting my grandmamma, and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveneſs. But Mr Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He

He had not ſought me, he ſaid, at Lady Betty Williams's, but from his deſire (on the character he had heard of me) to pay his addreſſes to me in preference to every other woman. He had laid out for ſeveral opportunities to get into my company, before he heard I was to dine there. Particularly, he once had reſolved to pay a viſit in form to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonſhire, and had got all his equipage in readineſs to ſet out; but heard that I was come to town with Mr and Mrs Reeves. He actually then ſet out, he ſaid, for Peterborough, with intent to propoſe the affair to my grandfather Deane; but found that he was gone to Cambridge; and then being reſolved to try his fate with me, he came to town; and hardly queſtioned ſucceeding, when he underſtood that my friends left me to my own choice; and knowing that he could offer ſuch propoſals as none of the gentlemen who had made pretenſions to me were able to make. His intentions therefore were not ſudden, and ſuch as aroſe upon what he ſaw of me at Lady Betty Williams's; though the part I ſupported in the converſation there precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he ſaid, to have ſo mortally diſobliged me; and repeated all his former pleas; his love [rough love, I am ſure], compaſſion, ſufferings, and I cannot tell what; inſiſting, that he had forgiven much greater injuries, as was but *too* apparent.

I told him that I had ſuffered more than he could have done, though his hurt was more viſible than mine: That nevertheleſs I forgave him; as no bad conſequences had followed between him and my protector—[Protector! muttered he]—But that he knew my mind before he made that barbarous attempt: And I beſought him never more to think of me; and he muſt excuſe me to ſay, that this muſt be the very laſt time I ever would ſee him.

A great deal was ſaid on both ſides; my couſins remaining attentively ſilent all the time: And at laſt he inſiſted that I would declare, that I never would be the wife either of Mr Greville or Mr Fenwick: Aſſuring me, that the raſh ſtep he had taken to make me his was owing principally to his apprehenſion, that Mr Greville was more likely to ſucceed with me than any other man.

I owed him, I told him, no ſuch declaration. But Mr Reeves, to get rid of his importunity, gave it as his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehenſions that I would give my hand to either; and I did not contradict him.

Mr Bagenhall and Mr Jordan, before I could get away from this importunate man, came to enquire for him. He then owned, that they came in hope of ſeeing me; and beſought me to favour him and them for one quarter of an hour only.

I was reſolved to withdraw: But, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiouſly obeyed, Mr Reeves's ſervant led them (his maſter indeed not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two ſtrangers behaved with great reſpect. Never did men run praiſes higher than both theſe gentlemen gave to Sir Charles Grandiſon. And indeed the ſubject made me eaſier in their company than I ſhould otherwiſe have been.

It is not poſſible, I believe, for the vaineſt mind to hear itſelf profuſely praiſed, without ſome pain: But it is ſurely one of the ſweeteſt pleaſures in the world, to hear a whole company join in applauding the abſent perſon who ſtands high in our opinion: and eſpecially if he be one to whoſe unexceptionable goodneſs we *owe*, and are not aſhamed to *own*, obligation.

What further pleaſed me was to hear Mr Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very ſerious manner, that Sir Charles Grandiſon's *great* beha-

viour, as he juſtly called it, had made ſuch impreſſions not only upon him, but upon Mr Merceda, that they were both determined *to turn over a new leaf*, was his phraſe; and to live very different lives from what they *had* lived; though they were far, they bleſſed God, from being before the worſt of men.

Theſe gentlemen, with Mr Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to-day. They both mentioned it with great pleaſure: But Sir Hargrave did not ſeem ſo well pleaſed, and doubted of his being able to perſuade himſelf to go.

The invitation was given at Mr Jordan's motion, who took hold of a ſlight invitation of Sir Charles's; Mr Jordan declaring, that he reſolved not to let ſlip any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with ſo extraordinary a man.

Sir Hargrave talked of ſoon leaving the town, and retiring to one of his country-ſeats; or of going abroad, for a year or two, if he muſt have no hopes—Hopes! a wretch!—

Yet he ſhewed ſo much dejection, and is ſo really mortified with the damage done to a face that he uſed to take pleaſure to ſee reflected in the glaſs (never once looking into either of thoſe in the parlour he was in, all the time he ſtaid), that I could once or twice have been concerned for him: But when I ſeriouſly reflect, I do not know whether his mortification is not the happieſt thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience.—He is not *now* an ugly man in his perſon. His eſtate will always give him conſequence. He will now think the better of others, and the worſe of himſelf: He *may*, *much* worſe; and not want as much vanity as comes to his ſhare.

But ſay you, my uncle (as I fancy you do), that I alſo may ſpare ſome of *my* vanity, and not be the worſe girl?—Ah! no! I am now very ſenſible of my

my own defects. I am poor, low, ſilly, weak—Was I ever inſolent? Was I ever ſaucy? Was I ever—O my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myſelf with having *deſerved* mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be ſaucy, vain, inſolent—And if I was ſo, lay it to a flow of health and good ſpirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myſelf in every one's love; yet moſt in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends: And then you will have ſome of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even *you*, my uncle, be clear of reproach, becauſe your correction was always mingled with ſo much praiſe, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the ſex than at your Harriet.

But what have I written againſt myſelf! I believe I am *not* ſuch a low, ſilly, weak creature, as I had thought myſelf. For juſt as I had laid down my pen with a penſive air, and to look into the ſtate of my own heart, in order either to lighten or to confirm the ſelf-blame I had ſo glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair made us a viſit. She came up directly to me: I am come to dine with your couſins and you, Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe. Shall I be welcome? But don't anſwer me. I know I ſhall.

Mrs Reeves entered, and acknowledged the favour.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and ſome of his brethren, are to dine with my brother, ſaid my lady; and I, not being obliged to do the honours of the table, with my lord's conſent made my eſcape. I cannot endure the wretch who could make ſuch a vile attempt upon you, and who might have murdered my brother.—Come, will you let me ſee what you are writing? You can forgive *Charlotte*'s freedom: Will you excuſe her *ſiſter*'s?

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But ſay you, my uncle (as I fancy you do), that I alſo may ſpare ſome of *my* vanity, and not be the worſe girl?—Ah! no! I am now very ſenſible of my

my own defects. I am poor, low, ſilly, weak—Was I ever inſolent? Was I ever ſaucy? Was I ever—O my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myſelf with having *deſerved* mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be ſaucy, vain, inſolent—And if I was ſo, lay it to a flow of health and good ſpirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myſelf in every one's love; yet moſt in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends: And then you will have ſome of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even *you*, my uncle, be clear of reproach, becauſe your correction was always mingled with ſo much praiſe, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the ſex than at your Harriet.

But what have I written againſt myſelf! I believe I am *not* ſuch a low, ſilly, weak creature, as I had thought myſelf. For juſt as I had laid down my pen with a penſive air, and to look into the ſtate of my own heart, in order either to lighten or to confirm the ſelf-blame I had ſo glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair made us a viſit. She came up directly to me: I am come to dine with your couſins and you, Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe. Shall I be welcome? But don't anſwer me. I know I ſhall.

Mrs Reeves entered, and acknowledged the favour.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and ſome of his brethren, are to dine with my brother, ſaid my lady; and I, not being obliged to do the honours of the table, with my lord's conſent made my eſcape. I cannot endure the wretch who could make ſuch a vile attempt upon you, and who might have murdered my brother.—Come, will you let me ſee what you are writing? You can forgive *Charlotte*'s freedom: Will you excuſe her *ſiſter*'s?

I cannot ſhew your ladyſhip *all* I have written; but I will read you ſome paſſages of the long letter before me.

I told her my ſubject, and read to her ſuch as I thought I could read. She raved at Sir Hargrave: Wondered he had the confidence to approach me, eſpecially with hope. She praiſed me. Yet ſaid to my couſin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the houſe; and the rather, as I was myſelf very unwilling to ſee him.

I own I thought ſo too. Both my couſins are *too* good-natured.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was ſo happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of that which her Father fought; and to the iſſue of which they owed the loſs of the beſt of mothers: And at and after dinner ſhe piouſly expatiated on the excellencies of that mother; and demonſtrated, what I have often thought of great conſequence (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording the nobleſt proofs), that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not look out of them ſo often as they do, to employ themſelves; and that not only in the moſt uſeful, but in the moſt delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every thing, he ſaid, paſſed very agreeable among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the converſation that paſſed at table, and in which he left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to ſet out on Monday for Canterbury [For Canterbury, Lucy!]; and that he ſhould take it for a favour, if ſhe would give him her company for a few days at Colnebrook. Their new houſe, he ſaid, would be ready

ready to receive them in a week's time: It wanted nothing but a thorough airing. And if, ſaid he, you could prevail upon Miſs Grandiſon to be with us till her brother returns, and both ſiſters could induce Miſs Byron to make a fourth, we ſhall be the happieſt party in the world; and perhaps may get Sir Charles among us, on his return, for a day or two. I bowed.

I muſt tell you, my lord, that Charlotte and I thought to offer our attendance on Miſs Byron to ſome of the public entertainments: But your lordſhip's pleaſure ſhall determine me; and if we could be ſo happy as to have Miſs Byron for our gueſt, I am ſure of my ſiſter; and it would be my preferable wiſh. Mr Reeves, Mrs Reeves, will you ſpare Miſs Byron to me?

I looked as if for their leave. They gave a ſmiling aſſent.

My lord and lady both expreſſed themſelves overjoyed.

This Canterbury ran in my head. It was brought in naturally enough; and Mr Reeves wondered, that Sir Charles kept ſecret the motive of his journeying thither backward and forward. *The godlike man*, ſaid Mr Reeves, in the words of a great poet, *has nothing to conceal.* For my part, replied my lord, I conclude the motive is rather a painful than a pleaſurable one. Charlotte accuſes her brother of reſerves. I never found him reſerved: But he loves to play with her curioſity, and amuſe her: For ſhe is very curious, yet has *her* ſecret.—Has ſhe not, Lady L.?

Indeed ſhe has, replied my lady—Perhaps you, my dear, will be entruſted with it, when you are at Colnebrook together.

Pray, madam, ſaid I to Lady L. may I aſk—Does Sir Charles give Lord G. his intereſt in his addreſſes to Miſs Grandiſon?

Lady L. My brother wiſhes Charlotte married. He is a great friend to the married ſtate; eſpecially with regard to our ſex.

Mr Reeves could not miſs this opportunity. It is a wonder, ſaid he, that Sir Charles himſelf does not think of marriage?

Lady L. That is a ſtring that we but juſt touch ſometimes, and away. There is a lady—

There ſhe ſtopt. Had ſhe looked with earneſtneſs at me, I had been undone, I believe.

[☞ Let me aſk you, Lucy: You have paſſed the fiery ordeal—Did you ever find in yourſelf a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of expoſing yourſelf) that you were ready to quarrel, or to be ſhort, with any body that came upon you of a ſudden; yet have no buſineſs of conſequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts?—Of late, my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd ſenſation. But my whole temper is altering, I believe. I ſhall grow peeviſh, perverſe, and gloomy, I doubt. O this wicked Sir Hargrave! ☜]

Pray, my dear, attend for the future to thoſe indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the paſſages incloſed by them, if you can—But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then read on—with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming hint—"There *is* a lady"—

Mrs Reeves. That Sir Charles loves, I ſuppoſe?

Lady L. That loves Sir Charles; and ſhe has—But for the lady's ſake—Yet, if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that is in love with my brother.

Harriet. And cannot Sir Charles make a return?—Poor lady!

My couſin afterwards told me that my upper-lip then quivered like an aſpen-leaf. I did not know that

that it did. I felt not a trembling at my heart; and when the lip trembles, the heart I think ſhould be affected. There uſed to be a cloſe connection between mine.

Mr Reeves. Miſs Grandiſon told *me*, that if her brother married, half a ſcore women would break their hearts.

Lady L. The words *half a ſcore* run as glibly off the tongue as *half a dozen:* But I believe, let the envious, the cenſorious, malign our ſex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines as they will, if all men were like my brother, there would not be a ſingle woman, and hardly a bad one, in the kingdom. What ſay you my Lord?

Lord L. My dear life, you know I am all attention, when ever you, or my ſiſter Charlotte, make our brother the ſubject of your panegyric. If, Miſs Byron, you do not chuſe to hear ſo much ſaid of this beſt of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the favour you will do us at Colnebrook.

Harriet. My Lord, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleaſure every thing that ſhall be ſaid in praiſe of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Lord L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me cauſe to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every-body *means* by praiſing Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo much in my hearing! —Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praiſes!—Yes, ſay you?—But whither? It muſt not be to Selby-houſe. Well then, I may as well go to Colnebrook. I ſhall there be informed of the reaſons for all thoſe general applauſes; for hitherto I know nothing of his hiſtory, to what they tell me I am to know.

Theſe general praiſes carried us away from a ſubject that I thought we ſhould once have made more of—*That one lady*—And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myſelf, whether

that

that lady's relations, or herſelf, live at Canterbury. On Monday, it ſeems, Sir Charles ſets out for *that* Canterbury!

Our noble gueſts would not ſtay ſupper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humorous letter from Miſs Grandiſon. I incloſe it.

Sat. night, 10 *o'Clock.*

LORD and Lady L. rejoice me, by telling me, you will accompany them to Colnebrook on Monday.—That's my good girl!—I will go with them for the ſake of your company. Yet I had half-denied them: And why? Becauſe, if you muſt know—But huſh—and catch a mouſe—Becauſe, a certain impertinent propoſes a viſit there; and I had thoughts to take the opportunity of being alone in town, to rid my hands for ever if poſſible of another ſilly fellow, of whom, for one *month*, a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

You and I, Harriet, will open to each other all our hearts. There is one chamber that has two beds in it. We will have that. Our dreſſing-room ſhall be common to both. Lady L. is a *morning-killer:* She always loved her bed: So we ſhall have charming opportunities for a tête-a-tête converſation.

I will drink tea with you to-morrow—No, but I won't: You and your couſins ſhall drink tea with us—Do you hear? I won't be denied. And then we'll ſettle how it ſhall be. I'll tell you what, my dear—If, on my brother's return from Canterbury, he comes to us at Colnebrook, we will call him to account for all his reſerves. Here is this affair of Pollexfen's: How might it have ended! I tremble to think of it—You'll ſtand by me: Won't you? I cannot make Lord and Lady L. of my party, or I would have rebelled before now—But you and I, my dear, I warrant you—Yet you are ſo grave. Were you always ſuch a grave, ſuch a wiſe, ſuch a

very

very wiſe girl, Harriet? Was your grandfather a very ſententious man? Was his name *Solomon* Shirley?

I love wiſdom as well as any-body: But wiſdom, out of its place, is a prude, my dear. How I ramble!—You'll come to-morrow—I deſigned but two lines. Adieu. Believe me, Ever Yours, C. G.

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in ſo readily conſenting to go to Colnebrook. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance; and I begin to miſtruſt myſelf, wherever that ſtrongly leads. Yet why ſhould I undervalue myſelf? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any-body. I have no littleneſs in my mind: *Naturally* I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers, that no littleneſs, that is *not* natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever ſhewn to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Sunday, March 5.

MY couſins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain paſſion [*They* ſpeak quite out]; and with a man that has given no encouragement—Encouragement! how meanly ſounds that word! But I hope they are miſtaken. I cannot ſay, but I might prefer, if I were to have my choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by ſo *vehement* a folly as they are ready to aſcribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are ſolicitous that I ſhould not neglect any opportunity [What a

poor

poor creature do they think me '] of *ingratiating* myſelf with the ſiſters: And therefore I muſt, by all means, accept of Miſs Grandiſon's invitation to tea.

I inſiſted, however, that they ſhould accompany me, as they likewiſe were invited: And they obliged me—I may ſay *themſelves* too; for they admire the brother and ſiſters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, Miſs Jervois, Dr Bartlett, and Mr Grandiſon. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room adjoining to the ſtudy; a lady with him, they ſaid. What buſineſs had I to wiſh to know whether it was an elderly or a young lady? But I muſt tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr Grandiſon made up to me; and, as heretofore, ſaid very ſilly things, but with an air as if he were accuſtomed to ſay ſuch, and to have them received as gallant things by thoſe to whom he addreſſed them. How painful is it to a mind not quite at eaſe, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible ſpeeches, from a man who muſt think as highly of himſelf for uttering them, as meanly of the underſtanding of the perſon he is ſpeaking to!

Miſs Grandiſon ſaw me a little uneaſy, and came up to us. Mr Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, I thought you had known Miſs Byron's character by this time. She is ſomething more than a pretty woman. She has a *ſoul*, Sir: The man who makes a compliment to her on her beauty depreciates her underſtanding.

She then led me to her ſeat, and ſat down next me.

Mr Grandiſon was in the midſt of a fine ſpeech, and was not well pleaſed. He ſat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemmed three or four times, took out his ſnuff-box, tapped it, let the ſnuff drop

drop through his fingers, then broke the lumps, then ſhut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other; and was quite like a ſullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himſelf, by forcing a laugh at a ſlight thing or two ſaid in company, that was not intended to raiſe one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandiſon.

We ſoon adjuſted every-thing for the little journey. Mr Grandiſon told Miſs Grandiſon, that if ſhe would make him amends for her treatment of him juſt now, ſhe ſhould put Lord L. upon inviting *him*. Lord and Lady L. joined to do ſo. But Miſs Grandiſon would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

But, not to affront you, couſin, ſaid ſhe, Miſs Byron and I want to have a good deal of particular converſation: So ſhall not be able to ſpare *you* an hour of our company at Colnebrook. But one thing, Sir: My brother ſets out for Canterbury to-morrow: Tell him that *we* won't be troubled with your company: Aſk him, if *he* will?

Not in thoſe words neither, couſin Charlotte: But I will offer attendance; and if he accepts of it, I ſhall be half as happy as if I went to Colnebrook; and *only* half, bowing to me.

Why, now, you are a good docible kind of a man! I want to hear what will be my brother's anſwer: For we know not one ſyllable, nor can gueſs at his buſineſs at Canterbury.

The tea-equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, complimenting a lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his ſiſter. And then he entered the parlour to us. He addreſſed my couſins, who were next him, with his uſual politeneſs. He then came to me: How does my good Miſs Byron? Not diſcompoſed, I hope, by your yeſterday's viſitors.

They

They are all them in love with you. But you muſt have been pained—I was pained for you, when I heard they had viſited you. But extraordinary merit has ſome forfeitures to pay.

I am ſure, then, thought I, you muſt have a great many. Every time I ſee him, I think he riſes upon me in the gracefulneſs of his behaviour.

I have one agreeable piece of news to tell you, madam. Sir Hargrave will go abroad for a twelvemonth. He ſays, he cannot be in the ſame kingdom with you, and not ſee you. He hopes therefore to leſſen the torment, by flying from the temptation. Mr Bagenhall and Mr Merceda will go with him.

Then whiſpering me, he ſaid, From a hint in the letter of the penitent Wilſon, that Mr Bagenhall's circumſtances are not happy, and that he is too much in the power of Sir Hargrave, I have prevailed on the latter, in conſideration of the other's accompanying him abroad, to make him eaſy. And, would you believe it? and can you forgive me?—I have brought Sir Hargrave to conſent to give Wilſon the promiſed 100l. To induce him to do this, Merceda (influenced by the arguments I urged, founded on the unhappy fellow's confeſſions in that letter) offered 50l. more for his paſt ſervices to himſelf: And both, as a proof of the ſincerity of the promiſed reformation. Wilſon ſhall not have the money, but upon his marrying the girl to whom he is contracted: And on my return from a little excurſion I am making to Canterbury, I ſhall put all in a train. And now, let me aſk you, once more, Can you forgive me for *rewarding*, as you may think it, a baſe ſervant?

O Sir! how can I anſwer you?—You told me at Colnebrook, that we were to endeavour to bring good out of the evil from which you had delivered me. This indeed is making your words true in a very extenſive ſenſe: To make your enemies your

friends;

friends; to put wicked men into a way of reformation; and to make it a bad man's intereſt to be good—*Forgive* you, Sir!—From what I remember of that poor wretch's letter, I was obliged to him myſelf: Though vile, he was leſs vile than he might have been. The young woman behaved with tenderneſs to me at Paddington: Let me therefore add 50*l.* to Mr Merceda's 50*l.* as an earneſt that I can follow a noble example.

You charm me, madam, ſaid he. I am not diſappointed in my opinion of you—Wilſon, if he give hope of real penitence, ſhall not want the fourth 50*l.*—It would be *too good* in you, ſo great a ſufferer as you were by his wickedneſs, to give it: But it will become a man to do it, who has not been injured by him, and who was the occaſion of his loſing the favour of his employer; and the rather as he was an adviſer to his fellow-agents to fly, and not to fire at my ſervants, who might have ſuffered from a *ſturdier* villain. He has promiſed repentance and reformation: This ſmall ſum will give me a kind of right to enforce the performance.—But no more of this juſt now.

Miſs Jervois juſt then looking as if ſhe would be glad to ſpeak with her guardian, he aroſe, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a ſupplicating attitude, as if aſking a favour. He ſeemed to be all kindneſs and affection to her—Happy girl!—Miſs Grandiſon, who had heard enough of what he ſaid of Wilſon, to be affected, whiſpered me, Did I not tell you, Harriet, that my brother was continually employed in doing good? He has invention, forecaſt, and contrivance: But you ſee how thoſe qualities are all employed.

O Miſs Grandiſon, ſaid I, I am ſuch a nothing!—I cannot, as Sir Hargrave ſays, bear my own littleneſs.

Be quiet, ſaid ſhe—You are an exceeding good girl! But you have a monſtrous deal of pride.. Early I ſaw that. You are not half ſo good as the famous Greek, who loſing an election for which he ſtood, to be one of 300 only, thanked the gods, that there were in Athens (I think it was) 300 better men than himſelf. Will you not have honour enough, if it can be ſaid, that *next* to Sir Charles Grandiſon, you are the beſt creature in the world?

Sir Charles led his ward to a ſeat, and ſat down by us.

Couſin Charlotte, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, you remember your treatment of me, for addreſſing Miſs Byron, in an open, and I thought, a very polite manner: Pray, where's *your* impartiality? Sir Charles has been ſhut up in his ſtudy with a lady who would not be ſeen by any body elſe.—But Sir Charles may do any thing.

I am afraid it is too late, couſin, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; elſe it would be worth your while to try for a reputation.

Has Charlotte, Mr Grandiſon, ſaid Sir Charles, uſed you ill? Ladies will do as they pleaſe with you gallant men. They look upon you as their own; and you wiſh them to do ſo. You muſt bear the inconvenience for the ſake of the convenience.

Well, but Sir Charles, I am refuſed to be of the Colnebrook party—Abſolutely refuſed. Will *you* accept of my company? Shall I attend you to Canterbury?

Are you in earneſt, couſin Grandiſon? Will you oblige me with your company?

With all my heart and ſoul, Sir Charles.

With all mine, I accept your kind offer.

This agreeably ſurpriſed his ſiſters as well as me: But why then ſo ſecret, ſo reſerved, to them?

Mr

Mr Grandiſon immediately went out to give orders to his ſervant for the journey.

A good-natured man! ſaid Sir Charles.—Charlotte, you are ſometimes too quick upon him—Are you not?

Too quick upon him!—No, no! I have hopes of him; for he can be aſhamed: That was not always the caſe with him. Between your gentleneſs and my quickneſs, we ſhall make ſomething of him in time.

Mr Grandiſon immediately returned; and we loſt ſomething that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by ſome words he dropt, the purport was to blame his ſiſter for not ſparing Mr Grandiſon before company.

I imagine, Sir Charles, that if you take Mr Grandiſon with you, one may venture to aſk a queſtion, Whether you go to any family at Canterbury that we have heard of?—It is to do good, I am ſure.

Your eyes have aſked me that queſtion ſeveral times, Charlotte. I aim not at making ſecrets of any thing I do. I need not on this occaſion. Yet you, Charlotte, have your ſecrets.

He looked grave.

Have I my ſecrets, Sir Charles?—Pray what do you mean?

She coloured, and ſeemed ſenſibly touched.

Too much emotion, Charlotte, is a kind of confeſſion. Take care. Then turning it off with a ſmile—See, Mr Grandiſon, I am revenging your cauſe. Alarming ſpirits love not to be alarmed.

So, Harriet! (whiſpering to me) I am ſilenced. Had I told you all my heart, I ſhould have half ſuſpected you. How he has fluttered me!—Lady L. this is owing to you, whiſpering her behind my chair.

I know nothing; therefore could tell nothing.

Conſcience, conſcience! Charlotte, re-whiſpered Lady L.

She ſat ſtill, and was ſilent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. ſmiling, to enjoy her agreeable confuſion. At laſt—But, Sir Charles, you *always* had ſecrets. You got out of me two or three of mine without exchange—You—

Don't be uneaſy, my Charlotte. I expected a *prompt*, not a *deliberate* reply. My life is a various life. Some things I had better not have known myſelf. See, Charlotte, if you are ſerious, you will make me ſo. I have not any motives of action, I hope, that are either capricious or conceited [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have ſeen what I wrote to you about his reſerves! I thought he looked at me]—Only this one hint, my ſiſter: Whenever you condeſcend to conſult me, let me havee very thing before me that ſhall be neceſſary to enable me to form a judgment—But why ſo grave, Charlotte? Impute all I have ſaid, as revenge of Mr Grandiſon's cauſe, in gratitude for his obliging offer of accompanying me to Canterbury.

Cannot you reward *him*, Sir Charles, but by puniſhing *me?*

A good queſtion, Charlotte. But do you take what I have ſaid in that light?

I have done for the preſent, Sir: But I hope, when you return, we ſhall come to an eclairciſſement.

Needs it one?—Will not better and more intereſting ſubjects have taken place by that time?—And he looked at her with an eye of particular meaning.

Now is he beginning to wind about me, whiſpered ſhe to me, as I told you at Colnebrook: Were he and I alone, he'd have me before I knew where I was. Had he been a wicked man, he would have been a *very* wicked one.

She

She was viſibly uneaſy; but was afraid to ſay any more on the ſubject.

Lady L. whiſpered—Ah! Charlotte, you are taken in your own toils. You had better let me into your ſecret. I would bring you off, if I could.

Be quiet, Lady L.

We then talked of the time in the morning of our ſetting out for Colnebrook. I thought I read Miſs Emily's mind in her eyes—Shall we not have the pleaſure of Miſs Jervois's company? ſaid I, to the ſiſters.

Emily bowed to me, and ſmiled.

The very thing that Miſs Jervois was petitioning to me for, ſaid Sir Charles: And I wiſhed, ladies, to have the motion come from one of you.

Emily ſhall go with us, I think, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

Thank you, madam, ſaid ſhe: I will take care not to break in upon you impertinently.

What! doſt *thou* too think we have ſecrets, child?

Conſent with your uſual grace, Charlotte: Are you not too eaſily affected? Sir Charles ſpoke this ſmiling.

Every thing you ſay, Sir Charles, affects me.

I ought then to be very careful of what I ſay. If I have given my ſiſter pain, I beg her to forgive me.

I am afraid to go on, whiſpered ſhe to me. Were he and I only together, my heart would be in his hand in a moment.

I have only this to obſerve, Miſs Grandiſon, whiſpered I—When you are too hard upon me, I know to whom to apply for revenge.

Such another word, Harriet, and I'll blow you up!

What could ſhe mean by that?—*Blow me up!* I have locked up my aunt's laſt letters, where ſo much is ſaid about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and ſo forth. When any thing occurs that we care not

to own, I ſee by Miſs Grandiſon, that it is eaſy for the ſlighteſt hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to ſay ſo ſeriouſly as he did, "That his life was a various life;" and that "he "had better not have known ſome things himſelf," affects me not a little. What can a man of his prudence have had to diſturb him? But my favourite author ſays,

Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, *our* land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene,
Clouds that obſcure *his ſublunary day;*
But never conquer. E'en the beſt muſt own,
Patience *and* reſignation *are the pillars*
Of human peace on earth.——

Night Thoughts.

But ſo young a man! ſo prudent! as I ſaid; and ſo generally beloved! But that he is ſo, may be the occaſion.—Some lady, I doubt!—What ſad people are we women at this rate! Yet ſome women may have the worſt of it. What are your thoughts on all theſe appearances, Lucy?

Miſs Grandiſon, as I ſaid, is uneaſy. Theſe are the words that diſturb her: "Only this one hint, "my ſiſter: Whenever you condeſcend to conſult "me, let me have every thing before me that "ſhall be neceſſary to enable me to form a judg-"ment."—And ſo they would *me* in her caſe.

But it ſeems plain from Sir Charles's hint, that he keeps to himſelf (as Miſs Grandiſon once indeed ſaid in his favour) thoſe intelligences which would diſturb her, and his other friends, to know. The ſecret which he would have made of the wicked challenge, his ſelf-invited breakfaſting with Sir Hargrave, are proofs, among others, of this: And if this be his conſiderate motive, what a forward, what a cenſorious creature have I been, on

ſo

ſo many occaſions, to blame him for his reſerves, and particularly for his Canterbury excurſions! I think I will be cautious for the future how I take upon me to cenſure thoſe actions, which in ſuch a man I cannot account for.

Miſs Grandiſon, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr Bartlett, ſaid, Well, now that my couſin Grandiſon will accompany my brother to Canterbury, we ſhall have that ſecret out in courſe.

Lady L. It ſeems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

Miſs Gr. Be quiet, Lady L.

Mr Gr. Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a ſecret, couſin; eſpecially if I am deſired to do ſo.

Miſs Gr. I ſhall wonder at that.

Mr Gr. Why ſo?

Miſs Gr. Shall I give it you in plain Engliſh?

Mr Gr. You don't uſe to mince it.

Miſs Gr. It would be ſtrange, couſin, if a man ſhould make a ſecret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told ſtories of himſelf, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for—You would have it.

Mr Gr. I know I muſt have the plain Engliſh, whether I *aſked* for it or not. But give me leave to ſay, couſin Charlotte, that you made not ſo ſuperior a figure juſt now.

Miſs Gr. True, Mr Grandiſon. There is but one man in the world of whom I ſtand in awe.

Mr Gr. I believe it; and hope you never deſign to marry for *that* reaſon.

Miſs Gr. What a wretch is my couſin? Muſt a woman ſtand in awe of her huſband? Whether, Sir, is marriage a ſtate of ſervitude or of freedom to a woman?

Mr Gr. Of freedom, as women generally make it—Of ſervitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, ladies.

Miſs

Miſs Gr. Don't pardon him. I ſuppoſe, Sir, it is owing to your conſciouſneſs, that you have only the *will*, and not the *ſpirit*, to awe a woman of ſenſe, that you are a ſingle man at this day.

Lady L. Pray, my Lord, what have I done, that you treat me with ſo much contempt?

Lord L. Contempt! my beſt life!—How is that?

Lady L. You ſeem not to think it worth your while to *over-awe* me.

Miſs Gr. Lord, my dear! how you are miſtaken in applying thus to Lord L.! Lord L. is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold thoſe *over-awing* doctrines. They know what they deſerve; and live in continual fear of meeting with their deſerts; and ſo, if they marry, having the hearts of ſlaves, they become tyrants. Miſs Byron—

Mr Gr. The devil's in it if you two ladies want help. I fly the pit.

Lord L. And I think, Mr Grandiſon, you have fought a hard battle.

Mr Gr. By my ſoul, I think ſo too. I have held it out better than I uſed to do.

Miſs Gr. I proteſt I think you have. We ſhall brighten you up among us. I am miſtaken if there were not two or three ſmart things ſaid by my couſin. Pray, did any-body mind them? I ſhould be glad to hear them again. Do you recollect them yourſelf, couſin?

Mr Gr. You want to draw me on again, couſin Charlotte. But the d—l fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

Miſs Gr. Would you have thought it, Lady L.! My couſin has *diſcretion* as well as *ſmartneſs*. I congratulate you, Sir: A new diſcovery!—But huſh! 'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles entered. Mr Grandiſon a ſufferer again? ſaid he.

Mr

Mr Gr. No, no! Pretty well off this bout!—Miſs Byron, I have had the better end of the ſtaff, I believe.

Harriet. I can't ſay that, Sir. But you got off, I think, in very good time.

Mr Gr. And that's a victory to what it uſed to be, I can aſſure you. No-body ever could *awe* Miſs Grandiſon.

Miſs Gr. Coward!—You would *now* begin again, would you!—Sir Charles loves to take me *down.*

Mr Gr. Never, madam, but when you are *up:* And laughed heartily.

Miſs Gr. Witty too!—A man of repartee. A *verbal* wit! And that's half as good as a punſter at any time.

Sir Ch. Fight it out, couſin Grandiſon. You can laugh on, tho' the laugh of every other perſon ſhould be againſt you.

Mr Gr. And thou, Brutus!—It is time to have done.

As I think theſe converſations characteriſtic, I hope the recital of them will be excuſed. Yet I am ſenſible, thoſe things that go well off in converſation do not always *read* to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to ſtay ſupper: But we excuſed ourſelves. I promiſed to breakfaſt with them.

I chuſe not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me occaſionally, for the time of my ſtay. Dr Bartlett had deſired to be excuſed. So our party is only the two ſiſters, Lord L. Miſs Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr Grandiſon are to ſet out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: And ſleepineſs promiſes to befriend

Your HARRIET.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Miſs SELBY, *To Miſs* BYRON *.

My deareſt Child, Selby-Houſe, Sunday, Mar. 5.

WE are all extremely affected with your preſent ſituation. Such apparent ſtruggles betwixt your natural openneſs of heart, and the confeſſions of a young, of a new paſſion, and that ſo laudably founded, and ſo viſibly increaſing—O my love, you muſt not affect reſerves—They will ſit very aukwardly upon a young woman, who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with reſpect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not written to her, though you deſired I would; ſince, in truth, we all think, that her propoſals deſerve conſideration; and becauſe we are afraid, that a greater happineſs will never be yours and ours. It is impoſſible, my dear, to imagine, that ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon ſhould not have ſeen the woman whom he could love before he ſaw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by his *gratitude*, as I may call it, for her *love*. Has not his ſiſter talked of half a ſcore ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry?—And may not this be the reaſon why he does not?

You ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in the Counteſs of D. You ſee that your own frankneſs is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were diſengaged in your affections; by your own diſclaiming to her the

* *This letter, and the two that follow it, are inſerted in this place, though not received, and anſwered, till Miſs Byron was at Colnebrook, for the ſake of keeping entire the ſubject ſhe writes upon from thence.*

the propoſed relation, you have given reaſon to ſo wiſe a lady to think it otherwiſe; or that you are not ſo much above affectation as ſhe had hoped you were. And tho' we were grieved to read how much you were puſhed by Miſs Grandiſon *, yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the ſame obſervations and inferences that Miſs Grandiſon did. And what would you have me do? ſince you cannot give a ſtronger inſtance of your affections being engaged, than by declining ſuch a propoſal as Lady D. made, before you have converſed with, or even ſeen Lord D. And it becomes not your character or mine either to equivocate, or to ſay the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think (and indeed it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles ſtands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I ſee not therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought conſiderable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have ſome weight with him: At leaſt on our ſide, that ought to be ſuppoſed, and to make a part of our firſt propoſals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myſelf wholly to her. Her wiſdom, and her tenderneſs for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every-thing*. Your uncle will not rally you as he has done. We ſtill continue reſolved not to preſcribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of adviſing you as to this new propoſal. But your grandmamma is very much pleaſed that I have not written, as you would have had me, a letter of abſolute refuſal to the Counteſs.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the ſtate of Sir Charles Grandiſon's affairs. We have heard ſo

* *Letter* V. *p.* 77.

ſo many good things of him, that I have deſired Mr Selby to make no further enquiries, unleſs we could have ſome hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheleſs, omit nothing that comes to your knowledge, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and ſhould be.

His magnanimity in refuſing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himſelf ſo honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itſelf, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cheriſhed ſuch a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the ſame time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his ſiſters, on the happy iſſue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D.; and that by the next poſt. Be not raſh: Be not haſty. I am afraid I puſhed your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle ſays, that you are at times not ſo frank in directly owning your paſſion, as from your natural openneſs of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: And he triumphs over us, in the imagination that he has at laſt detected you of affectation in ſome little degree. We all ſee, and own, your ſtruggle between virgin-modeſty and openneſs of heart, as apparent in many paſſages of your letters; and we lay part of your reſerve to the apprehenſions you muſt have of his railery: But after you have declared, "That you had rather "converſe but one hour in the week with Sir Charles "Grandiſon" (and *his ſiſter* you put in; and ſiſters are good convenient people ſometimes to a baſhful or beginning lover, of our ſex) "than be the "wife of any man you have ever ſeen or known; "and that, mean as the word *pity* ſounds, you "would rather have his pity than the love of any "other man"—Upon my word, my dear, you

need

need not be backward to ſpeak quite out. Excuſe me, my child.

I have juſt now read the incloſed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written ſo long a letter, I might have ſpared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all ſubſcribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the ſteps to be taken in relation to the propoſal of Lady D. But if you love, be not aſhamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandiſon.

With all our bleſſings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear love, adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER IX.

Mrs SHIRLEY, *To Miſs* BYRON.

Sunday, March 5.

DON'T be afraid, don't be aſhamed, my deareſt life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all dote upon you. It is no diſgrace for a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural paſſion. *You* have ſhewn, I am ſure, if ever young creature did ſhew, that you are no giddy, no indiſcreet perſon. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more reſpectable Orme, with all his obſequiouſneſs; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the ſhocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have ſeen the leaſt ſhadow of vanity or weakneſs in you. How happily have you ſteered through difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involves meaner minds? And how have you, with mingled dignity and courteouſneſs, intitled yourſelf to the eſteem, and even venera-

tion, of thoſe whom you refuſed! And why refuſed? Not from pride, but principle; and becauſe you could not love any of them as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at laſt, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your love; who had ſo powerfully protected you from the lawleſs attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the beſt of brothers, friends, landlords, maſters, and the braveſt and beſt of men; is it to be wondered at, that a heart, which never before was won, ſhould diſcover ſenſibility, and acknowledge its fellow-heart?—What reaſon then can *you* have for ſhame? And why ſeeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herſelf and her ſympathizing friends? You ſee, my dear, that we are above ſpeaking ſlightly, becauſe of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praiſes. Nor are you, child, ſo weak as to be treated with ſuch poor policy.

You are not educated, my dear, in artifice. Diſguiſes never ſat ſo ill upon any woman as they do, in moſt of your late letters, upon you. Every child in love-matters would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wiſhes are, or are not anſwered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in underſtanding, profligate in morals, nor ſordid in degree; but ſuch an one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear love, my Harriet, the ſupport of my life, and comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for my ſake, and for the ſake of us all, to reſtrain ſo far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourſelf, ſo deſirable a bleſſing, you may not ſuffer in your health (a health ſo precious to me), and put yourſelf on a foot with vulgar girls run away with by their headſtrong paſſions.

ſions. The more deſirable the object, the nobler the conqueſt of your paſſion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheleſs, ſpeak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourſelf to our beſt advice: And as to your uncle Selby, do not let his railery pain you: He diverts us as well as himſelf by it: He gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us: And you muſt know, that his whole honeſt heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to ſupport his ſpirits, were any misfortune to befal his niece.

Your aunt Selby has juſt now ſhewn me her letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very ſtrong expreſſion in yours, "That you had rather converſe with this excellent man but one hour in a week, than be the wife of any man you have ever ſeen or known." It is a ſtrange expreſſion; but, to me, is an expreſſion greatly to your honour; ſince it ſhews, that the *mind*, and not the *perſon*, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the pureſt kind. As therefore it has not ſo much *perſon* in it, as moſt loves, ſuffer it not to triumph over your reaſon; nor, becauſe you cannot have the man you could prefer, reſolve againſt having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be entered into with prudence? What a mean, what a ſelfiſh mind muſt that perſon have, whether man or woman, who can reſolve againſt entering into the ſtate, becauſe it has its cares, its fatigues, its inconveniencies! Try Sir Charles Grandiſon, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on ſuch narrow motives, this muſt be one of his great imperfections. Nor be afraid to try. No man is abſolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himſelf. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a paſſion, which is not likely to be returned, if ſhe find that to be the caſe. You hope, you prettily ſaid in one of your letters, "that you ſhould not be undone by a *good* 'man." After ſuch an eſcape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a *bad* one: But, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it muſt be your own fault, while neither he nor his ſiſters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how theſe ſuppoſitions will hurt your delicacy: But then you muſt doubly guard yourſelf; for the *reality* will be worſe wounding to that delicacy, than the *ſuppoſition* ought to be. If there be but one man in the world that can *undo* you, will you not guard againſt him?

I long to fold my deareſt Harriet to my fond heart: But yet, this that follows, is the advice I give, as to the ſituation you are now in: Loſe no opportunity of cultivating the friendſhip of his amiable ſiſters [By the way, if Miſs Grandiſon gueſſes at your mind, ſhe is not ſo generous in her railery as is conſiſtent with the reſt of her amiable character]. Never deny them your company, when they requeſt it. Miſs Grandiſon has promiſed you the hiſtory of their family. Exact the performance of that promiſe from her. You will thus come at further lights, by which you may be guided in your future ſteps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the ſiſters eſpouſe the intereſt of any other woman; though Sir Charles's reſervedneſs, even to them, may not let them know the ſecrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not eſpouſe any other perſon's intereſt, why may they not be made *your* friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing

in

in our power to make that matter eaſy; and muſt be content with moderate ſettlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forborn to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. what ſhall we do in that affair? it will be aſked.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point, that you are diſengaged in your affections: Your aunt has ſignified to her that you are: You have given that lady a hint, which, you ſay, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will ſhe, no doubt, expect the openeſt dealing. And ſhe ought to have it. Her own frankneſs demands it; and the character we have hitherto ſupported, and I hope always ſhall ſupport, requires it. I would therefore let Lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt [You, my dear, was ſo laudably frank as to *hint* it to her], and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandiſon. Truth never leaves room for ſelf-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her, declining, with the moſt reſpectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which ſhe could no otherwiſe account for than by ſuppoſing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandiſon, from motives of gratitude, to any other man: But that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reaſon to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeneſs; nor that his ſiſters meant more by calling you *ſiſter*, than their *brother's* ſiſter, as well as *theirs*.

All this ſhall be mentioned to Lady D. in *ſtrict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as ſhe *ought*, to judge for herſelf. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We ſhall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon did (as you ſuppoſe)

acquaint Lady D. that you were not addreſſed by their brother, they will be found to have ſaid the truth; and you know, my dear, that we ſhould be as ready to do juſtice to others' veracity, as to our own. She will ſee, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obſtacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whoſe heart was *before* abſolutely diſengaged.

And what will be the conſequence?—Why, either that her ladyſhip will think no more of the matter; and then you will be juſt where you were; or, that ſhe will intereſt herſelf in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon the letters that have paſſed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, ſo far as relates to the propoſal; and as lady D. is acquainted with thoſe two ladies, ſhe will probably inform herſelf of *their* ſentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every ſide, by this means, will ſooner come to a deciſion, than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I expreſs myſelf clearly. I am not what I was: But bleſſed be God, that I am what I am! I did not think, that, in ſo little a time, I could have written ſo much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my ſubject; and her happineſs is, and has ever been, my only care, ſince I loſt the huſband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that and all my cares; who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given juſt *ſuch* advice. What would Mr Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like caſe, have acted? are the queſtions I always aſk myſelf, before I give my opinion in any material caſes, eſpecially in thoſe which relate to you.

And here let me commend a ſentiment of yours, that

that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil: "I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf," ſay you, "were I capa-"ble of keeping one man in ſuſpence, while I was "balancing in favour of another."

Good young creature, hold faſt your principles, whatever befals you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet, to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a ſtranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a ſhort ſpace does it ſeem to be! Nothing with-holds my wiſhes to be releaſed, but my deſire of ſeeing the darling of my heart, my ſweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in—But ſhall we, my dear, preſcribe to providence? How know we what *that* has deſigned for Sir Charles Grandiſon? *His* welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the public to the private. I hope we are good people: *Comparatively*, I am ſure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we ſhall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my beſt love, that I have lived too long to be ſenſible of what moſt affects you. Of your pleaſures, your pains, I can and do partake. Your late haraſſings, ſo tender, ſo lovely a bloſſom, coſt me many a pang; and ſtill my eyes bear witneſs to my ſenſibility, as the cruel ſcenes are at times read to me again, or as I recal them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you againſt feeling too ſenſibly, when it *is* known, the event which is now hidden in the boſom of providence, ſhould it, as is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot diſpenſe with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby (as the time till next Saturday is ſhort), that will be writing to us both.

God

God preſerve, direct, and bleſs my ſweet orphan-child!—This is the hourly prayer of

Your ever-affectionate Grandmother,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

LETTER X.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Mrs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Tueſday, March 7.

I HAVE the favour of yours, and of my dear grand-mamma's, juſt brought me. The contents are ſo affecting, that, though in full aſſembly, as I may ſay, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw to read them. Miſs Grandiſon ſaw my confuſion, my puzzle, what ſhall I call it? To be charged ſo home, my dear aunt!—*Such apparent ſtruggles*—And were they, madam, ſo *very* apparent?—A *young*, a *new paſſion!*—And ſo *viſibly increaſing!*—Pray, madam, if it be *ſo*, it is not at its height—And is it not, while but in its progreſs, conquerable?—But have I been guilty of *affectation?* of *reſerves?*—If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the *aukward* girl.

And you think it impoſſible, madam, but *he* has ſeen women whom he could love, before he ſaw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word *gratitude* upon me in ſuch a manner?

I do ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can *you* do, madam? What can *I* do? That is the queſtion, called upon as I am by my grandmamma as well as by you, to ſpeak ſtill plainer, plain as in your opinion I had ſpoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free ſentence, drawn out and ſeparated from the reſt of the letter. My grandmamma forgives,

forgives, and even praiſes me, for this ſentence. She encourages me to ſpeak ſtill plainer. It is no diſgrace, ſhe ſays, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural paſſion, ſhe tells me; yet cautions me againſt ſuffering it to triumph over my reaſon; in ſhort, not to love till there ſhall be a certainty of return. And ſo I can love *as I will*, *when* I will, nay *whom* I will; for if *he* won't have me, I am deſired not to reſolve againſt marrying ſome other; Lord D. for example, if *he* will be ſo good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two moſt venerable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and to *put off the diſguiſes* through which every *child in love matters* finds me out? Shall I ſpeak my whole heart?—To ſuch *ſympathizing* friends ſurely I ought. Well, then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other addreſs. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myſelf as preſumptuous: Upon him as too excellent, and too conſiderable; for he has a great eſtate, and ſtill greater expectations: And as to perſonal and intellectual merit, what woman can deſerve him?—Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man ſo munificent ſhould look higher.

Be pleaſed therefore, madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me, "That I think her laudable openneſs deſerves 'like openneſs: That your Harriet *was* diſenga-'ged in her affections, abſolutely diſengaged, 'when you told her that ſhe was: Tell her what 'afterwards happened: Tell her how my *grati-'tude* engaged me: That, at firſt, it was no more; 'but that now, being called upon, on this occaſion, 'I have owned my gratitude exalted" [It may not, I hope, be ſaid, *debaſed*, the object ſo worthy] "into—Love"—Yes, ſay *love*—ſince I act too

aukwardly

aukwardly in the *diſguiſes* I have aſſumed; "That, 'therefore, I can no more in *juſtice*, than by *incli-* 'nation, think of any other man: And own to 'her, that her ladyſhip has, however, engaged my 'reſpectful love, even to reverence, by her good- 'neſs to me in the viſit ſhe honoured me with; 'and that, for *her* ſake, had I ſeen nothing objec- 'table in Lord D. upon an interview, and further 'acquaintance, I could have given ear to this pro- 'poſal, preferable to any other that had yet been 'made me, were my heart as free, as it was when 'ſhe made her firſt propoſal." And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modeſt perſeverance. What would I give to ſee Mr Orme married to ſome very worthy woman, with whom he could be happy!

Finally, beſpeak for me her ladyſhip's favour and friendſhip; but *not* to be renewed till my Lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wiſhed to be by a mother ſo worthy! But tell her, at the ſame time, that I would not, for twelve times my lord's 12,000 l. a-year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the ſtricteſt confidence, among more general reaſons regarding the delicacy of our ſex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, ſhould hate, and, what would be ſtill worſe, deſpiſe your Harriet, for her preſumption! I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—Forgive it—It *would* fall—My pen found it, before I ſaw it.

As to myſelf; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap conſolation from theſe and other paſſages in the two precious letters before me:

"If

" If you love, be not aſhamed to own it to *us*—
' The man is Sir Charles Grandiſon."

" My affection is laudable: The object of it is
' a man not mean in underſtanding, not profli-
' gate in morals, nor ſordid in degree. All my
' friends are in love with him as well as I."

" My love is a love of the pureſt kind."

" And I ought to acquieſce, becauſe Sir Charles,
' compared to *us*, is as the public to the private.
' Private conſiderations therefore ſhould be as
' nothing to me."

Noble inſtructions! my deareſt two mamma's! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan girl!* You two, and my honoured uncle, have ſupplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue to pray for, and to bleſs, not your orphan, but your real daughter, in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY.

LETTER XI.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Colnebrook, Tueſday, March 7.

HERE I am, dear Lucy, returned to this happy aſylum: But with what different emotions from the firſt time I entered it! How did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's ſervants, who attended us on horſeback, pointed out to us, at the command of the ladies, the very ſpot where the two chariots met, and the conteſt began! The recollection pained me: Yet do I not owe to that

that terrifying incident the friendſhip I am admitted into with ſo amiable a family?

Miſs Grandiſon, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myſelf. I ſhall have the more leiſure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both ſhe and Lady L. are very urgent with me to ſhew them ſome of the letters in our correſpondence; and Miſs Grandiſon ſays, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will ſhew me ſome of their brother's—Who would not be tempted by ſuch an exchange? I am more than half-afraid—But ſurely, in ſuch a heap of ſtuff as I have written, there is ſomething that I can *read* to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my letters returned me for this purpoſe? The remarks of theſe ladies on what I ſhall think fit to ſhew them, will be of great uſe in helping to ſettle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not paſſed the *age of fancy*, have, in all thoſe ſentiments which are not borrowed, been very ſuperficial. How can it be otherwiſe!

The converſation in the coach turned upon their own family (for I put in my claim to Miſs Grandiſon's former promiſe on that head); from which I gathered the following particulars:

Sir Thomas Grandiſon was one of the handſomeſt men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the faſhionable diverſions, except gaming with cards and dice; though he ran into one as expenſive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himſelf upon his breed of race-horſes and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profuſion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuſe. He was a purchaſer all his life; and left his ſon, beſides an eſtate of 6,000 l.

a-year in England, and near 2000l. a-year in Ireland, rich in money.

His excellent lady was of a noble family; ſiſter to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the moſt excellent of women. I was delighted to ſee her two daughters bear teſtimony to her goodneſs, and to their own worth, by their tears. It was impoſſible, in the character of ſo good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miſs Jervois alſo wept, not only from tenderneſs of nature, and ſympathy, but, as ſhe owned, from regret, that ſhe had not the ſame reaſon to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and ſhall farther write, to the diſadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, I gathered from what was dropt by one lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to obſerve with what heſitation and reluctance they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleaſure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praiſes, had they had ſuch a faultleſs father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandiſon brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Though his fortune was ſo ample, it was his perſon, and his verſes, that won the lady from ſeveral competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather ſay, that to be a poet requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This lady took the conſent of all her friends in her choice; but there ſeemed a hint to drop from Lady L. that they conſented, *becauſe* it was her

choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he entered upon his eſtate, ſet out in a way that every-body concluded would diminiſh it.

He made, however, a *kind* huſband, as it is called. His good ſenſe and his politeneſs, and the pride he took to be thought one of the beſt-bred men in England, ſecured her *complaiſant* treatment. But Lady Grandiſon had qualities that deſerved one of the beſt and tendereſt of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly miſled her. I believe a woman, who chuſes a man whom every body admires, if the man be not good, muſt expect that he will have calls and inclinations that will make him think the character of a domeſtic man beneath him.

She endeavoured at ſetting out to engage his—*companionableneſs*—ſhall I call it? She was fond of her huſband. He had reaſon to be, and *was*, proud of his wife: But when he had ſhewed her every-where, and ſhe begun to find herſelf in circumſtances which ought to domeſticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandiſon pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant bias; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praiſing her (he did her that juſtice); he was but little at home in the ſummer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diverſions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At firſt ſetting out in this way, he was ſolicitous to carry his lady with him to town. She always chearfully accepted of his invitation, when ſhe ſaw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for ſo gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards his inclinations growing fainter and fainter, and finding that her preſence lengthened the time of his ſtay in town, and added

added greatly to his expences (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country), ſhe declined going up: And having by this time her three children, ſhe found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas as to herſelf, that ſhe ſhould turn her thoughts wholly to the domeſtic duties. Lady Grandiſon, when ſhe found that ſhe could not bring Sir Thomas to leſſen his great expences, ſuppoſed it to be wiſdom to endeavour, to the utmoſt of her power, to enable him to ſupport them without diſcredit to himſelf, or viſible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will ſay, that mothers may not be the *moſt* uſeful perſons in the family, when they do their duty, and their huſbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandiſon's delights centered in himſelf; Lady Grandiſon's in her huſband and children. What a ſuperiority, what an inferiority!

Yet had this lady, with the beſt œconomy, no narrowneſs in her heart. She was beloved for her generoſity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hoſpitable, as well from the largeneſs of her own heart as to give credit to her huſband; and ſo far to accommodate herſelf to his taſte, as that too great a difference might not be ſeen between his abſence and preſence. As occaſions offered, ſhe would confer benefits in the name of a huſband, whom perhaps ſhe had not ſeen of months, and knew not whether ſhe might not ſee for months to come. She was ſatisfied, though hers was the *firſt* merit with the *ſecond* merit reflected from that ſhe gave him: "I am but Sir Thomas's almoner: I know "I ſhall pleaſe Sir Thomas by doing this. Sir Tho- "mas would have done thus. Perhaps *he* would "have been more bountiful had he been preſent."

He had been once abſent from this admirable wife ſix whole months, when he left her but for one: He deſigned only an excurſion to Paris, when he ſet out; but when in company as gay as himſelf, while he was there, he executed his tour; and, what was ſtill more inexcuſable, he let his lady hear from him by ſecond-hand only. He never wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to ſurpriſe her by a ſudden appearance, when ſhe knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, ſo ſecure was he of his lady's unmerited love, that he ſuppoſed the joy ſhe would break out into would baniſh from her thoughts all memory of his paſt unkindneſs.

He aſked her, however, after the firſt emotions (for ſhe received him with real joy), If ſhe could eaſily forgive him?—Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, if you can forgive yourſelf.

This he called ſevere. Well he might; for it was juſt. Lady Grandiſon's goodneſs was founded in principle, not in tameneſs or ſervility.

Be not ſerious, Sir Thomas, ſaid my lady; and flung her arms about him. You know, by your queſtion, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither—But the ſeeing you now ſafe and well, compenſates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the paſt ſix tedious months—Can I ſay they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleaſure you have loſt by ſo long an abſence. Let me lead you to the nurſery; or, let the dear prattlers come down and receive their father's bleſſing. How delightful is their dawning reaſon! Their improvements exceed my hopes: Of what pleaſure do you deprive yourſelf by theſe long abſences!

My dear Miſs Grandiſon, *let* me write on. I am upon a ſweet ſubject. Why will you tear me from it? Who, Lucy, would not almoſt wiſh to be the wife,

wife, the half-ſlighted wife of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandiſon?

One reflection, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, let me make, before I attend you, leſt I ſhould loſe it: What man who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, though young, gay, and fluttering himſelf, can propoſe to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himſelf? What woman, who, in like manner, can take in the whole, uſeful, prudent, ſerene, benevolent life of Lady Grandiſon, whatever turn to pleaſure, leſs ſolid, and more airy, ſhe may have, ſees not, from this imperfect ſketch, all that they ſhould wiſh to be; and the tranſitory vanity of the one, and the ſolid happineſs that muſt attend the other, as well here as hereafter!

Dear lady!—had you not hurried me ſo, how much better ſhould I have expreſſed myſelf!

I come. I come.

LETTER XII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

MISS Grandiſon has been making me read aloud ſome part of the letter I had juſt writ to you, Lucy. We know, ſaid ſhe, it is about *us*; but we ſhall think what you have written greatly to our diſadvantage, if we cannot hear ſome of it. Then ſhe inſiſted (ſhe is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. preſent] ſuch hiſtories as ſhe ſhould call for of my own family. On this condition only, ſaid ſhe, will we conſent to be made fully known, as I find we ſhall, if I do not ſteal away your pen and ink, to *our* grandmother Shirley, *our* aunt Selby, and even to *our* Lucy.

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleaſure in deſcribing the perſons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they uſed to recount in many a long ſummer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls ſat at work—Happy memorials!—Ay, but do you believe ſhe did not queſtion me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other hiſtories.

And of whom! methinks you aſk.

I won't tell *you*, Lucy: But if my *aunt* ſhould be ſolicitous to know, and ſhould *gueſs* that my uncle's and hers (ſo entertaining and inſtructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, ſhould *gueſs* that the hiſtory of a young lady, whoſe diſcretion got the better of her love, and who cannot be dearer to herſelf than ſhe is to me, is the other—why, perhaps, neither my aunt, nor you, my dear, may be much miſtaken.

Methinks I would fain riſe now-and-then to my former *ſerene-pertneſs* [Allow you of the words ſo connected?]: But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humorous character and courtſhip, with his lady's prudence and goodneſs, in the one ſtory; and in the other, with the young lady's victorious diſcretion. They wiſh to be perſonally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. *All* the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandiſon family!

BEFORE I reſume the continuation of the ladies' family-hiſtory, let me aſk—Don't you think, my dear, that God has bleſſed theſe happy children for the ſake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but for their duty to their leſs-deſerving father? It is my notion, that one perſon's remiſſneſs in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not abſolve the other

other party from the performance of his. It is difficult, indeed, to love ſo well a faulty or remiſs parent, as a kind and good one. But our duty is indiſpenſible; and where it is paid, a bleſſing may the rather be expected, as the parent had not done his. If, *when you do well and ſuffer for it*, ſays the apoſtle, *ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*—Not to mention one conſideration, which, however, ought not to be left out of the account; that a good child will be no leſs benefited by the *warning*, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn, than by the *example*, as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the ſhort-hand writer, for the occaſion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which theſe three worthy children owed the loſs of ſuch a mother *. And this drew her into a melancholy relation of ſome very affecting particulars. Among other things, ſhe ſaid, her mother regreted, in her laſt hours, that ſhe had no opportunity, that ſhe could think juſt and honourable, to lay by any thing conſiderable for her daughters. Her jewels, and ſome valuable trinkets, ſhe hoped, would be theirs: But that would be at their father's pleaſure. I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, that my dear girls were to have between them the tenth part of what I have ſaved—But I have done but my duty.

I have told you, Charlotte, ſaid the Counteſs, what my mother ſaid to me a few hours before ſhe died; and I will repeat it to Miſs Byron. After having, upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and ſiſterly love to us all, and after my brother and ſiſter had withdrawn, My dear Caroline, ſaid ſhe, let me add to the general arguments of the duty I have been enforcing upon you all, one reſpecting your *intereſt*, and let your ſiſter know it. I am afraid there will be

* *Letter* IV. *Page* 58.

be but a ſlender proviſion made for my dear girls. Your papa has the notion rivetted in him, which is common to men of antient families, that daughters are but incumbrances, and that the ſon is to be every thing. He loves his girls: He loves you dearly: But he has often declared, that, were he to have entire all the fortune that deſcended to him from his father, he would not give to his daughters, marry whom they would, more than 5,000 *l.* a-piece. Your brother loves you: He loves me. It will be in *his* power, ſhould he ſurvive your father, to be a friend to you.—Love your brother.

To my brother afterwards ſhe ſaid ſomething; I believe, recommending his ſiſters to him; for we coming in, boy as he was in years, but man in behaviour and underſtanding, he took each of our hands—You remember it, Charlotte [both ſiſters wept]; and kneeling down, and putting them in my mother's held-out dying hands, and bowing his face upon all three—All, madam—All, my deareſt, beſt of mammas, that you have injoined—

He could ſay no more; and our arms were wet with his tears.—Enough, enough, my ſon; I diſtreſs you!—And ſhe kiſſed her own arm—Theſe are precious tears—You embalm me, my ſon, with your tears—O how precious the balm!—And ſhe lifted up her head to kiſs his cheek, and to repeat her bleſſings to the darling of her heart.

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the repreſentation of ſuch a ſcene?—Miſs Jervois and I wept, as if we had been preſent on the ſolemn occaſion.

But, my Charlotte, give Miſs Byron ſome brief account of the parting ſcene between my father and mother. She is affected as a ſiſter ſhould be—Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a ſweet melancholy, are not hurtful: They are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

I cannot

I cannot, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon———Do *you*, Lady L.

Lady L. proceeded—My father had long kept his chamber from the unhappy adventure, which coſt him and us all ſo dear. My mother, till ſhe was forced to take to her bed, was conſtantly his attendant: And *then* was grieved ſhe could not attend him ſtill.

At laſt, the moment, happy to her, long dreaded by us, the releaſing moment, approached. One laſt long farewel ſhe wiſhed to take of the man, who had been *ever* dear to her, and who had coſt her *ſo* dear. He was told of her deſire to be lifted to his bed-ſide in her bed; for one of his wounds (too ſoon ſkinned over) was broken out, and he was confined to his bed. He ordered himſelf to be carried in a great chair to hers. But then followed *ſuch* a ſcene—

All we three children were in the room, kneeling by the bed-ſide—praying—weeping—O how ineffectually—Not even hope remaining—Beſt beloved of my ſoul! in faultering accents, ſaid my mother, her head raiſed by pillows, ſo as that ſhe ſat upright—Forgive the deſire of my heart once more to ſee you!—They would not bring me to *you!*—O how I diſtreſs you! For my father ſobbed; every feature of his face ſeemed ſwelled almoſt to burſting, and working as if in mortal agonies.—Charlotte, relieve me!—

The ſweet lady's eyes were drowned in tears—

I cannot, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; her handkerchief ſpread over her face.

Miſs Emily ſobbed. She held her hand before her eyes: Her tears trickled through her fingers.

I was affected beyond meaſure—Yet beſought her to proceed.—She went on.

I have endeavoured, ſaid my mother, in broken ſentences—It was my wiſh—It was my pride—indeed my chiefeſt pride—to be a good wife!—

O my

O my dear!—You *have* been—My father could not ſay what.

Forgive my imperfections, Sir!—

O my deareſt life! You had no imperfections: I, I, was all imper—He could not ſpeak out the word for his tears.

Bleſs your children in my ſight: God hitherto has bleſſed them! God will continue to bleſs them, if they continue to deſerve their father's bleſſing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you love them, bleſs them in my ſight. I doubt not your goodneſs to them—But the bleſſing of a dying mother, joined with that of a ſurviving father—muſt have efficacy?

My father looked earneſtly to us all—He could not ſpeak.

My brother, following my mother's dying eye, which was caſt upon my father, aroſe from his knees, and approaching my father's chair, caſt himſelf at his feet. My father threw his arms about his neck—God bleſs—God bleſs my ſon, ſaid he—And make him a better man than his father. My mother, demanding the cheek of her beloved ſon, ſaid, God bleſs my deareſt child, and make you an honour to your father's family, and your mother's memory!

We girls followed my brother's example.

God bleſs my daughters!—God bleſs you, ſweet loves, ſaid my father; firſt kiſſing one, then the other, as we kneeled.—God make you as good women as your mother: Then, then, will you deſerve to be happy.

God bleſs you, my dear girls, God bleſs you both, ſaid my mother, kiſſing each, as you are dutiful to your father, and as you love one another—I hope I have given you no bad example.

My father began to accuſe himſelf. My brother, with the piety of the patriarch's two beſt ſons, retired, that he might not hear his father's confeſſions. We followed him to the farther end of the room.

room. The manly youth ſat down between us, and held a hand of each between his: His noble heart was penetrated: He two or three times lifted the hand of each to his lips. But he could only once ſpeak, his heart ſeeming ready to burſt; and that was, as I remember, O my ſiſters!—Comfort yourſelves!—But who can ſay comfort?—Theſe tears are equally our duty and our relief.

My mother retained to the laſt that generoſity of mind which had ever diſtinguiſhed her. She would not permit my father to proceed with his ſelf-accuſation: Let us look forward, my deareſt, my only love, ſaid ſhe. I have a bleſſed hope before me: I pity, as well as pray for, ſurvivors: You are a man of ſenſe, Sir, and of enlarged ſentiments: God direct you according to them, and comfort you! All my fear was (and that more particularly for ſome of the laſt paſt months) that *I* ſhould have been the mournful ſurvivor. In a very few moments all my ſufferings will be over; and God give you, when you come to this unavoidable period of all human vanity, the ſame happy proſpects that are now opening to me! O Sir, believe me, all worldly joys are now nothing; *leſs* than nothing: Even my love of you, and of the dear pledges of our mutual love, with-holds not *now* my wiſhes after a happier ſtate. There may we meet, and never be ſeparated?—Forgive me only, my beloved huſband, if I have ever made you for one hour unhappy or uneaſy—Forgive the petulancies of my *love!*

Who can bear this goodneſs? ſaid my father: I have not deſerved—

Dear Sir, no more—Were you not the huſband of my choice?—And now your grief affects me—Leave *me*, Sir. You bring me back again to earth—God preſerve you, watch over you, *heal* you, ſupport you. Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandiſon, the name that ever was ſo pleaſant in my ears!

Your

Your hand, Sir! Your heart was my treaſure: I have now, and only now, a better treaſure, a diviner love in view. Adieu, and in this world for ever adieu, my huſband, my friend, my Grandiſon!

She turned her head from him, ſunk upon her pillow, and fainted; and ſo ſaw not, had not the *grief* to ſee, the ſtronger heart of my father overcome; for he fainted away, and was carried out in his chair by the ſervants who brought him in. He was in a ſtrong convulſion fit, between his not half-cured wounds and his grief; and recovered not till all was over with my bleſſed mother.

After my father was carried out, ſhe came to herſelf. Her chaplain was once more admitted. The fatal moment approached. She was aſked, if ſhe would ſee her children again? No, ſhe ſaid; but bid her laſt bleſſing be repeated to them, and her charge, of *loving one another*, in the words of our Saviour, as *ſhe had loved us*: And when the chaplain came to read a text which ſhe had imperfectly pointed to, but ſo as to be underſtood, ſhe repeated, in faultering accents, but with more ſtrength of voice than ſhe had had for an hour before, *I have fought a good fight; I have finiſhed my courſe; I have kept the faith—There is laid up for me a crown of righteouſneſs*: And then her voice failing, ſhe gave ſigns of ſatisfaction, in the hope of being intitled to that crown; and expired in an ejaculation that her ebbing life could not ſupport.

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two ladies were in ſpeechleſs tears, ſo was Miſs Jervois, ſo was I, for ſome minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent ſon of a lady *ſo* excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for ſome hours, ſubſided, and was as nothing to

me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it ſeems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THE ſon was inconſolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, though he had given ſo little attention to his education, was exceſſively fond of him: And no doubt but he the more eaſily ſatisfied himſelf on this head, as he knew his remiſſneſs was ſo well ſupplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the maſters of the ſeveral ſciences, who came home to him, at her deſire.

A deep melancholy having ſeized the young gentleman on a loſs ſo irreparable, his father, who himſelf was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himſelf as having at leaſt haſtened that loſs, was alarmed for his ſon; and yielded to the intreaties of General W. brother of lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military ſervice. Sir Thomas allowed his ſon 800 *l.* a-year, from the day of his ſetting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1000 *l.* Sir Charles was about ſeventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But ſhe dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandiſon, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief

for the loſs of his lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that coſt her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governeſs (though they both took exceptions at that title, ſuppoſing themſelves of age to manage for themſelves), the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whoſe fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of ſtrong health, I have heard my grandfather ſay, and of a rioteous turn, ſhould not, in mere *compaſſion*, keep company with men of feebler conſtitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one ſay, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and ſmall fortunes, are equally ill-ſuited; ſince the expences which will but ſhake the one will quite demoliſh the other.

Mrs Oldham had fine qualities, and was an œconomiſt. She deſerved a better huſband than had fallen to her lot; and the young ladies, having had a foundation laid by a ſtill more excellent manager, received no ſmall advantage from her ſkill in family-affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I muſt know on a further acquaintance with her family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this lady in a way that coſt her her reputation. She was obliged, in ſhort, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indiſpoſition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miſs Grandiſon about ſixteen, they had ſpirit enough to oppoſe the return of this lady to her charge. They undertook themſelves to manage every thing at the capital ſeat in Hampſhire.

Sir Thomas had another ſeat in Eſſex. Thither, on the reluctance of the young ladies to receive again Mrs Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well

well as every body elſe, for ſome time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handſome, well deſcended, and though ſhe became ſo unhappily ſenſible of the favours and preſents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, ſhe had an untainted character when he took her as a governeſs to the young ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman?—She had already ſuffered enough from a bad huſband, to whom ſhe remarkably well performed her duty.—Poor woman!—The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend: She was under his protection; thrown into it by her unhappy circumſtances.—Were not theſe great aggravations to his crime?—Happy for thoſe parents who live not to ſee ſuch cataſtrophes as attended this child! This darling, it ſeems: Not undeſervedly ſo; and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr Oldham—And he, poor man! thought himſelf not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandiſon's acquaintance; though it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much leſs eſtate; in the ruin of his fortune, which indeed was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I ſay ſo?—If I may not (ſince women, whoſe glory is their chaſtity, muſt not yield to temptation), had not the huſband, however, ſomething to anſwer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at ſuch a rate, againſt his wife's dutiful remonſtrances, and better example, as reduced her (after his death) to the neceſſity of dependence on another's favour, and *ſuch* another!

Sir Thomas was greatly diſpleaſed with his daughters for reſiſting him in the return of their governeſs. He had thought the reaſon of her withdrawing a ſecret, becauſe he wiſhed it to be

one; and yet her diſgrace was, at the time, every where talked of, but in *his* preſence.

This woman is ſtill living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are alſo living; and one by Mr Oldham. I ſhall be told more of her hiſtory, when the ladies come to give me ſome account of their brother's.

Sir Thomas went on in the ſame gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleaſure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a *ſlave* to it, and to what he called *freedom*. He was deemed one of the beſt companions among men, and one of the gallanteſt men among women. His advantages of perſon and mind were ſnares to him. Mrs Oldham was not the only one of her ſex with whom he was intimate: He had another miſtreſs in town, who had a taſte for all its gaieties, and who even aſſumed his name.

He would now and then, by way of excurſion, and to ſurpriſe the young ladies, viſit Grandiſon-hall; but though it was once the ſeat he moſt delighted in, neither gave, nor ſeemed to receive, much pleaſure there; hurrying away on a ſudden, as if he had eſcaped from it; though never father had more reaſon to be pleaſed with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boaſting of them in their abſence; but ſnubbing, chiding, and ſtudying to find fault with them, when preſent.

But what equally ſurpriſed and affected them was, that his ſon had been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correſpond with him; and, by their brother's diſcontinuing to write to them, from about the ſame time, they ſuppoſed that he was under the ſame prohibition: And ſo, it ſeems, he was.

They preſumed, their father's reaſon for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would

would have been one of the ſubjects of the correſpondence; and the rather, as thoſe gaieties were ſo likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young ladies, however, for ſome time, continued writing to their brother. Miſs Grandiſon, in mentioning this, ſaid, in her uſual ſprightly manner, that ſhe never had any notion of obeying unreaſonable commands; commands ſo evidently unreaſonable as to be unnatural: And ſhe called upon me to juſtify her in her notion. The Counteſs alſo deſired me to ſpeak my mind on this ſubject.

I am apprehenſive, ſaid I, of children's *partiality* in this reſpect: If they make themſelves their own judges in the performance or non-performance of a duty, *inclination*, I am afraid, will too often be their guide, rather than right reaſon. They will be too apt, perhaps, to call thoſe commands unnatural, which are not *ſo* unnatural as this ſeems to be.

But, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, would not you have written on, in the like circumſtances?

I believe not, replied I; and partly for this reaſon; becauſe I ſhould have had no doubt but my brother would have the ſame prohibition: and I ſhould only have ſhewn my brother, as well as my father (were my father to know it) an inſtance of my refractorineſs, without obtaining the deſired end; or, if my brother had written, I ſhould have made him a partaker in my fault.

Your anſwer regards the policy of the thing, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: But ought an unnatural command—

There ſhe ſtopt: Yet by her looks expected me to ſpeak.

I ſhould have thought it hard; but that it was more meritorious to ſubmit, than the contrary. I believe I ſhould have ſuppoſed, that my father

might have reaſons which might not appear to me. But, pray, ladies, how did your brother—

O, he was implicit—

Will you forgive me, Ladies?—I ſhould have been concerned, I think, that my brother, in a point of duty, though it were one that might be *diſputably*, ſhould be more *nice*, more *delicate*, than his ſiſter.

Miſs Emily looked as if ſhe were pleaſed with me.

Well, you are a good girl, a *very* good girl, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: *That*, whether your doctrine be juſt or not, is out of diſpute.

This prohibition gave the ſiſters the more ſenſible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for diſtance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had preſaged, they were likely, if he ſurvived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promiſed, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy of notice, in the courts and places he viſited; and had actually begun to do ſo; and as he had aſked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not ſo proper a perſon for that employment as was expected; and to which they had anſwered, without knowing, for ſome time, what was the reſolution he took.

They aſked their father from time to time after the welfare of their brother. He would anſwer them with pleaſure, and ſometimes with tears in his eyes, He is all that is *dutiful*, *brave*, *pious*, *worthy*: And would ſometimes add, *God reward him!* I *cannot*. But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their reſiſting him in his intention of reinſtating their governeſs; the only time, they could

could recollect, that they had given him the ſhadow of diſpleaſure.

The ladies went on, and ſaid, that Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his ſon. And once Lord W. who himſelf, on his lady's death, openly indulged himſelf in liberties which before he was only ſuſpected to take, [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told ſome gentlemen, who wondered that Sir Thomas Grandiſon could permit a ſon ſo beloved to be abſent from him ſo many years, that the reaſon Sir Thomas gave was, that his ſon's morals and his own were ſo different, that he ſhould not be able to bear his own conſciouſneſs, if he conſented to his return to England. The unhappy man was ſo habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, ſeeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add ſometimes, I intend to ſet about altering my courſe of life; and then will I ſend for my ſon. But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promiſed *alteration*, nor to ſee his ſon.

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of ſending for his ſon; which laſt act was to be the forerunner of his reformation.

It happened, that Mrs Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was ſtruck with the ſmall-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleaſure; for ſhe was taken ill at the opera, on ſeeing a lady of her acquaintance there, whoſe face bore too ſtrongly the marks of the diſtemper, and who, it ſeems, had made her firſt viſit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was ſo much affected with the warning, that he left town, and,

and, in purſuance of his temporary good reſolutions, went down to his daughters, talked of ſending for his ſon, and, for ſome few months, lived like the man of ſenſe and underſtanding he was known to be.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought ſome preſents to Sir Thomas from his ſon, who took all opportunities to ſend him over curioſities, ſome of conſiderable value; which ſerved at the ſame time to ſhew his œconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in his way, his ſiſters, tho' his accompanying letters were ſhort, and merely polite, and ſuch as required no other anſwer than thanks: Only they could diſcover by them, that he had warm wiſhes to be allowed to return to England; but ſuch a ſubmiſſion to his father's pleaſure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas ſeemed fond of Lord L.: And ſetting out on Mrs Farnborough's death for Grandiſon-hall, gave him an invitation to viſit him there; for he would liſten with pleaſure an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him ſome account of his ſon. How predominant muſt thoſe paſſions, thoſe habits, be in his heart, which could take place of a love ſo laudably paternal!

In purſuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in love with the eldeſt of the young ladies. He revealed his paſſion to her. She referred herſelf wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to her mutual affection.

ſection. Every-body ſaw it. Lord L.'s paſſion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honeſt to wiſh to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not ſee it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my Lord; ſo that the heart of the young lady was inſenſibly engaged; but Sir Thomas avoided ſeveral opportunities which the lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make propoſals.

At laſt, my Lord deſired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a ſubject of the laſt importance. The Baronet, after ſome little delays, and not without ſome inauſpicious reluctance, granted it: And then my Lord revealed his paſſion to him.

Sir Thomas aſked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet muſt have ſeen, on an hundred occaſions, at breakfaſt, at dinner, at tea, at ſupper, how matters ſtood with both the lovers, if Miſs Grandiſon's pleaſant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Sir Thomas ſeemed uneaſy; and oddly anſwered, he was ſorry for it: He wiſhed his Lordſhip had not put ſuch notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be ſet a romancing, he ſuppoſed. They were till now modeſt young creatures, he ſaid. Young women ſhould not too ſoon be ſet to look out of themſelves for happineſs—He had known many quiet and orderly girls ſet a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what buſineſs young fellows had to find out qualifications in other men's daughters, that the parents of thoſe daughters had not given themſelves leiſure to diſcover. A daughter of *his*, he hoped, had not encouraged ſuch diſcoveries. It was to him but as *yeſterday*, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurſes; and now, he ſuppoſed, they would be ſet a-crowing after wedlock.

What an *odd* father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy!

His

His own life, it is evident, had paſſed away very pleaſantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriageable yet. They have not been nurſed in the town hot-beds, my Lord. They are ſober country girls, and good houſe-wives. I love not that girls ſhould marry before they have done growing. A young wife makes a vapouriſh mother. I forget their age—But twenty-ſix, or twenty-eight, is time enough for a woman, either for the ſake of modeſty or diſcrecretion, to marry.

We may like *gay* men for *huſbands*, Lucy: Some of us do: But, at this rate, thoſe daughters muſt be very good girls, who can make their beſt courteſies to their mothers, and thank them for their *fancies*; or the fathers muſt be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of *his* daughters.—What have I ſaid?—I am here afraid of my uncle.

My Lord was ſurpriſed; and well he might. Sir Thomas had forgot, as Lady L. obſerved, that he himſelf thought Miſs *W.* was not too young at ſeventeen to be *Lady Grandiſon*.

My Lord was a modeſt man: He was begging (as it might be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved beſt, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a conſiderable figure in it; and who, for reaſons which would have held with him had he lived to ſee her *forty*, had no mind to part with her. Yet my Lord pleaded his paſſion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himſelf; and modeſtly hinted at the unexceptionableneſs of his own character, and the favour he ſtood in with his ſon; not ſaying the leaſt word of his birth and alliances, which ſome lovers of his rank would not have forgot: And, it ſeems, he was right in forbearing to make theſe accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himſelf upon his anceſtry; and uſed to

ſay,

ſay, that his progenitor, in James the Firſt's time, diſgraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed ſomething to the plea of his ſtanding well with his ſon: Let me tell you, my Lord, ſaid he, that I ſhall take no ſtep in a family-affair of this conſequence, without conſulting with my ſon; and the rather, as he is far from expecting ſo much of my conſideration for him. He is the pride of my life.

My Lord deſired, that his ſuit might be put upon the iſſue of his ſon's approbation.

But, pray, my Lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I ſuppoſe the return of her love for yours, which you ſeem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a Counteſs without a confounded parcel of droſs faſtened to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other ſcale?

My circumſtances, ſaid my honeſt Lord L. permit me not, in diſcretion, to make that compliment to my love, which my heart would with tranſport make, were they better: But I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generoſity.

I could not but expect from a young man of your Lordſhip's good ſenſe ſuch an anſwer as this: And yet I muſt tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make ſome advantage of a knowledge that has coſt us ſo much. I ſhould not diſlike a little more romancing in love, from a man that aſks for my daughter, though I care not how little of it is ſhewn by my ſon to another man's. Every father *thinks* thus, my Lord; but is not ſo honeſt as to *own* it.

I am ſure, Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to any-thing but the gratification of his own wiſhes; who could think, for the ſake of that, of involv-

ing

ing a young lady in difficulties which ſhe never knew in her father's houſe!

Why, this, my Lord, is well ſaid. You and I may afford to make handſome compliments to one another, while compliments are only expected. I have a good ſhare of health: I have not quitted the world ſo entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myſelf as the neceſſary tool of my children, to promote their happineſs at the expence of my own. My Lord, I have ſtill a ſtrong reliſh for the pleaſures of this world. My daughters *may* be women grown: Your Lordſhip ſeems to have *found out*, that they *are;* and has perſuaded one of them that ſhe *is;* and the other will be ready to think ſhe is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myſelf, I wiſh you to withdraw your ſuit; and leave me to do as well as I *can* with my daughters. I propoſe to carry them to town next winter. They ſhall there look about them, and ſee whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the firſt man that offered.

My Lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reaſon to imagine, that any-thing could poſſibly ariſe from his addreſs, that ſhould be incompatible with the happineſs of a Father—And was going on in the ſame reaſonable ſtrain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

You muſt not, my Lord, ſuppoſe I can be a ſtranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this ſubject. You ſay you are in love: Caroline is a girl that any-body may love: But I have not a mind ſhe ſhould marry ſo ſoon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and *ſhouldering him* with their ſhoulders: In ſhort, my Lord, I have an averſion to be called a grandfather, before I am a *grey*

father [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this averſion]. Girls will ſtart up, and look up, and parents cannot help it: But what father, in the vigour of his days, would not *wiſh* to help it? I am not fond of their partnerſhip in my ſubſtance. Why ſhould I divide my fortune with novices, when, making the handſome allowances to them that I do make, it is not too much for myſelf? My ſon ſhould be their example. He is within a year as old as my eldeſt girl. On his future alliances I build, and hope to add by them to the conſequence of all my family [Ah! Lucy!]. Girls are ſaid to be ſooner women than boys are men. Let us ſee that they are ſo by their diſcretion, as well as by ſtature—Let them ſtay—

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the converſation for that time; to the great diſtreſs of Lord L. who had reaſon to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reaſon, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his cloſet, and ſent for his two daughters; and, tho' not ill-naturedly, rallied them both ſo much on their own *diſcoveries*, as he wickedly phraſed it, and on admitting Lord L. into the ſecret, that neither of them could hold up her head, for two or three days, *in* his preſence: But, *out* of it, Miſs Caroline Grandiſon found that ſhe was in love; and the more for Lord L.'s generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not ſo generous diſcouragement.

My lord wrote over to young Mr Grandiſon to favour his addreſs. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following anſwer to his application:

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour of your Lordſhip's letter of the 17th. Never brother loved his ſiſters better than I do mine. As the natural effects of that love, I receive with pleaſure the notification of your great

regard for my elder ſiſter. As to myſelf, I cannot have one objection: But what am I in this caſe? She is wholly my father's. I alſo am his. The conſideration he gives me in this inſtance confounds me: It binds me to him in double duty. It would look like taking advantage of it, were I ſo much as to offer my humble opinion, unleſs he were pleaſed to command it from me. If he does, aſſure yourſelf, my Lord, that (my ſiſter's inclination in your lordſhip's favour preſuppoſed) my voice ſhall be warmly given as you wiſh. I am, my lord, with equal affection and eſteem,

Your Lordſhip's faithful and obedient Servant.

Both ſiſters rejoiced at the peruſal of this affectionate letter; for they were afraid that the unnatural prohibition of correſpondence between them and their brother had eſtranged his affections *for* them.

The particulars of one more converſation I will give you, between my lord and Sir Thomas, on this important ſubject; for you muſt believe, that Lord L. could not permit a matter of ſuch conſequence to his own happineſs to go eaſily off; eſpecially as neither of the two daughters was able to ſtand her father's continual raillery, which had baniſhed from the cautious eyes and apprehenſive countenances of both ladies, all indications of love, though it reigned with the more abſolute power in the heart of Miſs Caroline, for that concealment.

In this converſation, my lord began with a little more ſpirit than he finiſhed the former. The Counteſs lent me my lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to ſee, and to judge of all that paſſed at the time.

On my lord's lively, but reſpectful addreſs to Sir Thomas on the occaſion, the baronet went directly into the circumſtances of my lord and his expectations.

Lord

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid intereſt for 15,000 *l.* for ſiſters' fortunes; three of whom were living, and ſingle: That he believed two of them would ſoon be advantageouſly married; and he ſhould wiſh to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do ſo, by decreaſing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the fineſt part of his eſtate, to the amount of 5000 *l.*; which, and his ſiſters' fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear eſtate of 5000 *l.* a-year. After he had thus opened himſelf, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's conſideration.

My advice, my lord, is this, ſaid the baronet: That you ſhould by no means think of marriage till you are clear of the world. You will have 10,000 *l.* to pay directly: You will have the intereſt of 10,000 *l.* more to pay: And you men of title, on your marriages, whether you like oſtentation or not, muſt be oſtentatious. Your equipages, your houſes, your furniture—A certain increaſe of expence——By no means, my Lord L. think of marriage, till you are quite clear of the world, unleſs you could meet with ſome rich widow or heireſs, who could do the buſineſs at once.

Lord L. could only, at firſt, urge his paſſion [He durſt not his daughter's affection, and the happineſs of both which were at ſtake]. Sir Thomas oppoſed diſcretion to that plea. Poor *paſſion*, Lucy, would be aſhamed to ſee the ſun, if *diſcretion* were always to be attended to in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the lady upon his own terms. He beſought his conſent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleaſure. He would be content if he gave not Miſs Caroline a ſingle ſhilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful—And ſo, lover-like, you would involve the girl you profeſs to love in difficulties. I will aſk her if ſhe wants for any

thing with me that a modeſt girl can wiſh for? But, to be ſerious, it is a *plaguy* thing for a man to be obliged, by the officious *love*, as it is called, of a pretender to his daughters, to open his affairs, and expoſe his circumſtances to ſtrangers. I wiſh, my lord, that you had let my girls alone. I wiſh you had not found them out in their country-retirement. I ſhould have carried them to town, as I told you, in a few months. Women ſo brought up, ſo qualified, and handſome girls, are ſuch rarities in this age, and men worth having are ſo affrighted at the luxury and expenſiveneſs of the modern women, that I doubted not but the characters of my girls would have made their fortunes with very little of my help. They have *family*, my lord, to value themſelves upon, though but ſpinſters. And let me tell you, ſince I ſhall be thought a more unnatural man than I am if I do not obey the preſent demand upon me to open my circumſtances, I owe my ſon a great deal more than 30,000 *l.*

I don't underſtand you, Sir Thomas.

Why, thus, my lord, I explain myſelf: My father left me what is called rich. I leſſened the ready money which he had got together for a purchaſe he lived not to complete, a great deal. That I looked upon as a deodand; ſo was not anſwerable for it: And as I was not married, my ſon had no right in it. When I was married, and he was given me—

Forgive me, Sir Thomas: Your ſon a *right*—And had not your other children—

No, my lord: They were girls—And as to them, had I increaſed my fortune by penuriouſneſs, inſtead of living *like a man*, I was determined as to their fortunes—

But, as I was ſaying, when Lady Grandiſon died, I think (though every father does not; nor ſhould I, were he not the beſt of ſons, and did he

expect

expect it) the produce of her jointure, which is very conſiderable, ſhould have been my ſon's. As to what I annually allowed him, *that* it was my duty to allow him, as my ſon, and for my own credit, had his mother not brought me a ſhilling.—Then my lord, I have been obliged to take up money upon my Iriſh eſtate; which being a family-eſtate, my ſon ought to have had come clear to him. You ſee, my lord, how I expoſe myſelf.

You have a generous way of thinking, Sir Thomas, as to your ſon: But a man of your ſpirit would deſpiſe me, if I did not *ſay*, that—

I have not ſo generous a way of thinking for my daughters—I will ſave your Lordſhip the trouble of ſpeaking out, becauſe it is more agreeable from myſelf than it would be for any other man to do it. But to this I anſwer, that the late Earl of L. your lordſhip's father, had one ſon and three daughters—I have one ſon and two. He was an earl—I am but a ſimple baronet—If 5000 *l.* a-piece is enough for an earl's daughters, half the ſum ought to do for a baronet's.

Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And in England, where eſtates—

And where living, my lord, will be five times more expenſive to you than it need to be, if you can content yourſelf to live where your eſtate lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly—But had I been as rich as my father left me, 5000 *l.* ſhould have done with a daughter, I aſſure you. You, my lord, have *your* notions: I have *mine*. Money and a girl you expect from me: I aſk nothing of you. As matters ſtand, if my girls will *keep* (and I hope they will), I intend to make as good a bargain for them, and with them, as I can. Not near 5000 *l.* a-piece muſt they expect from me. I will not rob my ſon more than I *have* done.—See, here is a letter from him. It is an anſwer to one I had written, on the refuſal of a wretch to lend me,

upon my Iriſh eſtate, a ſum that I wanted to anſwer a debt of honour, which I had contracted at Newmarket, unleſs my ſon (though it is an eſtate *in fee*) would join in the ſecurity. Does not ſuch a ſon as this deſerve every thing?

I obtained a ſight of this letter; and here is a copy:

Honoured Sir,

I COULD almoſt ſay I am ſorry that ſo ſuperior a ſpirit as yours ſhould vouchſafe to comply with Mr O.'s diſagreeable and *unneceſſary* demand. But, at leaſt, let me aſk, Why, Sir, did you condeſcend to write to me on the occaſion, as if for my conſent? Why did you not ſend me the deeds ready to ſign? Let me beg of you, ever-dear and ever-honoured Sir, that you will not ſuffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppreſs your heart with doubts for one moment. Are you not my *father?*—And did you not give me a mother, whoſe memory is my glory? That *I am*, under God, is owing to you. That I am *what I am*, to your indulgence. Leave me not any thing! You have given me an education, and I derive from you a ſpirit, that, by God's bleſſing on my duty to you, will enable me to make my own fortune: And, in that caſe, the foundation of it will be yours; and you will be intitled, for that foundation, to my warmeſt gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, that, be my income ever ſo ſmall, I am reſolved to live within it. And let me beſeech you to remit me but one half of your preſent bounty. My reputation is eſtabliſhed; and I will engage not to diſcredit my father. All I have ever aimed at is, to be in condition rather to lay, than to receive, an obligation. *That* your goodneſs has always enabled me to do: And I am rich, through your munificence; richer, in your favour.

Have

Have you any thoughts, Sir, of commanding me to attend you at Paris, or at the Hague, according to the hopes you gave me in your laſt?—I will not, if you do me this honour, *preſs* for a return with you to my native country: But I long to throw myſelf at your feet; and, where-ever the opportunity of that happineſs ſhall be given me, to aſſure you perſonally of the inviolable duty of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

Muſt not ſuch a letter as this, Lucy, have ſtung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandiſon's pride? If not, what *was* his pride?—Sir Thomas had as good an education as his ſon: Yet could not live within the compaſs of an income of upwards of 7000*l.* a-year. His ſon called himſelf rich with 800*l.* or 1000*l.* a-year; and though abroad, in foreign countries, deſired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to leſſen the difficulties in which his father had involved himſelf by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. ſays, *was* affected with it. He wept: He bleſſed his ſon; and reſolved, for his ſake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have juſtified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he *not* been guided by ſuperior motives. Sir Charles would not, I think one may be ſure, have ſacrificed to the unreaſonable deſires even of a father, the fortune to which he had an unqueſtionable right: An exceſs of generoſity, amiable indeed, but pitiable, as contrary to the juſtice that every man owes to himſelf, and to thoſe who may hereafter depend upon him; and what I have often heard my grandmamma lament in the inſtance of the worthy Mr M. whoſe family has ſuffered from an acquieſcence with a father's extravagance, for which *that* father was only the more wretched.

Sir

Sir Charles's is the true, the reaſonable virtue, that keeps clear of every extreme.—O my dear! the Chriſtian religion is a bleſſed religion! How does honeſt policy, as well as true greatneſs of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

MY Lord *reported* his requeſt, that he might have Sir Thomas's conſent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promiſed never to expect a ſingle ſhilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleaſure.

We know, ſaid Sir Thomas, what all this means. You talk, my lord, like a young man. You ought not to think (you once ſaid it yourſelf) of involving a young woman you love, as well as yourſelf, in difficulties. I know the world, and what is beſt to be done, if you will think no more of my daughter. I hope ſhe has diſcretion. *Firſt love* is generally *firſt folly*. It is ſeldom *fit* to be encouraged. Your quality, my lord, to ſay nothing of your merit, will procure you a rich wife from the city. And the city now is as genteel, as polite, as the court was formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are apes of us gentry; and ſucceed pretty well as to outward appearance in the mimicry. You will, by this means, ſhake off all your father's ſins. I ſpeak in the language of young fellows, who expect a father to live ſolely for them, and not for himſelf. Some ſober young men of quality and fortune, affrighted at the gaiety and extravagance of the modern women, will

will find out my girls; who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them purſue their inclinations: Let them take their *fill of love*, as Solomon ſays; and if they run their heads into a hedge, let them ſtick there by the horns, with all my heart!

See, my dear, what a man a rakiſh father is!—O my good Lady Grandiſon, how might your choice have puniſhed your children!

I pray to God, Sir Thomas, ſaid my lord, bowing, but angry! I pray to God, to continue me in a different way of thinking from yours, if this *be* yours. Give me leave to ſay, you are too young a gentleman to be a father of grown up children. But I muſt love Miſs Grandiſon; and ſtill, if poſſible, poor young lady! more than ever, for what has paſſed in this converſation. And ſaying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this ſpirited ſpeech. He ſent for his daughter, and forbad her to receive my lord's addreſſes. He ordered her never to think of him: And directing Miſs Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his houſe, if they preſumed to encourage any addreſs, but with his knowledge. And don't think, ſaid he, of going on to *engage your affections*, as a ſenſual forwardneſs is called, and then hope to take advantage of *my* weakneſs, to countenance *your own*. I know the world: I know your ſex.—Your ſiſter, I ſee, Charlotte, is a whining fool: See how ſhe whimpers!—Be gone from my preſence, Caroline! And remember, Charlotte (for I ſuppoſe this impertinent Lord's addreſs to your ſiſter will go near to ſet you agog), that I expect, whether abſent or preſent, to know of any application that may be made to you, before your liking has taken root in *love*, as it is called, and while

my

my advice may have the weight that the permiſſion or diſſent of a father ought to have.

They both wept, courteſied, and withdrew.

At dinner Miſs Caroline begged to be excuſed attending her gay and arbitrary father; being exceſſively grieved, and unfit, as ſhe deſired her ſiſter to ſay, to be ſeen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandiſon's father ſo?] ſaid on the occaſion: "Women's tears "are but, as the poet ſays, the ſweat of eyes. Ca- "roline's eyes will not miſbecome them. The "more ſhe is aſhamed of herſelf, the leſs reaſon "will ſhe give me to be aſhamed of her. Let me "ſee how the fool looks, now ſhe is conſcious of "her folly. Her baſhful behaviour will be a half "confeſſion; and this is the firſt ſtep to amendment. "Tell her, that a woman's grief for not having "been able to carry her point, has always been a "pleaſure to me. I will not be robbed of my plea- "ſure. She owes it me for the pain ſhe has given "me."

Lord L. and ſhe had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he ſaid, either aſk, or expect a ſhilling of her father: His eſtate would and ſhould work itſelf clear, without injury to his ſiſters, or poſtponing their marriage. Her prudence and generoſity he built upon: They would enable him to be juſt to every one, and to preſerve his own credit. He would not, he generouſly ſaid, for the beloved daughter's ſake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Thoſe, however, would too well juſtify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. Can I bear to think with patience, my deareſt Miſs Grandiſon, added he, that you and your ſiſter, according to Sir Thomas's ſcheme, ſhall be carried to town, with

with minds nobler than the minds of any women in it, as adventurers, as *female* fortune-hunters, to take the chance of attracting the eyes and hearts of men, whether worthy or unworthy, purely to ſave your father's pocket? No, madam: Believe me, I love you not for my own ſake merely, though heaven knows you are dearer to me than my life, but for yours as well: And my whole future conduct ſhall convince you that I do. My love, madam, has *Friendſhip* for its baſe; and your worthy brother, once in an argument convinced me, that *Love* might be ſelfiſh; that *Friendſhip* could not; and that in a pure flame they could not be diſunited; and when they were, that love was a cover only to a baſeneſs of heart, which taught the pretender to it to ſeek to gratify his own paſſion, at the expence of the happineſs or duty of the object pretended to be beloved.

See, my Lucy!—Did we girls ever think of this nice but juſt diſtinction before? And is not *Friendſhip* a nobler band than *Love?*—But *is* not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love him, Lucy?—Why have I not met with theſe notions before in the men I have known?

But Miſs Caroline was not leſs generous than my Lord L. No ſcheme of my father's ſhall make me forget, ſaid ſhe, the merits of Lord L. Your Lordſhip's affairs will be made eaſier by time. I will not embarraſs you. Think not yourſelf under any obligation to me. Whenever any opportunity offers to make you eaſy all at once (for a mind ſo generous ought not to be laid under difficulties) embrace it: Only let me look upon you as my *friend*, till envy to a happier woman, or other unworthineſs in Caroline Grandiſon, make me forfeit your good opinion.

Generous creature! ſaid my Lord. Never will I think of any other wife while you are ſingle. Yet will I not fetter *her*, who would leave *me* free.

—May

—May I, madam, hope, if you will not bleſs me with your hand now, that my letters will be received?—Your father, in forbidding my addreſs to you, has forbidden me his houſe. He is, and ought to be, maſter in it.—May I hope, madam, a correſpondence—

I am unhappy, ſaid ſhe, that, having ſuch a brother as ſiſter never had, I cannot conſult him. The dear Charlotte is too partial to me, and too apt to think of what may be her own caſe. But, my Lord, I depend upon your honour, which you have never given me reaſon to doubt, that you will not put me upon doing a wrong thing, either with regard to my duty to my father, or to my own character. Try me not with a view to ſee the power you have over me. That would be ungenerous. I own you have ſome: Indeed a great deal.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night.

YOU may gueſs what were my Lord's aſſurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correſpondence by letters.—Ah! Lady L. was this *quite* right, though it came out happily in the event? Does not concealment always imply ſomewhat wrong? Ought you not to have done *your* duty, whether your father did *his*, or not? Were you not *called upon*, as I may ſay, to a *trial of yours?* and is not virtue to be proved by trial? Remember you not who ſays, "For what "glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your "faults, ye ſhall take it patiently? But if, when "ye do well, and ſuffer for it, ye take it patiently, "this

"this is acceptable with God."—But you Lady L. loſt your excellent mother very early.

The worthy young lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to conſent to a private marriage; and my Lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the ſoftneſs of her heart, overcome by my Lord's proteſtations of everlaſting love to her in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily aſſured him, that ſhe never would receive any other propoſal, while he was living and ſingle.

Sir Thomas ſhewed himſelf ſo much diſpleaſed with Lord L. for the freedom of his laſt ſpeech, that my Lord choſe not to deſire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry baronet in a letter, which was put into his hands juſt before he had commanded Miſs Caroline to attend him at dinner, which ſhe had begged to be excuſed doing.

Don't you pity the young lady, Lucy, in this ſituation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and ſet out for London.

Miſs Charlotte told her ſiſter, that, were it ſhe, ſhe ſhould hardly have ſuffered Lord L. to go away by *himſelf*—Were it but to avoid an interview with a father who ſeemed to have been too much uſed to women's tears to be moved by them; and who had ſuch a ſatirical vein, and ſuch odd notions of love.

I was very earneſt to know what paſſed at this dinner-time.

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, It is beſt for *me* to anſwer Miſs Byron's curioſity, I believe; as I am a ſtander-by, and only my father and ſiſter were the players.

Players! repeated Lady L.—It was a cruel ſcene. And I believe Miſs Byron, it will not make you wonder, that I liked Lord L. much the better for

being rather a man of underſtanding than a man of wit.

Miſs Grandiſon began as follows:

I went up with my father's *peremptory*, as I may call it, to my ſiſter.

O my dear mamma! ſaid Caroline, when ſhe found ſhe muſt go down, on what a new occaſion do I want your ſweet mediation! But, Charlotte, I can neither *walk* nor *ſtand*—

You muſt then lean upon me, my dear, and *creep*: love will creep, they ſay, where it cannot go.

Wicked girl! interrupted Lady L. I remember that was what ſhe ſaid.

I ſaid it to make you ſmile, if I could, and take courage: But you know I was in tears for you notwithſtanding.

You thought of what might befal yourſelf, Charlotte.

So I did. We never, I believe, *properly* feel for others what does not touch ourſelves.

A compaſſionate heart, ſaid I, is a bleſſing, tho' a painful one: And yet there would be no ſupporting life, if we felt quite as poignantly for others as we do for ourſelves. How happy was it for my Charlotte, that ſhe could ſmile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the uſe of both!

I thank you for this, Harriet. You will not be long my creditor—But I will proceed.

Caroline took my advice. She leaned upon me; and creep, creep, creep, down ſhe *crept*. A freſh ſtream of tears fell from her eyes, when ſhe came to the dining-room door: Her tremblings were increaſed: And down ſhe dropt upon a window-ſeat in the paſſage: I can go no further, ſaid ſhe.

Inſtantly a voice, that we knew muſt be obſerved, alarmed our ears—Where are you, Caroline! Charlotte! Girls! where are you? The houſekeeper was in hearing, and ran to us! ladies! ladies!

Your

Your papa calls!—And we, in ſpite of the weakneſs of the one, and the unwillingneſs of the other, recovered our feet; and, after half a dozen creeping motions more, found ourſelves within the door, and in our father's ſight, my ſiſter leaning upon my arm.

What devil's in the wind now! What tragedy-movements are here!—What meaſured ſteps!—In ſome caſes, all women are natural actreſſes. But come, Caroline, the play is over, and you miſtake your cue.

Good Sir!—Her hands held up—I wept for her; and for my own remoter caſe, if you will, Miſs Byron.

The prologue is yours, Caroline. Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready with her epilogue. But come, come, it is time to cloſe this farce—Take your places, girls! and don't be fools.—A pretty caution, thought I, ſaid Miſs Charlotte, when you make us both ſuch!

However, the ſervants entering with the dinner, we hemmed, handkerchiefed, twinkled, took up our knives and forks, laid them down, and took them up again, when our father's eye was upon us; piddled, ſipped; but were more buſy with our elbows than with our teeth. As for poor ſiſter Caroline, love ſtuck in her throat. She tried to ſwallow, as one in a quinſey; a wry face, and a ſtrained neck, denoting her difficulty to get down but a lark's morſel—And what made her more aukward (I am ſure it did me) was a pair of the ſharpeſt eyes that ever were ſeen in a man's head, and the man a father (the poor things having no mother, no aunt, to ſupport their ſpirits), caſt firſt on the one, then on the other; and now and then an overclouded brow, adding to our aukwardneſs: Yet ſtill more apprehenſive of dinner-time being over, and the withdrawing of the ſervants.

The ſervants loved their young ladies. They attended with very ſerious faces; and ſeemed glad when they were diſmiſſed.

Then it was that Caroline aroſe from her ſeat, made her courteſy aukwardly enough, with the air of a boarding-ſchool miſs, her hands before her.

My father let her make her honours, and go to the door, I riſing to attend her; but then called her back; I dare ſay, on purpoſe to enjoy her aukwardneſs, and to puniſh her.

Who bid you go? Whither are you going, Caroline? Come back, Charlotte.—But it will be always thus: A father's company is deſpiſed, when a girl gets a lover into her head. Fine encouragement for a father to countenance a paſſion that ſhall give himſelf but a ſecond or third place, who once had a firſt in his children's affections! But I ſhall have reaſon to think myſelf fortunate, perhaps, if my children do not look upon me as their enemy—Come back when I bid you.

We crept back more aukwardly than we went from table.

Sit down—We croſſed our hands, and ſtood like a couple of fools.

Sit down when I bid you. You are confoundedly humble. I want to talk with you.

Down ſat the two ſimpletons on the edge of their chairs; their faces and necks averted.

Miſs Grandiſon then gave the following dialogue. She humorouſly, by her voice (an humble one for her ſiſter, a leſs meek one for herſelf, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the ſpeakers. I will prefix their names.

Sir Thomas. What ſort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has ſent *me* a letter. Has he ſent *you* one? I hope he did not think a perſonal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

Charlotte. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, ſaid I, [poor Caroline's anſwer was not ready].

Sir

Sir Tho. And ſuppoſed that your ſiſter was *not*. Very well! What leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourſelf?

Charlotte. Sir, my Lord L. I dare ſay, intended no reſpect to—

I might as well have been ſilent, Harriet.

Sir Tho. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he—Tell me not what *you* dare ſay. I ſpoke to your ſiſter—Come, ſit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have leſs ſhame in your countenances. I ſee what a league there is between you. A promiſing proſpect before me, with you *both!* But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the croſs father to change his mind; or, what is ſtill better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natured, when they do not think of their girls' fellows as their fooliſh girls think of them! Anſwer me, Caroline!

Caroline (weeping at his ſevere ſpeech). What can I ſay, Sir, and not diſpleaſe you?

Sir Tho. What?—Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you ſay *that?* Sure you can ſay *that*.

Car. I hope, Sir—

Sir Tho. And I *hope* too. But it becomes you to be *certain*. Can't you anſwer for your own heart?

Car. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

Sir Tho. A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herſelf, and behave like a fool to her father.

Car. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you when you are angry with me.

Sir Tho. Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you

will never ſee him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him—

Car. Pardon me, Sir, for ſaying, that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been very uniformly reſpectful: He reveres my papa too: How can I treat him with diſreſpect?—

Sir Tho. So! I ſhall have it all out preſently—Go on, girl—And do you, Charlotte, attend to the leſſon ſet you by your elder ſiſter.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I can anſwer for the goodneſs of my ſiſter's heart, and for her duty to you.

Sir Tho. Well ſaid! Now, Caroline, do you ſpeak up for Charlotte's heart: One good turn deſerves another. But ſay what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts; and facts ſhall be the teſt. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

Car. I dare ſay, Sir, that my ſiſter Charlotte will not diſoblige you.

Sir Tho. I hope, Caroline, you can ſay as much for Charlotte's ſiſter.

Car. I hope I can, Sir.

Sir Tho. Then you know my will.

Car. I preſume, Sir, it is your pleaſure, that I ſhould always remain ſingle.

Sir Tho. Hey-dey!—But why, pray, does your ladyſhip ſuppoſe ſo?—Speak out.

Car. Becauſe I think, forgive me to ſay it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are ſuch, that a more creditable propoſal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me. And ſhe held up her hands, pray-pray-faſhion, thus—

Well ſaid, Caroline! thought I—Pull up a courage, my dear!—What a duce—

Sir Tho. His quality!—Gewgaw!—What is a Scottiſh peerage!—And does your ſilly heart beat after a coronet? You want to be a Counteſs, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a *true* value for

for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with ſiſters' fortunes, wiſh him to marry you.

Car. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence my Lord L. cannot ſee any-thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

Well anſwered, Caroline! thought I, again ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. In ſuch a laudable choice, all ſhould not be left upon the poor *Lov-yer!*

Sir Tho. So the difficulty lies not with *you*, I find. *You* have no objection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman muſt indeed be in love, who, once thinking well of herſelf, can give a preference againſt herſelf to her lover.

What buſineſs had Sir Thomas to ſay this, my Lucy?

Sir Tho. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather perhaps, what hopes he has given *you?*—Why are you ſilent? Anſwer me, girl.

Car. I hope, Sir, I ſhall not diſgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

Sir Tho. Nor will he diſgrace himſelf, proud as are the Scottiſh beggars of their anceſtry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

Car. Lord L. though not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir.—

Sir Tho. Well ſaid! Go on: Go on: Why ſtops the girl?—And ſo he *ought*. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you ſay—To be what? Your huſband, I ſuppoſe. Anſwer my queſtion; how ſtand matters between you and Lord L.?

Car. I cannot, ſuch is my unhappineſs! ſay anything that will pleaſe my father.

Sir Tho. How the girl evades my queſtion!—Don't let me repeat it.

Car.

Car. It is not diſgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

There ſhe ſtopt, and half-hid her face in her boſom. And I thought, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, that ſhe never looked prettier in her life.

Sir Tho. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are *you* to begin to eſtrange me from your affections? When are you to begin to think your father ſtands in the way of your happineſs? When do *you* caſt your purveying eyes upon a mere ſtranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I ſuppoſe; I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your lovers, as they are called, will tell you are neceſſary to their affairs, and then to lay me down and die. Your fellows then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I ſhall be no more remembered, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

I could not help ſpeaking here, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. O Sir! how you wound me!—Do all fathers—Forgive me, Sir—

I ſaw his brow begin to lour.

Sir Tho. I bear not impertinence. I bear not—There he ſtopt in wrath—But why, Caroline, do you evade my queſtion! You know it. Anſwer it.

Car. I ſhould be unworthy of the affection of ſuch a man as Lord L. is, if I diſowned my eſteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an eſteem for Lord L. above any man I ever ſaw. You, Sir, did not *always* diſeſteem him—My brother—

Sir Tho. So! Now all is out!—You have the forwardneſs—What ſhall I call it?—But I did, and I do eſteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a ſon-in-law. He came to me as my ſon's friend. I invited him down in that character: He, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no ſooner came a ſingle man into a ſingle woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful:

And

And he was prudent: Prudent for himſelf. I think you talked of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which—[Then how poor Caroline wept! And I, ſaid Miſs Charlotte, could hardly forbear ſaying *Barbarous!*] And when he found himſelf ſure of you, then was the fool of the father to be conſulted: And for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the caſe. And this is the trick of you all: And the poor father is to be paſſive, or elſe to be accounted a tyrant.

Car. Sir, I admitted not Lord L's addreſs, but conditionally, as you ſhould approve of it. Lord L. deſired not my approbation upon other terms.

Sir Tho. What nonſenſe is this? Have you left me any way to help myſelf? Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: A young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I ſhall approve of his propoſals. I am ſure you will, if you are not prepoſſeſſed. Tell me, are you, have you left yourſelf at liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you anſwer me?—You know that you received Lord L's addreſſes *but conditionally, as I ſhould approve of them.* And your ſpark deſired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what ſay you to this?—What! are you confounded?—Well you may, if you cannot anſwer me as I wiſh! If you can, why don't you?—You ſee I put you but to your own teſt.

Car. Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Surely, I have not *intended* to be undutiful. Surely, I have not diſgraced my family, by admitting Lord L's conditional—

Sir Tho. Conditional!—Fool!—How conditional!—Is it not abſolute, as to the excluſion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found that the man who condeſcends to argue with a woman, eſpecially on certain points, in which *nature*, and not *reaſon*, is

is concerned, muſt follow her through a thouſand windings, and find himſelf fartheſt off when he imagines himſelf neareſt; and at laſt muſt content himſelf, panting for breath, to ſit down where he ſet out; while ſhe gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new courſe.

Car. I hope—

Sir Tho. None of your hopes—I will have certainty. May I—Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are—May I receive propoſals for you from any other man? Anſwer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me as girls do with *common* fathers—Don't be diſobedient, and then depend upon my weakneſs to forgive you. I am no *common* father. I know the world. I know your ſex. I have *found* more fools in it than I have *made*.—Indeed, no man makes, nor needs to make, you fools. You have folly deep-rooted within you. That weed is a native of the ſoil. A very little watering will make it ſprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted. I never knew a woman in my life, that was wiſe by the experience of other people. But anſwer me: Say—Can you receive a new propoſal? or can you not?

Caroline anſwered only by her tears.

Sir Tho. Damnably *conſtant*, I ſuppoſe!—So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a *Father*, for fidelity, for conſtancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a *Lover!* Come hither to me, girl—Why don't you come to me when I bid you?—

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

MISS Caroline aroſe: Four creeping ſteps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He ſnatched her hand, quickened

quickened her pace, and brought her cloſe to his knees. Poor ſiſter Caroline! thought I: O the *ty*—And I had like, at the time, to have added the ſyllable *rant* to myſelf.—He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: He might ſee that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would ſhe have turned her blubbered eye from him. He held both her hands, and burſt out into a laugh—

And what cries the girl for? Why, Caroline, you *ſhall* have a huſband, I tell you. I will haſten with you to the London market. Will you be offered at Ranelagh market firſt? the concert or breakfaſting?—Or ſhall I ſhew you at the opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, ha!—Hold up your head, my amorous girl! You ſhall ſtick ſome of your mother's jewels in your hair, and in your boſom, to draw the eyes of fellows. You muſt ſtrike at once, while your face is new; or you will be mingled with the herd of women, who proſtitute their faces at every polite place. Sweet impatient ſoul—Look at me, Caroline. Then he laughed again.

Car. Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father—

Well ſaid, Caroline! thought I; and trod on her toe.

Sir Tho. Hey-dey! But what then?

Car. I would ſay you were very cruel.

Sir Tho. And is that all you would ſay, poor ſoft thing! in ſuch circumſtances, to any *other* man? Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (ſtill holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scots-man?

Car. I am not kindly uſed. Indeed, Sir, you don't uſe me kindly. I hope I am *not* an *amorous* creature, as you call me. I am *not* in haſte to be married. I am willing to wait your time, your pleaſure: But, as I preſume that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wiſh not to be carried to any *London market*.

Sir

Sir Tho. (gravely). If I am diſpoſed to rally you, Caroline; if I am willing to paſs off, in a pleaſant manner, a forwardneſs that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have deſpiſed the daughters of other men, tho' I have not told the wenches ſo; I will not be anſwered pertly. I will not have you forget yourſelf.

Car. (courteſying). Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myſelf, and be ſorry—

Sir Tho. And is it neceſſary for you to withdraw to recollect your *duty?*—But you ſhall anſwer my queſtion—How ſtand you and Lord L.? Are you reſolved to have him, and none other?—Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my anceſtors?

Car. O Sir! And ſhe looked down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it; and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when ſhe could not, the big tears running down her cheeks [Yet ſhe looked pretty], down ſhe dropt on her knees—Forgive me, Sir—I dread your diſpleaſure—But I muſt ſay, that I am not an *amorous* girl: And, to convince you that I am not, I never will marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

I was all this time in agitations for my poor ſiſter. I tired three chairs; and now looked at her, now from her; then at my finger ends, wiſhing them claws, and the man a *huſband*, inſtead of a father. Indeed, Miſs Byron, I could not but make Caroline's treatment my own; and, in fancy, not ſo very remote as you imagined, Lady L. Once I ſaid to myſelf, if ſome Lord L. tenders himſelf to me, and I like him, I will not ſtand all this. The firſt moon-light night, if he urge me heartily, and if I am ſure the parſon is ready, I will be under another protection, deſpicably as I have always thought of runaway daughters!—Should I have done right, Miſs Byron?

The *example*, Miſs Grandiſon! replied I.—Such a mother as you were bleſſed with! The world that would have ſat in judgment upon the flight of the daughter, would not have known the cruel treatment of the father. I believe, my dear, you are glad you had not the trial: And you ſee how Lady L. is rewarded for her patient duty.

That's my good Harriet! ſaid Lady L. I love you for your anſwer. But, ſiſter, you leave me in too much diſtreſs. You muſt releaſe me from my knees, and ſend me up to my chamber as faſt as you can.

A little patience, Lady L.—But what ſay my minutes?—Miſs Byron ſeems all attention. This is a new ſubject to her. She never had any body to controul her.

I think I could have borne any thing from a father or mother, ſaid I, had it pleaſed God to continue to me ſo dear a bleſſing.

Fine talking, Harriet! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. But let me ſay, that a witty father is not a deſirable character—By the way, ours was as cruel [ſhall I ſay it, Lady L.? You are upon your knees, you know] to two very worthy ſiſters of his own: One of them ran away from him to a relation in Yorkſhire, where ſhe lives ſtill, and as worthy an old maid ſhe is as any in the county: The other died before ſhe could get her fortune paid, or ſhe would have been married to a man ſhe loved, and who loved her: But ſhe left every ſhilling of her fortune to her maiden ſiſter, and nothing to my father.

It is well my brother is not in hearing, ſaid Lady L. He would not have borne the hundredth part of what we have ſaid. But ſufferers will complain. Remember, however, Charlotte, that I am ſtill upon my knees.

See, my Lucy! Rakiſh men make not either good huſbands, or good fathers; nor yet good

brothers—But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures center all their delight in themſelves.—Finely do women chuſe, who, taken in by their ſpecious airs, vows, proteſtations, become the abject properties of ſuch wretches! Yet a reformed rake, they ſay, makes the beſt huſband—Againſt general experience this is ſaid—But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconſiderate only ſurely!

Miſs Grandiſon proceeded.

Sir Tho. You will never marry any other man living!—And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous!—Quibbling nonſenſe!—Had you *not* been amorous, you had not put yourſelf into a ſituation, that ſhould give you courage to ſay this to me. Bold fool! Begone!

She aroſe.

Yet you ſhall not go, holding both her hands. And *dare* you thus declare yourſelf?—What option, I again aſk you, is left me?—And yet Lord L. and you, as you pretended juſt now, were determined only on a *conditional* courtſhip, as I ſhould, or ſhould not, *approve* of it! Confound your ſex! This ever was, and ever will be, the caſe. The blind god ſets you out, where you mean the *beſt*, on a pacing beaſt; you amble, prance, parade, till your giddy heads turn round; and then you gallop over hedge and ditch, leap fences, and duty, decency, and diſcretion, are trodden under foot!

Poor Miſs Caroline! ſaid I, Lucy, to them both—I expected this cruel retort.

I foreſaw it, replied Lady L. And this kept me off ſo long from declaring my preference of Lord L. to all the men in the world; as, in juſtice to his merit, my heart ſeveral times bid me do without ſcruple.

Be gone from my preſence, ſaid Sir Thomas, proceeded Miſs Grandiſon—Yet he ſtill held her hands—

hands—That little witch! I have been watching *her* eyes, and every working muſcle of her ſaucy face [meaning poor me, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon]: She takes part with you in all your diſtreſſes—You are ſorely diſtreſſed, are you not? Am I not a tyrant with you both?—You want to be gone, both of you: Then ſhall I be the ſubject of your free diſcourſes. All the reſentment, that now you endeavour to confine, will then burſt out: I ſhall be intitled to no more of your duty than is conſiſtent with your narrow intereſt: Lord L. will be conſulted in preference to me, and have the whole confidence of my daughters againſt me. I am now, from this hour, to be looked upon as your enemy, and not your father. But I will renounce you both; and permit your brother, the joy of my life, and the hope of my better days, to come over: And he ſhall renounce you, as I do, or I will renounce him: And, in that caſe, I ſhall be a father without a child; yet three living by the beſt of women. How would ſhe—

I broke out here, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, with an emotion that I could not ſuppreſs. O my dear mamma! How much do we miſs *you!* Were you to have become angel when we were *infants*, ſhould we have miſſed you as we do *now?*—O my dear mamma! This, this, is the time that girls moſt want a mother.

I was about to fly for it. I trembled at the ſternneſs of my father's looks, on this apoſtrophe to my mother. He aroſe. Caroline, don't ſtir, ſaid he; I have ſomething more to ſay to you. Come hither, Charlotte! and held out both his hands—You have burſt out at laſt. I ſaw your aſſurance ſwelling to your throat—

I threw myſelf at his feet, and beſought him to forgive me!

But taking both my hands in one of his, as I held them up folded—Curſe me if I do! ſaid he.

I was willing you ſhould be preſent, in hopes to make you take warning by your ſiſter's folly and inconſiſtency. Lord L. has been a thief in my houſe. He has ſtolen my elder daughter's affections from me: Yet has drawn her in, as pretending that he deſired not her favour, but as I approved of his addreſſes. I do *not* approve of them. I hope I may be allowed to be my own judge in this caſe. She however declares ſhe will have nobody elſe. And have I brought up my children till the years that they ſhould be of uſe and comfort to me; and continued a widower myſelf for their ſakes [So my father was pleaſed to ſay, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon]; and all for a man I approve not?—And do you, Charlotte, call your bleſſed mother from her peaceful tomb, to relieve you and your ſiſter againſt a tyrant father?—What comfort have I in proſpect before me from ſuch daughters?—But leave me: Leave my houſe. Seek your fortunes where you will. Take your cloaths: Take all that belongs to you: But nothing that was your mother's. I will give you each a draught on my banker for 500 l. When that is gone, according to what I ſhall hear of your behaviour, you ſhall, or ſhall not, have more.

Dear Sir, ſaid Caroline, flinging herſelf on her knees by me, forgive my ſiſter!—Dear, good Sir! whatever becomes of *me*, forgive your Charlotte!

You are fearleſs of *your* deſtiny, Caroline. You will throw yourſelf into the arms of Lord L. I doubt not.—I will ſend for your brother. But you ſhall both leave this houſe. I will ſhut it up the moment you are gone. It ſhall never again be opened while I live. When my aſhes are mingled with thoſe of your mother, then may you keep open houſe in it, and trample under foot the aſhes of both.

I ſobbed

I ſobbed out: Dear Sir, forgive me! I meant not to reflect upon my father, when I wiſhed for my mother. I wiſhed for her for *your* ſake, Sir, as well as for *ours*. She would have mediated—She would have ſoftened—

Sir Tho. My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

And flung from us a few paces, walking about in wrath, leaving us kneeling at his vacant chair.

He then ringing the bell, the door in his hand, ordered in the houſekeeper. She entered. A very good woman ſhe was. She trembled for her kneeling ladies.

Sir Tho. Beckford, do you aſſiſt theſe girls in getting up every thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to ſhake it off. They find themſelves women grown. They want huſbands—

Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we don't, ſaid Caroline; interrupted by my father.

Do you give me the lie, bold face?

Pray your honour—Good your honour—intreated honeſt Beckford: Never were modeſter young ladies. They are noted all over the county for their modeſty and goodneſs—

Woman, woman, argue not with me. Modeſty never forgets duty. Caroline loves not her father. Lord L. has ſtolen away her affections from me. Charlotte is of her party: And ſo are *you*, I find. But take my commands in ſilence—A week longer they ſtay not in this houſe—

Beckford throwing herſelf on her knees, repeated—Good your honour—

We both aroſe and threw ourſelves at his feet—

Forgive us! I beſeech you, forgive us!—For my mamma's ſake, forgive us!—ſaid Caroline—

For my mamma's ſake, for my brother's ſake, dear Sir, forgive your daughters! cried I, in as rueful an accent.

And we each of us took hold of his opened coat, both in tears; and Beckford keeping us company.

Unmoved he went on—I intend you a *pleaſure*, girls. I know you want to be freed from my authority. You are women grown. The man who has daughters knows not diſcomfort with them, till buſy fellows bid them look out of their father's houſe for that happineſs, which they hardly ever find but in it.

We are yours, my papa, ſaid I—We are nobody's elſe—Do not, do not expoſe your children to the cenſures of the world.—Hitherto our reputations are unſullied—

Dear Sir, cried Caroline, throw us not upon the world, the wide world! Dear Sir, continue us in your protection. We want not to be in any other.

You ſhall try the experiment, girls—I am not *fit* to be your counſellor. Lord L. has diſtanced me with the one: The other calls upon her departed mother to appear to ſhield her from the cruelty of an unnatural father. And Lord L. has the inſolence to tell me to my face, that I am too young a father to take upon me the management of women-grown daughters. And ſo I find it. Blubber not, Beckford; aſſiſt your young ladies for their departure. A week is the longeſt time they have to ſtay in this houſe. I want to ſhut it up; never more to enter its gates.

We continued our pleadings.

O Sir, ſaid Caroline, turn not your children out of doors. We are *daughters*. We never more wanted a father's protection than now.

What have we done, Sir, cried I, to deſerve being turned out of doors?—For every offenſive word

we

we beg your pardon. You ſhall always have dutiful children of us. Permit me to write to my brother.—

So, ſo! You mend the matter. You want to intereſt your brother in your favour—You want to appeal to him, do you? and to make a ſon ſit in judgment upon his father!—Prate not, girls! Intreat not!—Get ready to be gone. I will ſhut up this houſe—

Where-ever *you* are, Sir, intreated I, there let *us* be—Renounce not your children, your penitent children.

He proceeded. I ſuppoſe Lord L. will as ſoon find out your perſon, Caroline, as he has your inclination; ſo contrary to my liking. As to you, Charlotte, you may go down to your old aunt *Prue* in Yorkſhire [He calls their aunt Eleanor ſo from the word *Prude*—Yet we have ſeen, Lucy, it was owing to *him* that this lady did not marry]: She will be able to inſtruct you that patience is a virtue; and that you ought not to be in haſte to take a firſt offer, for fear you ſhould not have a ſecond.

Poor ſiſter Caroline! He looked diſdainfully at her.

You are my father, Sir, ſaid ſhe. All is welcome from you: But you ſhall have no cauſe to reproach me. I will not be in haſte. And here on my knees I promiſe, that I will never be Lord L.'s without your conſent. I only beg of you, Sir, not to propoſe to me any other man.

My father partly relented [partly Harriet]: I take you at your word, girl, ſaid he: And I inſiſt that you ſhall not correſpond with him, nor ſee him.—You anſwer not to that. But you know my will. And once more, anſwer or not, I require your obedience. Beckford, you may go. Riſe, Caroline.

And

And am *I* forgiven, Sir? ſaid I—Dear Sir, forgive your Charlotte—[Yet, Miſs Byron, what was my crime?]

Make the beſt uſe of the example before you, Charlotte: Not to imitate Caroline, in engaging your affections unknown to me.—Remember *that*. She has *her* plagues in giving *me* plague. It is fit ſhe ſhould. Where you cannot in duty follow the example, take the warning.

Beckford was withdrawn. He graciouſly ſaluted each girl: And thus triumphantly made them expreſs ſorrow for—Do you know for what, Harriet?

I wiſh, thought I to myſelf, Lucy, that theſe boiſterous ſpirits, either fathers or huſbands, were not generally moſt obſerved.

But was Miſs Grandiſon's ſpirits ſo eaſily ſubdued? thought I.

You ſmile, Harriet. What do you ſmile at?

Will you forgive me, if I tell you?

I don't know.

I depend on your good-nature—I ſmiled to think, Lady L. how finely Miſs Grandiſon has got up ſince that time.

Miſs Gr. O the ſly girl!—Remember you not, that I was *before* your debtor?

A good hit, I proteſt! ſaid Lady L. Yet Charlotte was always a pert girl out of her father's preſence. But I will add a word or two to my ſiſter's narrative.

My father kept us with him till he read Lord L.'s letter, which he opened not till then, and plainly, as I ſaw, to find ſome new fault with him and me on the occaſion: But I came off better than I apprehended I ſhould at the time; for I had not ſeen it. Here is a copy of it.

Lady L. allowed me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

PERMIT,

PERMIT me, Sir, by pen and ink, rather than in perſon, as I think it will be moſt acceptable to you, to thank you, as I moſt cordially do, for the kind and generous treatment I have received at your hands, during the whole month's reſidence at Grandiſon-hall, whither I came with intent to ſtay but three days.

I am afraid I ſuffered myſelf to be ſurpriſed into an undue warmth of expreſſion, when I laſt went from your preſence. I aſk your pardon, if ſo. You have a right in your own child. God forbid that I ſhould ever attempt to invade it! But what a happy man ſhould I be, if my love for Miſs Grandiſon and that right could be made to coincide! I may have appeared to have acted wrong in your apprehenſion, in applying myſelf firſt to Miſs Grandiſon: I beg, Sir, your pardon for that alſo.

But perhaps I have a ſtill greater fault to atone for. I need not indeed acquaint you with it; but I had rather intitle myſelf by my ingenuouſneſs to your forgiveneſs, than to wiſh to conceal any thing from you in an article of this high importance, whether you grant it me or not. I own then, that when I laſt departed from your angry preſence, I directly went to Miſs Grandiſon, and on my knees implored her hand. I preſumed that an alliance with me was not a diſgraceful one to her: and aſſured her, that my eſtate ſhould work itſelf clear without any expectation from you; as it will, I hope, in a few years, by good management, to which I was ſure ſhe would contribute. But ſhe refuſed me, and reſolved to await the good pleaſure of her father; yet giving me, I muſt honeſtly add, condeſcending hopes of her favour, could your conſent be obtained.

Thus is the important affair circumſtanced.

I will never marry any other woman, while there is the leaſt ſhadow of hope that ſhe can be mine.

mine. The converſation of the beſt of young men, your ſon, for two months, in Italy, and one before *that* in ſome of the German courts, has made me ambitious of following ſuch an example in every duty of life: And if I might obtain, by your favour, ſo dear a wife, and ſo worthy a brother, the happieſt man in the world would then be,

SIR,
Your obliged and faithful ſervant,
L.

Yet my father, ſaid Lady L. called it an artful letter; and obſerved, that Lord L. was very ſure of me, or he had not offered to make a propoſal to me that deſerved not to be excuſed. You were aiming at prudence, girl, in your refuſal, I ſee that, ſaid my father. You had no reaſon to doubt but Lord L. would hereafter like you the better for declining marriage in that clandeſtine manner, becauſe the refuſal would give him an opportunity to make things more convenient to himſelf. One half of a woman's virtue is pride, continued he [I hope not truly, ſaid Lady L.]; the other half, policy. If they were ſure the man would not think the worſe of them for it, they would not wait for a ſecond queſtion. Had you an independent fortune, Caroline, what would you have done? —But go; you are a weak, and yet a cunning girl. Cunning is the wiſdom of women. Women's weakneſs is man's ſtrength. I am ſorry that *my* daughters are not compounded of leſs brittle materials. I wonder that any man who knows the ſex marries.

Thus ſpoke the *rakiſh*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to juſtify his private vices by general reflections on the ſex. And thus are wickedneſs and libertiniſm called a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of human nature. Swift, for often

often painting a dunghill, and for his abominable Yahoe ſtory, was complimented with this knowledge: But I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of ſuch dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, muſt theſe men be ſuppoſed to have generally kept? How are we authoriſed to wiſh (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is inſtanced in two ſuch daughters, and ſuch a ſon) that a man of this caſt had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandiſon by his name! And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not eſtabliſh, her virtues. What ſhall we ſay?

Whatever is, is in its cauſes juſt:
——But purblind man
Sees but a part o' th' chain, the neareſt link;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
That poiſes all above.

DRYDEN.

I thought, my Lucy, that the converſation I have attempted to give would not, though long, appear tedious to you; being upon a *new* ſubject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not diſpoſed to anſwer; and the rather, as it might ſerve to ſtrengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (though we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us), in our reſolution to reject the ſuits of libertine men by a ſtronger motive even than *for our own ſakes:* And I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recovered health will allow her to look abroad more than ſhe had of late been uſed to do. I am ſure,

my

my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleaſed with it: becauſe it will be a good ſupplement to the leſſons they have conſtantly inculcated upon us, againſt that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawleſs appetites, and conſider all the reſt of the world as made for themſelves, the worſt and moſt noxious reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THUS far had the ladies proceeded in their intereſting ſtory, when the letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horſe from London. By my anſwer you will ſee how much I was affected by its contents. The ladies ſaw my uneaſineſs, and were curious to know the cauſe. I told them from whence the letters came, and what the ſubject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an anſwer to Lady D. in perſon.

I then retired to write. When I had diſpatched the meſſenger, the ladies wiſhed to know the reſolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miſs Grandiſon, with archneſs, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed ſhe did. Then, Charlotte, ſaid I, ſpitefully, *you* would not have declined accepting his propoſal.

She looked earneſtly at me, and ſhook her head. Ah, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, you are an unaccountable girl! You will tell the truth; but not the whole truth.

I bluſhed, as I felt; and believe looked ſilly.

Ah,

Ah, Harriet, repeated ſhe; looking as if ſhe would look me through.

Dear Miſs Grandiſon! ſaid I.

There is ſome Northamptonſhire gentleman, of whom we have not yet heard.

I was a little eaſier then. But *can* this lady mean any thing particular? She cannot be ſo ungenerous, ſurely, as to play upon a poor girl, if ſhe thought her *entangled*. All I am afraid of is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not ſo happy in myſelf as I uſed to be. Don't you think, Lucy, that, taking one thing with another, I am in a ſituation that is very teazing?—But let me find a better ſubject.

The ladies, at my requeſt, purſued their Family-History.

Lord L. and Miſs Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas's mind. He would no doubt, they ſaid, have been overcome by the young lady's duty, and my Lord L.'s generoſity, had he not made it inconvenient to himſelf to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him; and, it is thought, would not have been ſorry, had the lovers married without his conſent; for he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my lord's viſits; ſo that they were obliged to their ſiſter, as ſhe pleaſantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my lord's affairs growing urgent, by reaſon of his two ſiſters marrying, he gave way to the offers of a common friend of his and Lord W.'s, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the ſubject.

Lord W. and the baronet met. My lord was earneſt in the cauſe of the lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleaſed with his interfering with his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could

hardly have been applied to on the occaſion: For Lord W. who is immenſely rich, was always deſpiſed by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much diſliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profuſion.

High words paſſed between them. They parted in paſſion; and Sir Thomas reſenting Lord L.'s appeal to Lord W. the ſiſters were in a worſe ſituation than before; for now, beſides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the neceſſity of hoping for his aſſiſtance, made a pretence of their father's ill-treatment to diſclaim all acts of kindneſs and relation to them.

What concerned the ſiſters ſtill more was, my lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reaſon, but becauſe his father (who, he was ſure, he ſaid, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doted on him.

In this ſad ſituation were theſe lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: but though Miſs Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuſe *her* of beginning a love-affair unknown to him, yet thoſe overtures never came to her knowledge from him, though they did from others: And would you have wondered, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, with ſuch treatment before my eyes as Caroline met with, if I had been provoked to take ſome raſh ſtep?

No provocation, replied I, from a father, can juſtify a raſh ſtep in a child. I am glad, and ſo, I dare ſay, are you, that your prudence was your ſafe-guard, when you were deprived of that which ſo good a child might have expected from a father's indulgence, eſpecially when a mother was not in being.

Miſs Grandiſon coloured, and bit her lip. Why did ſhe colour?

At

At laſt Sir Thomas took a reſolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved ſon to come over. From *his* duty, diſcretion, and good management, he was ſure, he ſaid, he ſhould be the happieſt of men. But he was at a loſs what to do with Mrs Oldham and her two children. He doubted not but his ſon had heard of his guilty commerce with her: Yet he cared not, that the young gentleman ſhould find her living in a kind of wife-like ſtate in one of the family-ſeats. And yet ſhe had made too great a ſacrifice to him to be unhandſomely uſed; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of meaſures, that he might ſtand well with a ſon, whoſe character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a propoſal of marriage was made to him for his ſon by one of the firſt men in the kingdom, whoſe daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, ſaw and fell in love with the young gentleman at Florence: And her brother gave way to his ſiſter's regard for him, for the ſake of the character he bore among the people of prime conſideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had ſeveral meetings on this ſubject, both with the brother and the earl his father; and was ſo fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reſerving to himſelf an annuity, and making over the whole of his eſtate to his ſon, in favour of this match: And once he ſaid, he ſhould by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himſelf of many incumbrances; and being not a *king*, was ſure of his ſon's duty to him.

The ladies found a letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's looſe papers, which ſhewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it:

Dear and ever-honoured Sir,

I AM aſtoniſhed at the contents of your laſt favour. If the propoſal made in it aroſe from the natural greatneſs of your mind, and an indulgence which I have ſo often experienced, what ſhall I ſay to it?—I cannot bear it. If it proceed from propoſals made to you, God forbid that I ſhould give your name to a woman, how illuſtrious ſoever in her deſcent, and how high ſoever the circumſtances of her family, whoſe friends could propoſe ſuch conditions to my father.

I receive with inexpreſſible joy ſo near a hope of the long wiſhed-for leave to throw myſelf at your feet in my native country. When I have this happineſs granted me, I will unboſom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowledge every one has of your goodneſs to me, will be my recommendation whenever you ſhall wiſh me to enlarge the family connexions.

Till I have this honour, I beſeech you, Sir, to diſcontinue the treaty already begun.

You are pleaſed to aſk my opinion of the lady, and whether I have any objection to her perſon. I remember, I thought her a very agreeable woman.

You mention, Sir, the high ſenſe the lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long reſidence abroad gives me the power of doing little offices for thoſe of my country, who viſit France and Italy. The little ſervices I did to my lord, and the ladies with him, are too gratefully remembered by them.

I am extremely concerned that you have reaſon to be diſpleaſed with any part of the conduct of my ſiſters. Can the daughters of ſuch a mother as you had the happineſs to give them, forget themſelves? Their want of conſideration ſhall receive no countenance from me. I ſhall let them know, that my love, my eſteem, if it be of conſequence

with

with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: And that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be ſuſpected.

You aſk my opinion of Lord L. and whether he has ſought to engage me to favour his addreſs to your Caroline. He wrote to me on that ſubject: I incloſe his letter, and a copy of my anſwer. As to my opinion of him, I muſt ſay, that I have not met with any Britiſh man abroad, of whoſe diſcretion, ſobriety, and good-nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L.'s. Juſtice requires of me this teſtimony. But as to the affair between him and my ſiſter, I ſhall be extremely ſorry, if Lord L.'s *firſt* impropriety of behaviour were to you; and if my ſiſter has ſuffered her heart to be engaged againſt her duty.

You have the goodneſs to ſay, that my return will be a ſtrengthening of your hands. May my own be weakened; may I ever want the power to do good to myſelf, or to thoſe I love, when I forget, or depart from, the duty owing to the moſt indulgent of fathers, by

His CHARLES GRANDISON!

What an excellent young man is this!—But obſerve, Lucy; he ſays he will on his return to England unboſom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he deſires him to diſcontinue the begun treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear!—What has any *new* acquaintance to expect, were ſhe to be entangled in a *hopeleſs paſſion?* But let us conſider—Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being ſo have enabled a woman's *reaſon* to triumph over her paſſion?—If ſo, paſſion is ſurely conquerable: And did I know any body that would allow it to be ſo in the *one* caſe, and not in the *other*, I would bid her take ſhame to herſelf, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above letter came not to the hands of the young ladies till after their father's death, which happened within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permiſſion for the young gentleman's return. You may ſuppoſe they were exceſſively affected with the bad impreſſions their father had ſought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and, when he died, were the more apprehenſive of their force.

He had ſuſpended the treaty of marriage for his ſon till the young gentleman ſhould arrive. He had perplexed himſelf about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and of conſequence muſt be very irkſome for ſuch a man to look into. He was reſolved therefore to leave it to each ſteward (having perſuaded himſelf, againſt appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the leaſt trouble to himſelf, but as they had ſeveral *items* to charge, which he had no mind ſhould be explained to his ſon. Nor were thoſe gentlemen leſs ſolicitous to obtain diſcharges from him; for, being appriſed of his reaſon for looking into his affairs, they were afraid of the inſpection of ſo good a manager as their young maſter was known to be.

Mr Filmer, the ſteward for the Iriſh eſtate, came over, on this occaſion, with his accounts: The two ſtewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and ordered releaſes to be drawn for his ſigning.

What a degrader even of *high* ſpirits is vice! What meanneſs was there in Sir Thomas's pride! To be afraid of the eye of a ſon, of whoſe duty he was always boaſting.

But what can anſwer for the reformation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Obſerve what followed:

Mr

Mr Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to enſnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than ſixteen, on pretence of viſiting her aunt, who lived in Pallmall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: But her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but, on the contrary, had brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and ſhe knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr Filmer, in his attendance on Sir Thomas, was always praiſing the beauty of Miſs Obrien; her genteel deſcent, as well as figure; her innocence [Innocence! the attractive equally to the attempts of rakes and devils!]: But the baronet, intent upon purſuing his better ſchemes, for ſome time only gave the artful man the hearing. At laſt, however (for curioſity-ſake), he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a viſit. The niece was not abſent. She more than anſwered all that Filmer had ſaid in her praiſe, as to the beauty of her perſon. Sir Thomas repeated his viſits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with *reſerve* rather; and, in ſhort, made ſuch an impreſſion on his heart, that he declared to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his infatuation. He offered high terms: But for ſome time the aunt inſiſted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader* in the free world, to be ſo *taken-in*, as it is called. But at laſt, a propoſal was made him, from no part of which the aunt declared ſhe would recede, though the poor girl (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men ſhe had ever ſeen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was ſtill fond of making conqueſts!

The

The terms were: That he ſhould ſettle upon the young woman 500 *l.* a-year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to conſent to the (infamous) bargain, 200 *l.* a-year for their joint and ſeparate lives: That Miſs Obrien ſhould live at one of Sir Thomas's ſeats in England; be allowed genteel equipages, his livery; and even (for her credit-ſake in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure) to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generoſity to reward *her* for the part ſhe had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought theſe demands much too high: He ſtood out for ſome time; but artifice being uſed on all ſides to draw him on, *Love*, as it is called (proſtituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without *robbing*, as he called it, his ſon [daughters were but daughters, and no part of the queſtion with him]; and to find excuſes for continuing the young gentleman abroad.

Mrs Oldham had for ſome time been uneaſy herſelf, and made him ſo, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and, on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his ſon, hinted her wiſhes to be allowed to quit the houſe in Eſſex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy as the two ſiſters avowedly were.

Sir Thomas, now that he was acquainted with Miſs Obrien, better reliſhed Mrs Oldham's propoſal than otherwiſe he would have done: And before he actually ſigned and ſealed with Miſs Obrien's aunt, for her niece, he thought it beſt to ſound that unhappy woman, whether ſhe in earneſt deſired to retire; and if ſo, what were her expectations from him: Reſolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he ſaid, groan-

ed

ed for the ax; but which hitherto he had let ſtand as a reſource for his ſon, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had laid upon a part of his eſtate.

Accordingly he ſet out for his ſeat in Eſſex.

THERE, while he was planning future ſchemes of living, and reckoning upon his ſavings in ſeveral articles, in order the better to ſupport an expence ſo guiltily to be incurred; and had actually begun to treat with Mrs Oldham, who agreed, at the firſt word, to retire; not knowing but his motive (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation:—There was he attacked by a violent fever, which in three days deprived him of the uſe of the reaſon he had ſo much abuſed.

Mr Bever, his Engliſh ſteward, poſted down, on the firſt news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to ſign the ready-drawn up releaſes. But the eagerneſs he ſhewed to have this done, giving cauſe of ſuſpicion to Mrs Oldham, ſhe would not let him ſee his maſter, though he arrived on the ſecond day of Sir Thomas's illneſs, which was before the fever had ſeized his brain.

Mr Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs Obrien, the mother of the girl, who came over to ſee the ſale of the poor victim's honour completed [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was ſuch a mother in the world?]; and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illneſs that he got to him, with his releaſes alſo already drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the Obriens, in hopes to find him well enough to ſign both. He was in a viſible conſternation when he found his maſter ſo ill. He would have ſtaid in the houſe to watch the event; but Mrs Oldham not permitting him to do ſo, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the diſtemper.

On the ſixth day, the phyſicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs Oldham ſent to acquaint

quaint the two young ladies with his danger; and they inſtantly ſet out to attend their father.

They could not be ſuppoſed to love Mrs Oldham; and, taking Mr Grandiſon's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy woman know, that there was no farther occaſion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that ſhe might give the leſs offence to the two ladies, removed her ſon by her former huſband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but inſiſted on continuing about him, and in the houſe, as well from motives of tenderneſs, as for her own ſecurity, leſt ſhe ſhould be charged with embezzlements; for ſhe expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which ſhe held!

Miſs Caroline conſented, and brought her ſiſter to conſent, that ſhe ſhould ſtay; abſolutely againſt Mr Grandiſon's advice; who, libertine as he was himſelf, was very zealous to puniſh a poor Magdalene, who, *tho'* faulty, was not ſo faulty as himſelf. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the ſevereſt puniſhers of thoſe wicked people, who adminiſter not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from ſuch? Mercy is a *virtue*.

It was ſhocking to the laſt degree to the worthy daughters to hear their raving father call upon nobody ſo often as upon Miſs Obrien; tho' they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs Oldham inform them who or what ſhe was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quieteſt, he would call upon his ſon in words generally of kindneſs and love; once in particular, crying out—O ſave me! ſave me! my Grandiſon, by thy preſence!—I ſhall be conſumed by the fire that is already lighted up in my boiling blood.

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the phyſicians

phyſicians declaring him to be a dying man, they diſpatched a letter by a meſſenger to haſten over their brother, who (having left his ward, Miſs Emily Jervois, at Florence, in the protection of the worthy Dr Bartlett) was come to Paris, as he had written, in expectation of receiving there his Father's permiſſion to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illneſs, Sir Thomas came a little to himſelf. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wiſhed he had been kinder to them. He was ſenſible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, God is juſt. I am, I have been, very wicked! Repentance! Repentance! how hard a taſk! ſaid he once to the miniſter who attended him, and whoſe prayers he deſired. And Mrs Oldham once coming in his ſight—O Mrs Oldham! ſaid he, what is this world now? What would I give—But repent, repent—Put your good reſolutions in practice, leſt I have more ſouls than my own to anſwer for.

Soon after this his delirium returned; and he expired about eleven at night in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!—Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, tho' we knew him not.

Poor man! in the purſuit—Poor man!—He lived not to ſee his beloved ſon!—

The two daughters, and Mr Grandiſon, and Mrs Oldham (for her own ſecurity), put their reſpective ſeals on every place, at that houſe, where papers, or any thing of value, were ſuppoſed to be repoſited: And Mr Grandiſon, aſſuming that part of the management, diſmiſſed Mrs Oldham from the houſe; and would not permit her to take with her more than one ſuit of cloaths beſides thoſe ſhe had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harſh treatment: But was not pitied; and was referred

ferred by Mr Grandiſon to his abſent couſin for ſtill more rigorous juſtice.

She appealed to the ladies; but they reproached her with having lived a life of ſhame, againſt better knowledge; and ſaid, That now ſhe muſt take the conſequence. Her puniſhment was but beginning: Their brother would do her ſtrict juſtice, they doubted not: but a man of his virtue, they were ſure, would abhor her. She had miſled their father, they ſaid. It was not in *his* temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters ſo dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuſe their father all they could: But Mrs Oldham ſuffered for all.

I AM ſo much intereſted in this important hiſtory, that I have not the heart to break into it, to tell you how very agreeably I paſs my time with theſe ladies, and Lord L. in thoſe parts of the day, when we are all aſſembled. Miſs Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childiſh beyond her ſtature and womanly appearance; but not her years. The two ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: And no Sir Charles! *Canterbury* is ſurely a charming place. Was you ever at *Canterbury*, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to viſit my aunt. My letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know—Yet why ſhould I?—But Lady D. is ſo *good* a woman! I hope ſhe will take kindly my denial, and look upon it as an abſolute one.

I have a great deal more of the family-hiſtory to give you: I wiſh I could write as faſt as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the lady, with whoſe father Sir Thomas was in treaty for his ſon? Don't you want to know ſomething more about her?—

But, ah, my dear, be this as it may, there *is* a lady in whoſe favour both ſiſters intereſt themſelves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I ſuppoſe, before I ſhall be informed who ſhe is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the propoſal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will ſoon have another letter from

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

YOU ſee, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland, where he had ſeen married two of his three ſiſters; and was buſying himſelf in putting his affairs in ſuch a way, as ſhould enable him to depend the leſs either on the juſtice or generoſity of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, whoſe beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miſs Charlotte was abſolutely dependent upon her brother's generoſity; and both ſiſters had reaſon to be the more uneaſy, as it was now, in the worldly-wiſe way of thinking, become his *intereſt* to keep up the diſtance which their unhappy father had been ſolicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs Oldham had already received a ſevere inſtance of the change of her fortune; and had no reaſon to doubt, but that the ſiſters, who had always from the time ſhe was ſet over them as their governeſs, looked upon her with an evil eye, and afterwards had but too juſt a pretence for their averſion, would incenſe againſt her a brother, whoſe

fortune had been leſſened by his father's profuſion: The few relations ſhe had living were people of honour, who had renounced all correſpondence with her from the time ſhe had thrown herſelf ſo abſolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandiſon: And ſhe had three ſons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the Engliſh and Iriſh ſtewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would ſign thoſe accounts of theirs, to which they had no reaſon to queſtion but his father would have ſet his hand, had he not been taken ſo ſuddenly ill, and remained delirious almoſt to the end of his life.

Miſs Obrien, her mother, and aunt, I ſhall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great diſlike to his nephew, for no other reaſon, as I have ſaid, than becauſe he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almoſt entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the ſenſe, or moderation, of Mrs Oldham, to put in the contrary ſcale againſt her loſt virtue; but abounded, it ſeems, in a low ſelfiſh cunning, by which ſhe never failed to carry every point ſhe ſet her heart upon: For, as is uſual, they ſay, with theſe keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teazing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: But the *real ſlave* imagined himſelf maſter of his *liberty*; and ſat down ſatisfied with the ſound of the word.

The ſuſpended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s ſiſter was alſo to be taken into conſideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as ſhould be concluded by both parties.

This was the ſituation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He returned not an anſwer to his ſiſter's notification

tion of his father's danger; but immediately ſet out for Calais, embarked, and the ſame day arrived at the houſe of his late father in St James's Square. His ſiſters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as ſoon as a letter could come; they therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumſtances (ſiſterly love out of the queſtion, which yet could not be), how awful muſt be to them, after eight or nine years abſence, the firſt appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accuſed by a father, now ſo lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unqueſtionable!

In the *ſame* moment he alighted from his poſt-chaiſe, the door was opened; he entered; and his two ſiſters met him in the hall.

The graceful youth of ſeventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his ſhoulders: delicate in complexion; intelligence ſparkling in his fine free eyes; and good humour ſweetening his lively features; they remembered: And, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the ſame ſpace of time, they ſeemed not to expect that manly ſtature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who ſees this brother admires in his noble aſpect: an aſpect then appearing more ſolemn than uſual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

O my brother! ſaid Caroline, with open arms: But ſhrinking from his embrace; *May* I ſay, my brother?—and was juſt fainting. He claſped her in his arms to ſupport her—

Charlotte, ſurpriſed at her ſiſter's emotion, and affected with his preſence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw himſelf upon a ſettee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miſs Caroline's waiſt, ſoothing her; and with eyes of expectation, my Charlotte! ſaid he, his inviting hand held out, and haſtening towards the ſettee. She then found her feet; and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both ſiſters to his boſom: Receive, my deareſt ſiſters, receive your brother, your friend; aſſure yourſelves of my unabated love.

That aſſurance, they ſaid, was balm to their hearts; and when each was ſeated, he, ſitting over-againſt them, looked firſt on one, then on the other; and, taking each by the hand, Charming women! ſaid he: How I admire my ſiſters! You *muſt* have minds anſwerable to your perſons. What pleaſure, what pride, ſhall I take in my ſiſters!

My dear Charlotte! ſaid Miſs Caroline, taking her ſiſter's other hand, has not our brother, now we ſee him near, all the brother in his aſpect? His goodneſs only looks ſtronger, and more perfect: What was I afraid of?

My heart alſo ſunk, ſaid Charlotte; I know not why. But we feared—Indeed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother!—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—We meant not to be *undutiful*—

Love your brother, my ſiſters, as he will endeavour to deſerve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Miſtake only!—Unhappy miſapprehenſion! We have all ſomething—Shades as well as lights there muſt be!—A kind, a dutiful veil—

He preſſed the hand of each with his lips, aroſe, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What muſt he have had in his thoughts? No doubt but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that ſuch a ſon could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflections that muſt croud into his mind at that inſtant!

Then

Then turning towards them, Permit me, my dear ſiſters, ſaid he, to retire for a few moments. He turned his face from them. My father, ſaid he, demands this tribute. I will not aſk *your* excuſe, my ſiſters.

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with ſilent reſpect. No ceremony, I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte. We were true ſiſters and brother a few years ago. See your Charles as you ſaw him then. Let not abſence, which has increaſed my love, leſſen yours.

Each ſiſter took a hand, and would have kiſſed it. He claſped his arms about them both, and ſaluted them.

He caſt his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with ſome emotion, then on them, and again ſaluted each.

They withdrew. He waited on them to the ſtair's head. Sweet obligingneſs! Amiable ſiſters! In a quarter of an hour I ſeek your preſence.

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dreſs, and re-ſaluted his ſiſters with an air of tenderneſs, that baniſhed fear, and left room for nothing but ſiſterly love.

Mr Grandiſon came in ſoon after. That gentleman, who (as I believe I once before mentioned) had affected, in ſupport of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his couſin Charles, when he came to England, on his *pious* turn, as he called it; and even to boaſt, that he would enter him into the town diverſions, and make a *man* of him; was ſtruck with the dignity of his perſon, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. Good God! ſaid he to the ladies afterwards, what a fine young man is your brother!—What a ſelf-denier was your father!—

The ladies retiring, Mr Grandiſon entered upon the circumſtances of Sir Thomas's illneſs and

death; which, he told the ſiſters, he touched *tenderly*: As tenderly, I ſuppoſe, as a man of his unfeeling heart *could* touch ſuch a ſubject. He inveighed againſt Mrs Oldham; and, with ſome exultation over her, told his couſin what they had done as to her; and exclaimed againſt her for the ſtate ſhe had lived in; and the difficulty ſhe made to reſign Sir Thomas to his daughter's care in his illneſs; and particularly for preſuming to inſiſt upon putting her ſeal with theirs to the cabinets and cloſet, where they ſuppoſed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without ſaying one word, either of approbation or otherwiſe.

Are you not pleaſed with what we have done, as to this vile woman, Sir Charles?

I have no doubt, couſin, replied Sir Charles, that every thing was deſigned for the beſt.

And then Mr Grandiſon, as he told the ſiſters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when ſhe was obliged to quit the houſe, where, he ſaid, ſhe had reigned ſo long Lady Paramount.

Sir Charles aſked, If they had ſearched for, or found a will?

Mr Grandiſon ſaid, they had looked in every probable place, but found none.

What I think to do, couſin, ſaid Sir Charles, is, to inter the venerable remains (I muſt always ſpeak in this dialect, Sir) with thoſe of my mother. This, I know, was his deſire. I will have an elegant, but not ſumptuous, monument erected to the memory of both, with a modeſt inſcription, that ſhall rather be matter of inſtruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral ſhall be decent, but not oſtentatious. The difference in the expence ſhall be privately applied to relieve or aſſiſt diſtreſſed houſekeepers, or ſome of my father's poor tenants, who have large families, and

and have not been wanting in their honeſt endeavours to maintain them. My ſiſters, I hope, will not think themſelves neglected, if I ſpare them the pain of conferring with them on a ſubject that muſt afflict them.

Theſe ſentiments were new to Mr Grandiſon. He told the ſiſters what Sir Charles had ſaid. I did not contradict him, ſaid he: But as Sir Thomas had ſo magnificent a mind, and always lived up to it, I ſhould have thought he ought to have been honoured with a magnificent funeral. But I cannot but own, however, that what your brother ſaid had ſomething great and noble in it.

The two ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquieſced with all he propoſed; and all was performed according to directions which he himſelf wrote down. He allowed of his ſiſters compliance with the faſhion: But he in perſon ſaw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the laſt offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in buſineſs. Were I to expreſs myſelf in the language of Miſs Grandiſon, I ſhould ſay, that a ſun-beam is not more penetrating. He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both ſides of a queſtion to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be ſtaid by perverſe accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foreſight: And when he finds *that* to be the caſe, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himſelf unable to purſue his journey by one road, becauſe of a ſudden inundation, takes another, which, though a little about, carries him home in ſafety.

As ſoon as the ſolemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every thing at Grandiſon-hall as he found it, and the ſeals unbroken, came to town, and, in the preſence of his ſiſters, broke the ſeals that had been

been affixed to the cabinets and eſcritoires in the houſe there.

The ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inſpection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His anſwer was, I hope, my ſiſters, we ſhall have but one intereſt. It is for you to make demands upon me, and for me to anſwer them as I ſhall be able.

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers with ſurpriſing expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank-note of 350l. in the private drawer of one of the bureaus in the apartment that was his father's. Be pleaſed, my ſiſter, ſaid he, preſenting it to Miſs Caroline, to add that to the money in your hands to anſwer family calls.

He then went with his ſiſters to the houſe in Eſſex. When there, he told them, it was neceſſary for Mrs Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farm-houſe) to be preſent at the breaking of the ſeals, as ſhe had hers affixed; and accordingly ſent for her.

They deſired to be excuſed ſeeing her.

It will be a concern to me, ſaid he, to ſee her: But what *ought* to be done *muſt* be done.

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be diſpleaſed with an account of what paſſed on the occaſion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miſs Grandiſon, whoſe memory was aided by the recollection of her ſiſter. And, as I am uſed to aim at giving affecting ſcenes in the very words of the perſons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect that I ſhould attempt to do ſo in this caſe.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs Oldham would be there ſo ſoon, was in his ſtud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horſes: For there

there were moſt of the hunters and racers, ſome of the fineſt beaſts in the kingdom.

By the miſtake of Miſs Caroline's maid, the poor woman was ſhewn into the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confuſion; courteſied; wept; and ſtood, as well as ſhe could ſtand; but leaned againſt the tapeſtry-hung wall.

How came this? ſaid Miſs Caroline to her maid. *She* was not to be ſhewn into us.

I beg pardon; courteſying, and was for withdrawing; but ſtopt on Charlotte's ſpeech to her—My *brother* ſent for you, madam—Not *we*, I aſſure you.—He ſays it is neceſſary, as you thought fit to put your ſeal with ours to the locked-up places, that you ſhould be preſent at the breaking them. Yet he will ſee you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourſelf to ſee him. You ſeem mighty unfit—No wonder!

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

Indeed, I *am* unfit, *very* unfit, ſaid the poor woman. Let me, ladies, beſpeak your generoſity: A little of your pity: A little of your countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman!

And ſo you deſerve to be.

I am ſure *we* are the ſufferers, ſaid Caroline.

Lord L. as ſhe owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

If I may withdraw without ſeeing Sir Charles, I ſhould take it for a favour. I find I cannot bear to ſee him. I inſiſt not upon being preſent at the breaking the ſeals. I throw myſelf upon your mercy, ladies, and upon his.

Cruel girls! ſhall I call them, Lucy? I think I will—*Cruel* girls! They aſked her not to ſit down, though they ſaw the terror ſhe was in: And that

ſhe

ſhe had the modeſty to forbear ſitting in their preſence.

What an humbling thing is the conſciouſneſs of having lived faulty, when calamity ſeizes upon the heart?—But ſhall not virtue be appeaſed, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender! Yet, perhaps, it is hard for ſufferers—Let me conſider—Have I, from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—I will examine into that another time.

And ſo you have put yourſelf into mourning, madam?

Shall I ſay, that Caroline ſaid this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herſelf a ſufferer by her, in an eſpecial manner—However, I am ſorry it was either.

Pretty *deep* too! Your weeds, I ſuppoſe, are at your lodgings—

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs Oldham by many was called Lady Grandiſon; and that her birth, her education, good ſenſe, though all was not ſufficient to ſupport her virtue againſt neceſſity and temptation (poor woman!), might have given her a claim to the title.

Indeed, ladies, I am a *real* mourner: But I never myſelf aſſumed a character, to which it was never in my thought to ſolicit a right.

Then, *madam*, the world does you injuſtice, *madam*, ſaid Charlotte.

Here, ladies, are the keys of the ſtores, of the confectionary, of the wine-vaults; you demanded them not, when you diſmiſſed me from this houſe. I thought to ſend them: But by the time I could provide myſelf with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common ſervants, beſides the groom and helpers: And I thought it was beſt to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your

your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, ladies, conſidered as a houſekeeper. All I have in the world is under the ſeals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.

The ſiſters ordered their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones. Dear ladies, forgive me, if you ſhould, by ſurpriſe, ſee this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now.

Here comes my brother! ſaid Caroline.

You'll ſoon know, madam, what you have to truſt to from *him*, ſaid Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart muſt throb!

LETTER XX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

SIR Charles entered. She was near the door. His ſiſters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her—Mrs Oldham, I preſume, ſaid he—Pray, madam, be ſeated. I ſent to you, that you might ſee the ſeals—Pray, madam, ſit down.

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far diſtant from them; and ſat down in one between them and her.

His ſiſters owned, they were ſtartled at his complaiſance to her. Dear ladies! they forgot, at that moment, that *mercy* and *juſtice* are ſiſter-graces, and cannot be ſeparated in a virtuous boſom.

Pray, madam, compoſe yourſelf; looking upon her with eyes of anguiſh and pity mingled, as the ladies ſaid, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, muſt

muſt be the reflections of this humane man, reſpecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turned to his ſiſters, as if to give Mrs Oldham time to recover herſelf. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to ſuppreſs her audible ſobs, and, moſt conſiderately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by aſking them ſomething about a picture that hung on the other ſide of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a ſtranger to your melancholy ſtory, Mrs Oldham—Be not diſcompoſed—

He ſtopt to give her a few moments time to recover herſelf—Reſuming; See in me a friend, ready to thank you for all your paſt good offices, and to forget all miſtaken ones.

She could not bear this. She threw herſelf at his feet. He raiſed her to her chair.

Poor Mr Oldham, ſaid he, was unhappily careleſs! Yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this houſe—By written evidences I can juſtify you; evidences that no one here will, I am ſure, diſpute.

It was plain that his father had written in her praiſe as an œconomiſt; the only light in which this pious ſon was then willing to conſider her.

Indeed, I have—And I would ſtill have been—

No more of that, madam. Mr Grandiſon, who is a good-natured man, but a little haſty, has told me that he treated you with unkindneſs. He owns you were patient under it. Patience never yet was a ſolitary virtue. He thought you wrong for inſiſting to put your ſeal: But he was miſtaken: You did right, as to the thing; and I dare ſay, a woman of your prudence did not wrong in the manner. No one can judge properly of another,

that cannot be that very other in imagination, when he takes the judgment-ſeat.

O my brother! O my brother—ſaid both ladies at one time—half in admiration, though half-concerned, at a goodneſs ſo eclipſing.

Bear with me, my ſiſters. We have *all* ſomething to be forgiven for.

They knew not how far they were concerned, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had written of *them*. They owned that they were mortified: Yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, though more than an equal ſufferer with them, could preſerve *his* charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he ſaid, not being near, for chocolate; and referred to Mrs Oldham to direct it, as knowing beſt where every thing was. She referred to the delivered up keys. Caroline called in her ſervant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles deſired Mrs Oldham to be ſo good as to direct the maid.

The ladies eaſily ſaw, that he intended by this to relieve the poor woman by ſome little employment; and to take the opportunity of her abſence to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment ſhe was gone out of the room, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the ladies:

My dear ſiſters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occaſion. I would not diſoblige you for the world. I conſider not the caſe of this poor woman, on the foot of her own merits, with regard to us. Our father's memory is concerned. Was *he* accountable to us, was *ſhe*, for what each did?—Neither of them was. She is intitled to juſtice, for its own ſake: To generoſity for ours: To kindneſs for my father's. Mr Grandiſon accuſed her of living in too much ſtate, as he called it. Can that be ſaid to be *her* fault?

With regard to *us*, was it *any body's?* My father's magnificent ſpirit is well known. He was often at this houſe. Wherever he was he lived in the ſame taſte. He praiſes to me Mrs Oldham's œconomy in ſeveral of his letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not *ours* till now. Whatever he *has* left us, he might have ſtill leſſened it. That œconomy is all that concerns us in intereſt; and that is in her favour. If any act of kindneſs to my ſiſters was wanting from the parent, they will rejoice, that they *deſerved* what they hope to meet with from him: And where the parent had an option, they will be glad that they acquieſced under it. He could have given Mrs Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our reſpect, if not our reverence. My ſiſters have enlarged minds: They are daughters of the moſt charitable, the moſt forgiving of women. Mr Grandiſon (it could not be *you*) has carried too ſevere a hand towards her. Yet he meant ſervice to us all. I was willing, before I commended this poor woman to your *mercy* (ſince it was neceſſary to ſee her), to judge of her behaviour. Is ſhe not humbled enough? From my ſoul I pity her. She loved my father; and I have no doubt but mourns for him in ſecret; yet dares not own, dares not plead her love. I am willing to conſider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this houſe: It becomes us ſo to behave to her, as that the world ſhould think we conſider her in that light only. As to the *living proofs* (unhappy innocents!) I am concerned, that what are the delight of other parents are the diſgrace of this. But let *us* not, by reſentments, publiſh faults that could not be *hers only*.—Need I ſay more?—It would pain me to be obliged to it. With pain have I ſaid thus much—The circumſtances of the caſe are ſuch, that I cannot give it its full force. I aſk it of you as a favour,

favour, not as a right (I ſhould hate myſelf, were I capable of exerting to the utmoſt any power that may be devolved upon me), that you will be ſo good as to leave the conduct of this affair to me. You will greatly oblige me, if you can give me your chearful acquieſcence.

They anſwered by tears. They could not ſpeak.

By this time Mrs Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offered chocolate to each young lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her ſtately hand, as if ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould put it out or not.

Methinks I ſee them. How could ſuch gracious girls be ſo ungracious, after what Sir Charles had ſaid?

Their brother, they ſaw, ſeemed diſpleaſed. He took the ſalver from Mrs Oldham. Pray, madam, ſit down, ſaid he, offering her a diſh, which ſhe declined; and held the toaſted bread to his ſiſters; who then were ready enough to take each ſome—And when they had drank their chocolate, Now, Mrs Oldham, ſaid he, I will attend you—Siſters, you will give me your company.

They aroſe to follow him. The poor woman courteſied, I warrant, and ſtood by while they paſſed: And methinks I ſee the dear girls bridle, and walk as ſtately, and as upright, as ducheſſes may be ſuppoſed to do in a coronation proceſſion.

Miſs Grandiſon acknowledged, that ſhe grudged her brother's extraordinary complaiſance to Mrs Oldham; and ſaid to her ſiſter, as arm in arm they went out, Politeneſs is a charming thing, Caroline!

I don't quite underſtand it, replied the other.

They did not intend their brother ſhould hear what they ſaid: But he did; and turned back to them (Mrs Oldham being at a diſtance, and, on his ſpeaking low, dropping ſtill further behind them): Don't you, my ſiſters, do too little, and

I will not do too much. She is a gentlewoman. She is unhappy from *within*. Thank God *you* are not. And she is not now, nor ever was your servant.

They reddened, and looked upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands as in love. Don't let me give you concern, said he; only permit me to remind you, while it is yet in time, that you have an opportunity given you to shew yourselves Grandisons.

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. You will find every thing there, Sir, said she, to be as it ought. I am ready to answer all questions. Permit me to wait in the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles allowed her request.

Poor woman! said he: How unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dares not, in *this* company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafered upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, *My wife's jewels*, &c.

The key was tied to one of the silver handles.

Had you not my mother's jewels divided between you? asked he.

My father once shewed us this casket at Grandison-hall, answered Caroline. We thought it was still there.

My dear sisters, let me ask you: Did my father forbear presenting these to you, from any declared *misapprehension* of your want of duty to him?

No, replied Miss Caroline. But he told us, they should be ours when we married. You have heard, I dare say, that he was not fond of seeing us dressed.

It

It muſt have been *miſapprehenſion* only, had it been ſo. You could not be undutiful to a *father*.

He would not permit it to be opened before him: But, preſenting it to them, Receive your right, my ſiſters. It is heavy. I hope there is more than jewels in it. I know that my mother uſed to depoſit in it her little hoard. I am ſure there can be no diſpute between ſuch affectionate ſiſters, on the partition of the contents of this caſket.

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open this caſket.

They found three purſes in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500 *l.* incloſed in a paper, thus inſcribed by Lady Grandiſon—*From my maiden money.* 120 Carolus's were alſo in this purſe in two papers; the one inſcribed, *From my aunt Molly*; the other, *From my aunt Kitty.*

In the ſecond purſe were 115 Jacobus's, in a paper, thus inſcribed by the ſame lady, *Preſents made at different times by my honoured mamma, Lady W.* three bank-notes, and an India bond, to the amount of 300 *l.*

The third purſe was thus labelled, as Lady L. ſhewed me by a copy ſhe had of it in her memorandum-book.

" *For my beloved ſon:* In acknowledgement of his " duty to his father and me from infancy to " this hour Jan. 1. 17. . .—Of his love to his " ſiſters—Of the generoſity of his temper; " never once having taken advantage of the " indulgence ſhewn him by parents ſo fond of " him, that, as the only ſon of an antient fa- " mily, he might have done what he pleaſed " with them—Of his love of truth: And of " his modeſty, courage, benevolence, ſteadi- " neſs of mind, docility, and other great and " amiable qualities, by which he gives a mo-

" ral aſſurance of making A GOOD MAN
" —GOD grant it! Amen."

The ladies immediately carried this purſe, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his ſiſters, as he read; —Excellent woman! ſaid he, when he had read it, *Being dead, ſhe ſpeaks.* May her pious prayer be anſwered! looking up. Then opening the purſe, he found five coronation-medals of different princes in it, and ſeveral others of value; a gold ſnuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one ſignified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandiſon: But what was more valuable to him than all the reſt, the ladies ſaid, was a miniature picture of his mother, ſet in gold; an admirable likeneſs, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me ſee it.

Neglecting all the reſt, he eagerly took it out of the ſhagreen caſe, gazed at it in ſilence, kiſſed it, a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: Withdrew for a few moments; and returned with a chearful aſpect.

The ladies told him what was in the other two purſes. They ſaid they made no ſcruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money, they offered to him.

He aſked, If there were no particular direction upon either? They anſwered, No.

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together: There may be a difference in the value of each: Thus mingled, your, my ſiſters, will equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his boſom, where it yet was) is of infinite more value than all the three purſes contained beſides.

You will excuſe theſe particularities, my dear friends: But if you do not, I can't help it.—We are all apt, I believe, to purſue the ſubjects that

that moſt delight us. Don't grudge me my pleaſure: Perhaps I ſhall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can expreſs.

[Saturday Night—And *no* Sir Charles Grandiſon. With all my heart!]

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

WHEN Sir Charles and his ſiſters had looked over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs Oldham to hers.

A very handſome apartment, upon my word!

How *could* Miſs Grandiſon—She knew the ſituation the unhappy woman had been in: Miſtreſs of that houſe.

Her brother looked at her.

Mrs Oldham ſhewed them which of the furniture and pictures (ſome of the latter valuable ones) ſhe had brought into the houſe, ſaved, as ſhe ſaid, from the wreck of her huſband's fortune—But, ſaid ſhe, with the conſent of creditors. I, for *my part*, did not wrong any-body.

In that cloſet, Sir, continued ſhe, pointing to it, is all that I account myſelf worth in the world. Mr Grandiſon was pleaſed to put his ſeal upon the door. I beſought him to let me take 50 *l.* out of it, having but very little money about me: But he would not: His refuſal, beſides the diſgrace, has put me to ſome ſhifts. But weeping, I throw myſelf upon your mercy, Sir,

The ſiſters frankly owned, that they hardened each other by fault-finding. They whiſpered, that ſhe expected no mercy from *them*, it was plain. O what a glory belongs to goodneſs, as well in its influences as in itſelf! Not even theſe two amiable

ſiſters,

ſiſters, as Miſs Charlotte once acknowledged, were ſo noble in themſelves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

Aſſure yourſelf of juſtice, madam, ſaid Sir Charles. Mr Grandiſon is haſty: But he would have done you juſtice, I dare ſay: He thought he was acting for a truſt.—You may have letters, you may have things here in his cloſet that we have no buſineſs with.—Then, breaking the ſeal, I leave it to you to ſhew us any-thing proper for us to take account of. The reſt I wiſh not to ſee.

My ladies, Sir—They will be pleaſed to—

YES, Mrs Oldham, ſaid Caroline: And was putting herſelf before her brother, and ſo was her ſiſter, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the cloſet: But he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline—

NO, *Mrs Oldham*—Do you lay out things as you pleaſe: We will ſtep into the next apartment.

He accordingly led them both out.

You are very generous, Sir, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

I *would* be ſo, Charlotte. Ought not the private drawers of women to be ſacred?

But ſuch a *creature*, Sir—ſaid Miſs Caroline—

Every creature is intitled to juſtice—can ladies forget decorum? You ſee ſhe was ſurpriſed by Mr Grandiſon. She has ſuffered diſgrace: Has been put to difficulties.

Well, Sir, if ſhe will do *juſtice*—

Remember (with looks of meaning) whoſe *houſekeeper* ſhe was.

They owned they were daunted [And ſo, dear ladies, you ought to have been], but not convinced at that inſtant. It is generous to own this, ladies; becauſe the behaviour makes not for your honour.

Mrs Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came courteſying to the ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her cloſet. They found, that ſhe had ſpread on her table in it, and in the two windows,

dows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, *&c.*

Theſe papers, Sir, ſaid ſhe, belong to you. I was *bid* to keep them ſafe [Poor woman! ſhe knew not how to ſay, *by whom* bid.] You will ſee, Sir, the ſeals are whole.

Perhaps a *will*, ſaid he.

No, Sir, I believe not. I was told they belonged to the Iriſh eſtate. Alas! and ſhe wiped her eyes, I have reaſon to think, there was not time for a will—

I ſuppoſe, Mrs Oldham, you *urged* for a will—ſaid Miſs Charlotte.

Indeed, ladies, I often did; I own it.

I don't doubt it, ſaid Miſs Caroline.

And very *prudently*, ſaid Sir Charles. I myſelf have always had a will by me. I ſhould think it a kind of *preſumption* to be a week without one.

In this drawer, Sir, are the money, and notes, and ſecurities that I have been getting together; I do aſſure you, Sir, very honeſtly—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

To what amount, Mrs Oldham, if I may be *ſo bold?* aſked Caroline.

No matter, ſiſter Caroline, to what amount, ſaid Sir Charles. You hear Mrs Oldham ſay, they are honeſtly got together. I dare ſay, that my father's bounty enabled even his meaneſt *ſervants* to ſave money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no compariſons, Mrs Oldham: You are a gentlewoman.

The two ladies only whiſpered to each other, as they owned, *So we think!*—Were there ever ſuch perverſe girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himſelf juſtified by them on this occaſion, when he aſſerts, that it is one of the moſt difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when ſhe ſets out wrong. If it be generally ſo with us, I am ſure we ought to be very careful of prepoſſeſſion.—And

has

has he not ſaid, Lucy, that the beſt women, when wrong, are moſt tenacious? It may be ſo: But then, I hope, he will allow that at the time they *think* themſelves right.

I believe there is near 1200*l.* ſaid Mrs Oldham, and looked, the ladies obſerved, as if ſhe was afraid of their cenſures.

Near 1200*l.* Mrs Oldham! ſaid Miſs Charlotte. —Lord, ſiſter, how glad would we have been ſometimes of as many ſhillings between us!

And what, Caroline, what, Charlotte, young ladies as you were, only growing up into women, and in your father's houſe, would you have done with more than current money? Now you have a claim to independency, I hope that 1200*l.* will not be the ſum of either of your ſtores.

They courteſied, they ſaid; but yet thought 1200*l.* a great ſaving.—Dear ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs Oldham had *two* children: to ſay nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, Here, ſaid ſhe, in this private drawer are ſome preſents.—I diſclaimed them. If you believe me, ladies, I never wiſhed for them. I never was ſeen in them but once. I never ſhall wear them—offering to pull out the drawer.

Forbear, Mrs Oldham. Preſents are yours. The money in that drawer is yours. Never will I either diſparage or diminiſh my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleaſed. Have not we, to do as we pleaſe? Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, Mrs Oldham, if you, my ſiſters, can tell me of any-thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactneſs as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but *legal* juſtice?—The law was not made for a man of conſcience.

Lord

Lord bleſs me, my Lucy! what ſhall I do about this man?

HERE (would you believe it) I laid down my pen; pondered, and wept for *joy*; I think it *was* for joy that there is ſuch a young man in the world; for what elſe could it be?—And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I reſume it.

His ſiſters owned they were confounded; but that ſtill the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he ſaid and did.

Mrs Oldham wept at his goodneſs. She wept, I make no doubt alſo, as a penitent.—If my ladies, ſaid ſhe, will be pleaſed to—And ſeemed to be about making an offer to them—of the jewels, as I ſuppoſe.

My ſiſters, Mrs Oldham, ſaid Sir Charles, interrupting her, are Grandiſons. Pray, madam—holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer 40*l.* and ſome ſilver. This, Sir, is money that belongs to you. I received it in Sir Thomas's illneſs. I have ſome other moneys; and my accounts wanted but a few hours of being perfected when I was diſmiſſed. They ſhall be completed, and laid before you.

Let this money, Mrs Oldham, be a part of thoſe accounts; declining, then, to take it.

There are letters, Sir, ſaid ſhe. I would withhold nothing from you. I know not if, among ſome things that I wiſh not *any body* to ſee, there are not concerns, that you ought to be made acquainted with, relating to perſons and things, particularly to Mr Bever and Mr Filmer, and their accounts. I *hope* they are good men.—You muſt ſee theſe letters, I believe.

Let me deſire you, Mrs Oldham, to make ſuch extracts from thoſe letters, or any others, as you think will concern me; and as ſoon as you can:

For

For thoſe gentlemen have written to me to ſign their accounts; which, they hint, had my father's approbation.

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earneſt Mr Bever was to get to the ſpeech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both ſaid was all that was wanted.

An honeſt man, ſaid Sir Charles, fears not inſpection. They ſhall want no favour from me. I hope nothing but juſtice from them.

She then ſhewed him ſome other papers; and, while he was turning them over, the ladies and ſhe withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany cheſts, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inſpect it, as ſhe had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually opened one of the cheſts, and, though reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles entered.

He ſeemed diſpleaſed; and taking his ſiſters aſide, Tell me, ſaid he, can what this poor woman ſeems to be about proceed from her own motion? I beg of you to ſay, you put her upon it. I would not have reaſon to imagine, that any woman, in ſuch circumſtances, could make a diſplay of her apparel.

Why, the motion is partly mine, I muſt needs ſay, anſwered Charlotte.

Wholly, I hope; and the compliance owing to the poor woman's mortified ſituation. You are young women. You may not have conſidered this matter. Do you imagine, that your curioſity will yield you pleaſure? Don't you know what to expect from the magnificent and bountiful ſpirit of him to whoſe memory you owe duty?

They recollected themſelves, bluſhed, and deſired Mrs Oldham to look up the cheſt. She did;

and ſeemed pleaſed to be excuſed from the mortifying taſk.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandiſon, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very contemptible creatures. I wiſh I knew that he did; and that for two reaſons: That I might have ſomething to think him blameable for: And to have the pride of aſſuring myſelf, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma, and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the ſiſters, whoſe minds were thus opened and enlarged by the example of ſuch a brother, blazing upon them all at once, as I may ſay, in manly gooddeſs, on his return from abroad, whither he ſet out a ſtripling, ſhould, on all occaſions, break out into raptures, whenever they mention THEIR brother?—Well may Miſs Grandiſon deſpiſe her lovers, when ſhe thinks of him and of them at the ſame time!

Sunday. Sir Charles is in town we hear: Came thither but laſt night—Nay, for that matter, his ſiſters are more vexed at him than I am.—But what pretence have I to be diſturbed? But I ſay of him as I do of Lady D.: He is ſo good, that one would be willing to ſtand well with him.—Then he is my *brother*, you know.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

AFTER Sir Charles had inſpected into every thing in this houſe, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, *&c.* and locked up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he ordered his ſervants to carry into Mrs Oldham's apartment all that belonged her; and gave her the key

of that; and directed the houſekeeper to be aſſiſting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleaſure, and to ſuffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if ſhe had never *left the houſe* were his words.

How the poor woman courteſied and wept! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expreſſed a grudging ſpirit; for they ſaid, This was their brother's addreſs to them at the time:

You may look upon the juſtice I aim at doing to perſons who can claim *only* juſtice from me, as an earneſt that I will do *more* than juſtice to my beloved ſiſters: And you ſhould have been the firſt to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid, that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. The moment I know what I can do, I will do it; and I requeſt you to hope largely: If I have ability, I will exceed your hopes.

My dear ſiſters, continued he, and took one hand of each, I am ſorry, for your *ſpirits* ſake, that you are left in my power. The beſt of women was always afraid it would be ſo. But the moment I can, I will give you an abſolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own.

Surely, Sir, ſaid Caroline (and they both wept), we muſt think it the higheſt felicity, that we *are* in the power of ſuch a brother. As to our *ſpirits*, Sir—

She would have ſaid more, but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her ſiſter left off: Beſt of brothers, ſaid ſhe—Our *ſpirits* ſhall, as much as poſſible (I can anſwer for both), be guided hereafter by yours. Forgive what you have ſeen amiſs in us—But we *deſire* to depend upon our good behaviour. We cannot, we will not, be independent of you.

We

We will talk of theſe matters, replied he, when we can do *more* than talk. I will aſk you, Caroline, after your inclinations; and you, Charlotte, after *yours*, in the ſame hour that I know what I can do for you both, in the way of promoting them. Enter mean time upon your meaſures: Reckon upon my beſt aſſiſtance: Baniſh ſuſpenſe. One of my firſt pleaſures will be, to ſee you both happily married.

They did not *ſay*, when they related this to me, that they threw themſelves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: But I fancy they *did*.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs Oldham, ſaid, I would be glad to know, madam, how you diſpoſe of yourſelf: Every unhappy perſon has a right to the good offices of thoſe who are leſs embarraſſed. When you are ſettled, pray let me know the manner: And if you acquaint me with the ſtate of your affairs, and what you propoſe to do for and with thoſe who are intitled to your firſt care, your confidence in me will not be miſplaced.

And pray, and pray, aſked I of the ladies, what ſaid Mrs Oldham? How did ſhe behave upon this?

Our Harriet is ſtrangely taken with Mrs Oldham's ſtory, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon—Why, ſhe wept plentifully, you may be ſure. She claſped her hands, and kneeled to pray to God to bleſs him, and all that—She could not do otherwiſe.

See, Lucy!—But am I, my grandmamma, am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt virtue to be charmed with ſuch a ſtory?—May not virtue itſelf pity the lapſed?—O yes, it may! I am ſure, you, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, will ſay it may. A while ago, I thought myſelf a poor creature, compared to theſe two ladies: But now I *believe* I am as good as they in ſome things.—But *they* had not ſuch a grandmamma and aunt as I am bleſſed with: *They* loſt their ex-

cellent mother while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over: And his ſuperior excellence, like ſun-ſhine, breaking out on a ſudden, finds out, and brings to ſight, thoſe ſpots and freckles that were hardly before diſcoverable.

Sir Charles deſired Mrs Oldham would give in writing what ſhe propoſed to do for herſelf, and for thoſe *who were under her care*. She did, at her firſt opportunity. It was, That ſhe purpoſed going to London, for the ſake of the young people's education: Of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, ſhe ſhould think above her then ſituation in life: Of living retired in a little genteel houſe: And ſhe gave in an eſtimate of her worth; to what amount the ladies knew not: But this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the ſake of her ſons by his father: And they doubt not but he will be ſtill kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, becauſe I may be thought partial to the generous man: But ſhould be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be ſaid, that Sir Charles Grandiſon has no vices of his own to cover by the extenſiveneſs of his charity and beneficence; and if it be not goodneſs in him to do thus, it is greatneſs; and this, if it be not praiſe-worthy, is the firſt inſtance that I have known goodneſs and greatneſs of ſoul ſeparable.

The brother and ſiſters went down, after this, to Grandiſon-hall; and Sir Charles had reaſon to be pleaſed with the good order in which he found every thing there.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THE next thing the ladies mentioned was, Sir Charles's management with the two ſtewards. I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-hiſtory.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inſpection of each ſteward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himſelf; and though he allowed them ſeveral diſputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour, than they had made themſelves debtors for. This was the uſe he made of detecting them to his ſiſters.—You ſee, ſiſters, that my father was not ſo profuſe as ſome people thought him. He had partners in his eſtate; and I have reaſon to think that he often paid intereſt for his own money.

On his ſettling with Filmer, the treaty with Miſs Obrien came out. Mr Filmer had, by ſurpriſe, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's preſence; and he owned to his ſiſters, that ſhe was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they inſiſted that Sir Thomas had promiſed to marry Miſs Obrien privately; and produced two of his letters to her that ſeemed to give ground for ſuch an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved, for the ſake of his father's memory, at this tranſaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his ſeat in Eſſex, his head and heart full of this ſcheme, when he was ſtruck with his laſt illneſs.

A meeting was propoſed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himſelf, at the

aunt's houſe in Pallmall. Sir Charles was very deſirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: But before he entered into diſcourſe, made it his requeſt to be allowed half an hour's converſation with Miſs Obrien by herſelf; at the ſame time, praiſing, as it deſerved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that ſhe would be able to make an impreſſion on the heart of ſo young and ſo lively a man, and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for ſo unexpected a viſit, her aunt gave her her cue: But, inſtead of her captivating him, he brought her to ſuch confeſſions, as ſufficiently let him into the baſeneſs of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He repreſented to the mother the wickedneſs of the part ſhe had come over to act, in ſuch ſtrong terms that ſhe fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that ſhe would be honeſt.

Sir Charles told them, That if they would give him up his father's two letters, and make a ſolemn promiſe never to open their lips on the affair; and would procure for her an honeſt huſband, he would give her 1000 *l.* on the day of marriage; and, if ſhe made a good wife, would be further kind to her.

Filmer was very deſirous to clear himſelf of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not ſeem ſolicitous to detect and expoſe him: But left the whole upon his conſcience. And having made before ſeveral objections to his account, which could not be ſo well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very ſpeedily ſettled every thing to his own ſatisfaction; and, diſmiſſing him more genteelly than he deſerved, took upon himſelf the management of that eſtate, directing ſeveral obvious improvements

improvements to be made; which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miſs Obrien was ill of the ſmall-pox. He was not, for her own ſake, ſorry for it. She ſuffered in her face, but ſtill was pretty and genteel: And ſhe is now the honeſt and happy wife of a tradeſman near Golden-ſquare, who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promiſed ſum, and 100*l.* more for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happineſs and her huſband's is, that her aunt, ſuppoſing ſhe had diſgraced herſelf by this match, never comes near her: And her mother is returned to Ireland to her huſband, greatly diſſatisfied with her daughter on the ſame account.

While theſe matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what ſteps had been taken with regard to the alliance propoſed between himſelf and Lady Frances N.

He paid his firſt viſit to the father and brother of that lady.

All that the ſiſters know of the matter is, that the treaty was, on this firſt viſit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, ſpeaks of the lady, and of the whole family, with great reſpect. The lady is known to eſteem him highly. Her father, her brother, ſpeak of him every-where with great regard: Lord N. calls him the fineſt young gentleman in England. And ſo, Lucy, I believe he is. Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lord N. once ſaid, knows better, by non-compliance, how to create friendſhips, than moſt men do by compliance.

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, who, as I have before intimated, favour another lady, once ſaid to him, that the earl and his ſon Lord N. were ſo conſtantly ſpeaking in his praiſe, that they could not but think that it would at laſt be a match be-

tween

tween him and Lady Frances. His anſwer was, the lady is infinitely deſerving: *But it cannot be.*

I am ready to wiſh, he would ſay, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy!—I know not what I would ſay: But ſo it will always be with ſilly girls, that diſtinguiſh not between the *would* and the *ſhould:* One of which is

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WILL proceed with the family-hiſtory.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early viſit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his houſe near Windſor.

I have told you, that my lord had conceived a diſlike to him; and that for no other reaſon but becauſe his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout when he came: But he was inſtantly admitted to his ſtately preſence. The firſt ſalutations, on one ſide, were reſpectful; on the other, coldly civil. My lord often ſurveyed his kinſman from head to foot, as he ſat; as if he were loth to like him, I ſuppoſe; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, That it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father ſpoken ſlightly of. He deſired his lordſhip to forbear reflections of that ſort. My father, ſaid he, is no more. I deſire not to be made a party in any diſputes that may have happened between him and your lordſhip. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory; and I hope this may be done without wounding that of my father.

You

You ſay well, ſaid my lord; but I am afraid, kinſman, by your air and manner, and *ſpeech* too, that you want not your father's proud ſpirit.

I revere my father for his ſpirit, my Lord. It might not always be exerted as your lordſhip, and his other relations, might wiſh: But he had a manly one. As to myſelf, I will help your lordſhip to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot ſtoop to flatter, and leaſt of all men, the great and the rich: Finding it difficult to reſtrain this fault, it is my whole ſtudy to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do any thing unworthy of my father's name, or of my mother's virtue.

Why, Sir, (and looked at him again from head to foot), your father never in his whole life ſaid ſo good a thing.

Your Lordſhip knew not my father as he deſerved to be known. Where there are miſunderſtandings between two perſons, tho' relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my Lord, this is, as I ſaid before, a viſit of duty: I have nothing to aſk of your lordſhip, but your good opinion; and no longer than I deſerve it.

My Lord was diſpleaſed. "You have nothing "to aſk of me!"—repeated he. Let me tell you, *independent* Sir, that I like not your ſpeech. You may leave me, if you pleaſe: And when I want to ſee you again, I will ſend for you.

Your ſervant, my Lord. And let me ſay, that I will not again attend you till you do. But *when* you do, the ſummons of my *Mother's Brother* ſhall be chearfully obeyed, notwithſtanding this unkind treatment of *Lord W.*

The very next day, my Lord, hearing he was ſtill at Windſor, viewing the curioſities of the place, ſent to him: he directly went. My Lord expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with his readineſs

to

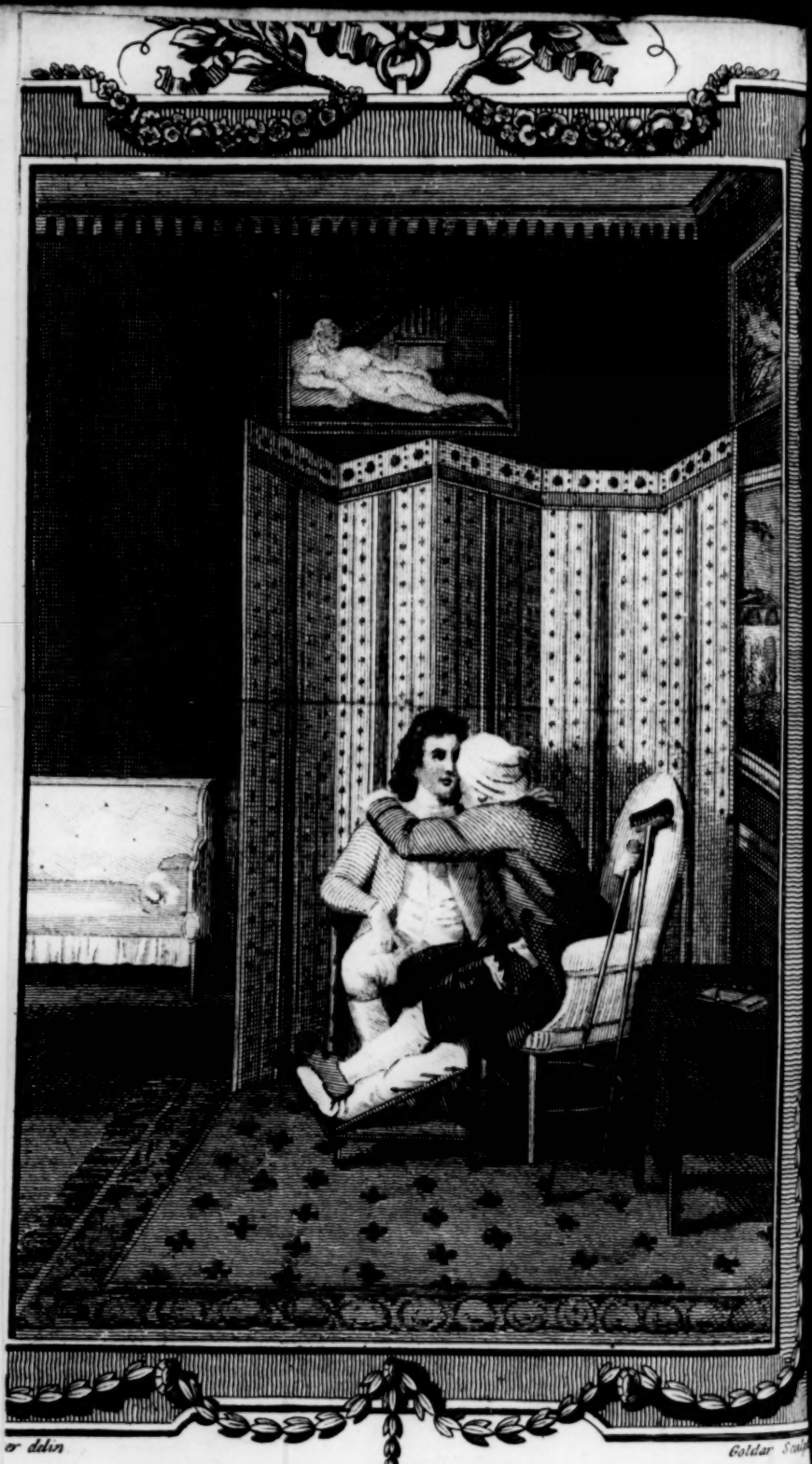
to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him nephew, and ſwore, that he was juſt ſuch a young man as he had wiſhed to ſee. Your mother uſed to ſay, proceeded he, that you could do what you would with her, ſhould you even be unreaſonable: And I beg of you to aſk me no favour but what is fit for me to grant, for fear I ſhould grudge it after I had granted it; and call in queſtion, what no man is willing to do, my own diſcretion.

He then aſked him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles anſwered, That he was reſolved to diſpoſe of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as ſoon as he could: That he would take a ſurvey of the timber upon his eſtate, and ſell that which would be the worſe for ſtanding; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampſhire would turn to a good account: But that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the ſake of poſterity: He was determined, he ſaid, to let the houſe in Eſſex; and even to ſell the eſtate there, if it were neceſſary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Iriſh eſtate, which he had a notion was very improveable.

What did he propoſe to do for his ſiſters? who were, he found, abſolutely in his power?

Marry them, my Lord, as ſoon as I can. I have a good opinion of Lord L. My elder ſiſter loves him. I will inquire what will make him eaſy: And eaſy I will make him, on his marriage with her, if it be in my power. I will endeavour to make the younger happy too. And when theſe two points are ſettled, but not before, becauſe I will not deceive the family with which I may engage, I will think of myſelf.

Bravo! Bravo! ſaid my Lord; and his eyes, that were brimful ſome minutes before, then ran over.



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R CHA^S. GRANDISON'S *Interview with his* UNCLE

over. As I hope to be ſaved, I had a good mind to—to—to—And there he ſtopt.

I only aſk for your approbation, my Lord, or correction, if wrong. My father has been very regardful of my intereſts. He knew my heart, or he would perhaps have been more ſolicitous for his daughters. I don't find that my circumſtances will be very narrow: And if they *are*, I will live within compaſs, and even lay up. I endeavour to make a virtue of my pride, in this reſpect: I cannot live under obligation. I will endeavour to be juſt; and then, if I can, I will be generous. That is another ſpecies of my pride. I told your lordſhip, that if I could not conquer it, I would endeavour to make it innocent at leaſt.

Bravo! Bravo! again cried my Lord—And threw his arms about his neck, and kiſſed his cheek, tho' he ſcreamed out at the ſame time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

And then, and then—ſaid my Lord, you will marry yourſelf. And if you marry with diſcretion, good Lord, what a *great* man you will be!—And how I ſhall love you!—Have you any thoughts of marriage, kinſman?—Let me be conſulted in your match,—and—and—and—you will vaſtly oblige me. Now I believe, I ſhall begin to think the name of Grandiſon has a very agreeable ſound with it. What a fine thing it is, for a young man to be able to clear up his mother's prudence ſo many years after ſhe is gone, and leſſen his father's follies! Your father did not uſe me well; and I muſt be allowed ſometimes to ſpeak my mind of him.

That, my Lord, is the only point in which your lordſhip and I *can* differ.

Well, well, we *won't* differ—Only one thing, my dear kinſman: If you ſell, give me the preference. Your father told me, that he would mortgage to any man upon God's earth ſooner than to me. I took that very heinouſly.

Three

There was a miſunderſtanding between you, my Lord. My father had a noble ſpirit. He might think, that there would be a ſelfiſhneſs in the appearance, had he aſked of your Lordſhip's favour. Little ſpirited men ſometimes chuſe to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payments will be leſs rigorouſly exacted than by a ſtranger.

Ah kinſman! kinſman!—That's the white ſide of the buſineſs.

Indeed, my Lord, that would be a motive with me to avoid troubling your lordſhip in an exigence, were it to happen. For miſtruſt will ariſe from poſſibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the ſuſpicion.

Well ſaid, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to *you?*

O no!—But in this caſe I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded *himſelf* as the firſt perſon in the friendſhip; *me* but as the ſecond, in caſes that might hurt my fortune, and diſable me from acting up to my ſpirit to other friends, I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my underſtanding as of my juſtice.

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over propheſied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful diſpatch, executed thoſe deſigns, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the ſale of the timber he cut down in Hampſhire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a very conſiderable ſum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his ſetting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward Miſs Jervois at the former place, in the protection

of good Dr Bartlett.. He ſoon ſent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a diſcreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; ſometimes indulging her with leave to viſit his ſiſters, who were very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, That ſhe is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as ſhe calls it, to be conſtantly reſident with Miſs Grandiſon. She will be, ſhe ſays, the beſt girl in the world, if ſhe may be allowed this favour: And not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miſs Grandiſon, or of Lady L. ſhall be loſt upon her—And beſides, as good women, ſaid ſhe, as Mrs Lane and her daughters *are*, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troubleſome, and reſolve to *have me*, as ſhe is continually threatening?

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowledge!—She *would*, I believe you think, were ſhe to be *entangled in a hopeleſs Love*.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His firſt viſit was to the young baronet; who, on my Lord's avowing his paſſion for his ſiſter, and her acknowledging her eſteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleaſure, ſaid he, I join hands where hearts ſo worthy are united. Do me, my Lord, the honour,

There was a miſunderſtanding between you, my Lord. My father had a noble ſpirit. He might think, that there would be a ſelfiſhneſs in the appearance, had he aſked of your Lordſhip's favour. Little ſpirited men ſometimes chuſe to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payments will be leſs rigorouſly exacted than by a ſtranger.

Ah kinſman! kinſman!—That's the white ſide of the buſineſs.

Indeed, my Lord, that would be a motive with me to avoid troubling your lordſhip in an exigence, were it to happen. For miſtruſt will ariſe from poſſibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the ſuſpicion.

Well ſaid, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to *you?*

O no!—But in this caſe I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded *himſelf* as the firſt perſon in the friendſhip; *me* but as the ſecond, in caſes that might hurt my fortune, and diſable me from acting up to my ſpirit to other friends, I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my underſtanding as of my juſtice.

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over propheſied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful diſpatch, executed thoſe deſigns, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the ſale of the timber he cut down in Hampſhire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a very conſiderable ſum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his ſetting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward Miſs Jervois at the former place, in the protection

of good Dr Bartlett.. He ſoon ſent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a diſcreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; ſometimes indulging her with leave to viſit his ſiſters, who were very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, That ſhe is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as ſhe calls it, to be conſtantly reſident with Miſs Grandiſon. She will be, ſhe ſays, the beſt girl in the world, if ſhe may be allowed this favour: And not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miſs Grandiſon, or of Lady L. ſhall be loſt upon her—And beſides, as good women, ſaid ſhe, as Mrs Lane and her daughters *are*, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troubleſome, and reſolve to *have me*, as ſhe is continually threatening?

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowledge!—She *would*, I believe you think, were ſhe to be *entangled in a hopeleſs Love*.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His firſt viſit was to the young baronet; who, on my Lord's avowing his paſſion for his ſiſter, and her acknowledging her eſteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleaſure, ſaid he, I join hands where hearts ſo worthy are united. Do me, my Lord, the honour,

from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarraſſed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they ſhould early claim *another* protection: But had he lived to make himſelf eaſy, I have no doubt but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—And I will perform it.

His ſiſter was unable to ſpeak for joy. My lord's tears were ready to ſtart.

My father, proceeded Sir Charles, in one of his letters to me, acquainted me with the ſtate of your lordſhip's affairs. Reckon upon my beſt ſervices: Promiſe, engage, undertake, The brother, my lord, hopes to make you eaſy: The ſiſter will make you happy.

Miſs Charlotte was affected with this ſcene; and ſhe prayed, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: The whole world would then, ſhe ſaid, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear, Mr Reeves, that Miſs Grandiſon, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is ſpoken of?

And has not my Charlotte, ſaid he, turning towards her, and looking at Miſs Caroline, ſome happy man, that ſhe can diſtinguiſh by her love? You are *equally* dear to me, my ſiſters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations ſhall be my choice.

Dear Miſs Grandiſon, why did you miſlead me by your boaſts of unreſervedneſs? What room was there for reſerves to ſuch a brother?—And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your *heart*; and he ſeems to think ſo too. And now you are uneaſy at a hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his ſiſter's hands a paper ſealed up: Receive

ceive theſe, my Caroline, ſaid he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wiſhed, had we been bleſſed with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this preſent: And intitle *yourſelf* to all the gratitude, with which I know this worthy heart will overflow, on *both* occaſions. I have done my duty. I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent to make one for himſelf.

He ſaluted her, and withdrew, before ſhe broke the ſeal: And when ſhe did, ſhe found in it bank-notes for 10,000*l.*

She threw herſelf into a chair, and was unable for ſome time to ſtir; but recovering herſelf hurried out to find her brother. She was told he was in her ſiſter's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had juſt left her. What ails my Charlotte?

O this brother, my Caroline!—There is no bearing his generous goodneſs. See that deed! See that paper that lies upon it! She took it up; and theſe were the contents of the paper:

"I have juſt now paid my ſiſter Caroline the "ſum that I think ſhe would have been intitled to "expect from my father's bounty, and the family "circumſtances, had life been lent him to ſettle "his affairs, and make a will. I have an entire "confidence in the diſcretion of my Charlotte: "And have, by the incloſed deed, eſtabliſhed for "her, beyond the power of revocation, that inde-"pendency as to the fortune, to which, from my "father's death, I think her intitled. And for "this, having acted but as an executor, I claim no "merit, but that of having fulfilled the ſuppoſed "will of either of our parents, as either ſurvived "the other. Cheriſh, therefore, in your grateful "heart, *their* memory. Remember, that when you

" marry, you change the name of Grandiſon.
" Yet, with all my pride, what is name?—Let the
" man be worthy of you: And be he who he will
" that you intitle to your vows, I will embrace him
" as the brother of

Your affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON."

The deed was for the ſame ſum as he had given her ſiſter, and to carry intereſt.

The two ſiſters congratulated, and wept over each other, as if diſtreſſed.—To be ſure, they *were* diſtreſſed.

Caroline found out her brother: But when ſhe approached him, could not utter one word of what ſhe had meditated to ſay: But, dropping down on one knee, bleſſed him, as ſhe owned, in heart, both for Lord L. and herſelf; but could only expreſs her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Juſt as he had raiſed and ſeated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her ſiſter, and drawing a chair for himſelf, taking a hand of each, he thus addreſſed himſelf to them:

My deareſt ſiſters, you are *too* ſenſible of theſe but *due* inſtances of my brotherly love; it has pleaſed God to take from us our father and mother. We are *more* than brother and ſiſters; and muſt ſupply to each other the wanting relations. Look upon me only as executor of a will, that *ought* to have been made, and perhaps *would*, had time been given. My circumſtances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare ſay, than my father thought they would be. Leſs than I have done could not be done, by a brother who had *power* to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never ſay one word more on this ſubject. You will act with leſs dignity than becomes my ſiſters,

if

if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

O my aunt! be ſo good as to let the ſervants prepare my apartment at Selby-houſe. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he ſeems to have one fault; and he owns it—And yet does not acknowledgment annihilate that fault!—O no! for he thinks not of *correcting* it. This fault is *pride*. Do you mind *what* a ſtreſs he lays now-and-then on the family name? and, as above, *Dignity*, ſays he, *that becomes my ſiſters!*—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy! he *is* proud; *too* proud, I doubt, as well as *too* conſiderable in his fortunes—What would I ſay?—Yet, I know who would *ſtudy* to make him the happieſt of men—Spare me, ſpare me here, my uncle; or rather ſkip over this paſſage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte has two humble ſervants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have ſeen in my former letters; but likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his lady down to Scotland, where ſhe was greatly admired and careſſed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically propoſed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miſs Charlotte to prepare every-thing at Colnebrook for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on the way to Scotland as York; where he made a viſit to Mrs Eleanor Grandiſon, his father's maiden ſiſter, who reſides there. She, having heard of his goodneſs to his ſiſters, and to every-body elſe with whom he had concerns, longed to ſee him; and on this occaſion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bleſs, and applaud her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I further to tell you relating to this *ſtrange* man!—*Let* me call him names.

I enquired after the hiſtory of the good Dr Bartlett: But the ladies ſaid, as they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the doctor himſelf. They knew however enough, they ſaid, to reverence him as one of the moſt worthy and moſt pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the ſecrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that theſe ſecrets lie ſo *deep!* Yet there does not ſeem any thing ſo *very* forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the doctor, but that one might aſk them a few innocent queſtions: And yet I did not uſe to be ſo very curious neither. Why ſhould I be more ſo than his ſiſters? —Yet perſons coming ſtrangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to be more inquiſitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than thoſe who make a part of it: And when they have no other motive for their curioſity, than a deſire to applaud and imitate, I ſee not any great harm in it.

I was alſo very anxious to know what, at ſo early an age (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen), were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It ſeems, the man was not only profligate himſelf, but, in order to keep himſelf in countenance, laid ſnares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happineſs to eſcape; though at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was alſo contentious, quarrelſome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his ſiſters) it had ſo very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-ſake as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became inſupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the

the honour of the young gentleman's frankneſs and magnanimity, that when, at laſt, he found himſelf obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as ſoon as he ſent it away. You may make, Sir, ſaid he, what uſe you pleaſe of the ſtep I have taken. You ſee my charge. I have not aggravated it. Only let me caution you, that, as I have not given you by my own miſconduct any advantage over me, you do not make a ſtill worſe figure in my reply, if you give me occaſion to juſtify my charge. My father loves his ſon. I *muſt* be his ſon. An altercation cannot end in your favour.

But on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man (who might have tainted the morals of one of the fineſt youths on earth) which the ſon beſought the father to make, before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas diſmiſſed him, and made a compliment to his ſon, that he ſhould have no other governor for the future than his own diſcretion *.

Miſs Jervois's hiſtory is briefly this:

She had one of the beſt of fathers: Her mother is one of the worſt of women. A termagant, a ſwearer, a drinker, unchaſte—Poor Mr Jervois!—I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country to avoid her. Yet ſhe wants to have her daughter under her own tuition—Terrible!—Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miſs Jervois!

Miſs Emily's fortune is very great. The ladies ſay, Not leſs than 50,000 *l.* Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that ſum, by the recovery of ſome thouſands of pounds, which Mr Jervois had thought deſperate.

And thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was

* *See further, Letter* 7. *Vol.* iii.

was able, though writing almoſt night and day (and greatly indulged in the latter by the ladies, who ſaw my heart was in the taſk), the hiſtory of this family, to the time when I had the happineſs (by means, however, moſt ſhockingly undeſirable) to be firſt acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to preſent ſituations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down, Lucy. And this is Monday! Very well!—He made excuſes by his couſin Grandiſon, who came down with my couſin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yeſterday—Vaſtly buſy, no doubt!—He will be here to-morrow, I *think*, he ſays. His excuſes were to his ſiſters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himſelf the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his abſence.

Miſs Grandiſon complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, ſhe ſays, to open hers to me; but as ſhe has intricacies that I cannot have, ſhe ſays I muſt *begin*: She knows not *how*, ſhe pretends. What her ſecrets may be, I preſume not to gueſs: But ſurely I cannot tell a ſiſter, who, with her ſiſter, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be ſure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, ſhe juſt now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonſhire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there *is* ſuch a one *ſomewhere*, ſhe ſays, ſhe has no doubt: And if ſhe find it out before I tell her, ſhe will give me *no quarter*, ſpeaking in the military phraſe; which ſometimes ſhe is apt to do. Lady L. ſmiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her ſiſter is rallying me, as if ſhe alſo wanted to find out ſome reaſon for my refuſing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beſet with their eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. keeps no one ſecret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's elſe that ſhe is miſtreſs of, from her lord. Him,

I

I think, of all the men I know (my uncle not excepted), I could ſooner intruſt with a ſecret. But, have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a ſecret to myſelf, that never will be unfolded, even *to* myſelf, that I love a man, who has not made profeſſions of love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandiſon—But have done, Harriet! Thou haſt named a man that will lead the—Whither will it lead me?

More than I am at preſent my own, I am, and will ever be, my dear Lucy,

Your affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In continuation.*

Monday, March 13.

I WILL now tell you who the lady is to whom the two ſiſters have given their intereſt.

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vaſt fortune, it ſeems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon on a viſit to the two ladies. With all my heart. I hope ſhe is a very agreeable lady. I hope ſhe has a capacious mind. I hope—I don't know what to hope—And why? Becauſe I find myſelf out to be a ſelfiſh wretch, and don't wiſh her to be ſo fine and ſo good a woman as I *ſay* I do. Is love, if I *muſt* own love, a narrower of the heart?—I don't know whether, while it is in ſuſpenſe, and is only on one ſide, it be not the parent of jealouſy, envy, diſſimulation; making the perſon pretend generoſity, diſintereſtedneſs, and I cannot tell what; but ſecretly wiſhing, that her rival may not be ſo worthy, ſo lovely, as ſhe pretends to wiſh her to be. —Ah! Lucy, were one *ſure*, one could afford to be *generous*: One might then look down with pity

upon

upon a rival, inſtead of being mortified with apprehenſions of being looked down upon.

But I will be juſt to the education given me, and the examples ſet me. Whatever I ſhall be able to do or to wiſh, while I am in *ſuſpenſe*, when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandiſon, I will revere her, and wiſh her, for his ſake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will diſown that heart.

The two ladies ſet upon Mr Grandiſon on Sunday, to get out of him the buſineſs that carried Sir Charles ſo often of late to Canterbury. But though he owned that he was not enjoined ſecrecy, he affected to amuſe them, and ſtrangely to romance; hinting to them a ſtory of a fine woman in love with *him*, and he with *her*; yet neither of them thinking of marriage: Mr Grandiſon valued not truth, nor ſcrupled ſolemn words, though ludicrouſly uttered, to make the moſt improbable ſtuff perplexing and teazing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the ſuſpenſe he ſuppoſed he had cauſed.

What witleſs creatures, what mere nothings, are theſe beaux, fine fellows, and laughers of men!—How ſilly muſt they think us women!—And how ſilly indeed are ſuch of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour laſt night; and, in a very ſerious manner, beſought me to receive his addreſſes. I was greatly diſpleaſed with the two ſiſters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. Surely, thought I, I am not ſunk ſo low in the eyes of the ladies of ſuch a family as this, as to be thought by them a fit wife to the only worthleſs perſon in it, becauſe I have not the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will hear, thought I, what Miſs Grandiſon ſays to this; and although

although I had made excuſes to my couſin Reeves, at their requeſt, for ſtaying here longer than I had intended, I will get away to town as faſt as I can. Proud as they are of the name of Grandiſon, thought I, the name *only* won't do with Harriet Byron. I am as proud as they.

I ſaid nothing of my reſentment; but told both ladies, the moment I ſaw them, of Mr Grandiſon's declaration. They expreſſed themſelves highly diſpleaſed with him for it; and ſaid, they would talk to him. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid ſhe wondered at his *preſumption*. His fortune was indeed very conſiderable, ſhe ſaid, notwithſtanding the extravagance of his youth: But it was a high degree of confidence, in a man of ſuch free principles, to think himſelf intitled to countenance from—in ſhort, from ſuch a lady as your Harriet, Lucy, whatever you may think of her in theſe days of her humiliation.

She added the goodneſs of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. *Then* it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occaſion: And the two ladies inſtantly went to their couſin, and talked to him in ſuch a manner, that he promiſed, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occaſion for them to reprimand him on this ſubject. He had indeed, he owned, no very *ſtrong aſpirations* after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himſelf to declare his paſſion ſo ſeriouſly: but only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the *pale*, he thought he never in his life ſaw a woman with whom he could be ſo happy as with me.

But you ſee, Lucy, by this addreſs of Mr Grandiſon, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwiſe I believe I ſhould be, is, that all you, my dear friends, are ſo much in love with this really great, becauſe good man. It is a very happy

happy circumſtance for a young woman to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I ſhall ſee what merit Lady Anne has by and by. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the firſt princeſs on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And ſo I ſay, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken ſuch meaſures, I hope, as will not diſturb me in my reſolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *muſt* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not give my *hand*, whatever has paſſed between that lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave a preference in my *heart* againſt that man. Gratitude, juſtice, virtue, decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I ſee no hope, nor trace for hope, I have begun to attempt the conqueſt of my *hopeleſs*—What ſhall I call it?—*Paſſion?*—Well, if I *muſt* call it ſo, I muſt. A *child in love matters*, if I did not, would *find me out*, you know. Nor will I, however *hopeleſs*, be aſhamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reaſon, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *perſon* that I am in love with, if I *am* in love? No: It is virtue, it is goodneſs, it is generoſity, it is true politeneſs, that I am captivated by; all centered in this one *good man*. What then have I to be aſhamed of?—And yet I *am* a little aſhamed now-and-then, for all that.

After all, that love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a love, I ſhould think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: But that which is founded on interior worth, that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are ſignally exerted by the object beloved; how can ſuch a love as that be reſtrained, damped, ſuppreſſed? How can it, without damping every ſpark of generous goodneſs, in what my partial grandmamma calls a *fellow heart*, admiring and

longing to promote and ſhare in ſuch glorious philanthropy?

Philanthropy!—Yes, my uncle; why ſhould women, in compliance with the petulance of narrow-minded men, forbear to uſe words that ſome ſeem to think above them, when no other ſingle word will equally expreſs their ſenſe? It will be ſaid, they need not *write*. Well then, don't let them *read*: And carry it a little further, and they may be forbidden to *ſpeak*. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signior, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at eaſe, that I can thus trifle? I would fain have it be at eaſe; and that makes me give way to any chearful idea that riſes to my mind.

The ladies here have made me read to them ſeveral paſſages out of my letters to you before I ſend them. They are more generous than I think I wiſh them to be, in allowing me to ſkip and paſs over ſentences and paragraphs as I pleaſe: for is not this allowing that I have ſomething to write, or have written ſomething, that they think I *ought* to keep from their knowledge, and which they do not *deſire* to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

WELL, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't ſay but ſhe is *very* agreeable. And were ſhe actually Lady Grandiſon, I think I could reſpect her. I *think* I could—But O, my dear friends, what a happy creature was I before I came to London!

There was a good deal of diſcourſe about Sir Charles. She owned, that ſhe thought him the handſomeſt man ſhe ever ſaw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, ſhe ſaid. She could go no-where, but he was the ſubject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me a hundred compliments on the occa-

ſion; and ſaid, That her having heard that I was at Colnebrook, was one inducement to her to make this viſit.

It ſeems ſhe told Miſs Grandiſon, That ſhe thought me the prettieſt creature ſhe ever beheld.—*Creature* was her word—we are all creatures, 'tis true: But I think I never was more diſpleaſed with the ſound of the word *Creature* than I was from Lady Anne.

My aunt's letter relating to what paſſed between her and Lady D. is juſt brought me.

And ſo Lady D. was greatly chagrined?—I am ſorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you ſay, that ſhe is not diſpleaſed with me in the main, and commends my ſincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me juſtice. I am very glad to find, that ſhe knew not how to get over my prepoſſeſſion in favour of another man. It was worthy of herſelf, and of my Lord D.'s character. I ſhall always reſpect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: But did ſhe not ſay herſelf, that Sir Charles Grandiſon was too conſiderable in his fortune, in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the public, in this particular? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word *uncertainty* uſed? We may be *certain*—And there's an end of it. His ſiſters can rally me; "Some happy man in Nor-"thamptonſhire!"—As much as to ſay, "You "muſt not think of your brother." "Lady Anne "S. has a vaſt fortune." Is not that ſaying, "What hope can *you* have, Harriet Byron?"—Well, I don't care: This life is but a paſſage, a ſhort and a dark paſſage, to a better: And let one joſtle, and another elbow; another puſh me, becauſe they know the weakeſt muſt give way; yet I will endeavour ſteadily to purſue my courſe, till I get through it, and into broad and open day.

One

One word only more on this ſubject—There is but one man in the world whom I can honeſtly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I muſt then of neceſſity be a ſingle woman as long as I live. Well! and where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have leſs cares, leſs anxieties?—I *ſhall*. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, March 14.

SIR Charles is come at laſt! He came time enough to breakfaſt, and with him the good Dr Bartlett. My philoſophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at leaſt. I muſt take ſanctuary, and that very ſoon, at Selby-houſe.

Every word that paſſes now ſeems to me worth repeating. There is no deſcribing how the preſence of this man animates every one in company. But take only a part of what paſſed.

We were in hopes, Sir Charles, ſaid Lord L. that we ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you before now.

My heart was with you, my Lord: And (taking my hand; for he ſat next me, and bowing) the more ardently, I muſt own, for the pleaſure I ſhould have ſhared with you all, in the company of this your lovely gueſt.

[What buſineſs had he to take my hand? But indeed the character of *brother* might warrant the freedom.]

I was engaged moſt part of laſt week in a very melancholy attendance, as Mr Grandiſon could have informed you.

But not a word of the matter, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, did I tell the ladies; looking at his two couſins. I amuſed them, as they love to do all mankind, when they have power.

The ladies, I hope, couſin, will puniſh you for this reflection.

I came not to town till Saturday, proceeded Sir Charles; and found a billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexſen, inviting himſelf, Mr Merceda, Mr Bagenhall, and Mr Jordan, to paſs the Sunday evening with me at St James's Square. The company was not ſuitable to the day, nor the day to the purpoſed meeting. I made my excuſes, and deſired them to favour me at breakfaſt on Monday morning. They came. And when we were all in good humour with one another, I propoſed, and was ſeconded by Mr Jordan, that we would make a viſit—You will hardly gueſs to whom, Miſs Byron—It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington.

I ſtarted, and even trembled. What I ſuffered there was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, though not without ſome difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, actually engaged him to draw on his banker for the 100*l.* he had promiſed Wilſon; on Mr Merceda, on his banker for 50*l.* and he himſelf generouſly added 50*l.* more; and, giving, as he ſaid, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promiſe, they all of them went to Paddington. There, ſatisfying themſelves of the girl's love for Wilſon, and of the widow's opinion of Wilſon's good intentions by the girl, they let them know, that the ſum of 200*l.* was depoſited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as ſoon as they thought fit. Neither Wilſon nor the widow's ſon

was

was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards ſhewed Sir Charles, it ſeems, every ſcene of my diſtreſs; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room), my whole ſad ſtory. Sir Charles was pleaſed to ſay, That he was ſo much affected with it, that he had ſome little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it ſeems, the gentlemen inſiſted Sir Charles ſhould conſent, as an inducement for them to comply with his propoſal: It was, that Sir Charles ſhould dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his houſe on the Foreſt, ſome one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all inſiſted upon it; and Sir Charles ſaid, he came the more readily into the propoſal, as they declared it would be the laſt time they ſhould ſee him for at leaſt a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to proſecute their intended tour.

Wilſon and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the ſame evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilſon ſays, that his widow ſiſter in Smithfield will, he is ſure, admit him into a partnerſhip with her, now that he ſhall have ſomething to carry into the ſtock; for ſhe loves his wife-elect; and the ſaving both of body and ſoul will be owing, he declared (with tranſport that left him ſpeechleſs), to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Every-body was delighted with the relation he gave. Dear Sir Charles, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholic doctrine of Supererogation; and let me expreſs my hope, that I, your kinſman, may be the better for your good works. If all you do is but neceſſary, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, if I had written to my friends the account of what I ſuffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as ſhe doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herſelf, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruſe it.

When I am favoured, replied I, with the return of my letters, I will very chearfully communicate to you, my dear ladies, my relation of this ſhocking affair.

They all expreſſed a pleaſure in my frankneſs. Sir Charles ſaid, he admired me beyond expreſſion for that noble criterion of innocence and goodneſs.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part but what they may ſee.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THE two ſiſters and Lord L. were then ſolicitous to know what was the occaſion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance ſo many days at Canterbury.

It is *really* a melancholy occaſion, replied he. You muſt not be ſurpriſed, my Lord, nor you, my ſiſters, if you ſee me in mourning in a few days. His ſiſters ſtarted. And ſo *truly* muſt I. But I am his third ſiſter, you know. He ſeemed in haſte to explain himſelf, leſt he ſhould keep us in painful ſuſpenſe. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occaſioned by the melancholy neceſſity of viſiting a ſick friend, who is now no more.

You had all ſuch an opinion, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, that I could keep no ſecret, that—

You

You were reſolved, interrupted Miſs Grandiſon, to ſay any-thing but the truth. Indeed, couſin, you had better have been ſilent at this time—Is there a neceſſity, brother, for *us* to go into mourning?

There is not. I had a true value for the departed. But cuſtom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an *executor* only. And I have given orders about that, and other neceſſary matters.

Did we know the deceaſed gentleman, brother? ſaid Lady L.

No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant, an Engliſhman; but, from his youth, ſettled in France. He had for months been in a languiſhing ſtate of health; and at laſt, finding his recovery deſperate, was deſirous to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago: But his malady ſo greatly increaſed, that he was obliged to ſtop at Canterbury in his way to town; and there at laſt he yielded to the common deſtiny. The body was to be brought to town as this night. I have ordered it to an undertaker's. I muſt lock myſelf up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but, he told me, not intricate. He deſired that his will might not be opened till after his interment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews and a niece. I would have had him join them in the truſt with me: But he refuſed to do ſo. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains ſet at work by a wicked brother, father of thoſe nephews, and that niece, of which they were innocent: They are worthy young people. I had the happineſs to ſave his life: But had no merit in it; for my own ſafety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.

But, my good brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, were you not a little reſerved on this occaſion? You went and returned, and went and returned,

to

to Canterbury, and never ſaid one word to us of the call you had to go thither. For my part, I thought there was a lady in the caſe, I do aſſure you.

My reſerve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental than deſigned; and yet I do now-and-then treat your agreeable curioſity as mariners are ſaid to do a whale; I throw out a tub to divert it. But this was too melancholy an occaſion to be ſported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would all have been acquainted with him. I love to communicate pleaſure, but not pain; when, eſpecially, no good end can be anſwered by the communication. I go to different places, and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my ſiſters with every movement. Had I thought you had any curioſity about my little journeyings to Canterbury, you ſhould have had it anſwered. And yet I know my ſiſter Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out ſecrets where none are intended.

She bluſhed; and ſo did I. Your ſervant, Sir, was all ſhe ſaid.

But, Charlotte, proceeded he, you thought it was a *lady* that I viſited: You know not your brother. I never will keep a ſecret of that nature from *you*, my good lord, nor from *you*, my ſiſters, when I find myſelf either encouraged or inclined to make a ſecond viſit. It is for *your* ſex, Charlotte, to be very chary of ſuch ſecrets; and reaſon good, if you have any doubt, either of the man's worthineſs, or of your own conſequence with him.

He looked very earneſtly at her, but ſmiled.

So, my brother! I thank you, humorouſly rubbing one ſide of her face (though ſhe needed not to do ſo, to make both cheeks glow), this is another box on the ſame ear. I have been uneaſy, I can tell you, Sir, at a hint you threw out before you laſt went to Canterbury, as if I kept from you

ſomething

ſomething that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleaſed to explain yourſelf?

And, ſince you put it ſo ſtrongly to me, Charlotte, let me aſk you, Have you not?

And let me aſk you, Sir—Do you think I have?

Perhaps, Charlotte, your ſolicitude on this ſubject, now, and the alarm you took at the time, on a very ſlight hint, might warrant—

No *warrants*, brother!—Pray be ſo good as to ſpeak all that lies on your mind.

Ah, Charlotte! and looked, though ſmilingly, with meaning.

I will not bear this *Ah, Charlotte!* and that meaning look.

And are you willing, my dear, to try this cauſe?

I demand my trial.

Charming innocence! thought I, at the time—Now ſhall I find ſome fault, I hope, in this almoſt perfect brother. I triumphed in my mind for my Charlotte.

Who ſhall be your judge?

Yourſelf, Sir.

God grant you may be found guilty, couſin, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, for your plaguing of me.

Has that wretch, looking at Mr Grandiſon, inſinuated any thing?—She ſtopt.

Are you afraid, my ſiſter?

I would not give that creature any advantage over me.

Sir Ch. I think *I* would, if there were fair room—You have too often all the game in your own hands. You ſhould allow Mr Grandiſon his chance.

Miſs Gr. Not to ariſe from ſuch an obſerving by-ſtander as my brother.

Sir Ch. Conſcious, Charlotte!

Miſs Gr May be not—

Sir

Sir Ch. *May be* is doubtful: May be *No*, implies May be *Yes*.

Lady L. You have made Charlotte uneaſy: Indeed, brother, you have. The poor girl has been harping upon this ſtring ever ſince you have been gone.

Sir Ch. I am ſorry what I ſaid preſſed ſo hard —Do *you*, Lady L. if this delinquency comes to trial, offer yourſelf as an advocate for Charlotte?

Lady L. I know not any act of delinquency ſhe has committed.

Sir Ch. The act of delinquency is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain myſelf?

Miſs Gr. Teazing man! How can you—

Mr Grandiſon rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miſs Grandiſon was nettled. She gave Mr Grandiſon *ſuch* a look!—I never ſaw ſuch a contemptuous one—Pray, Sir, do *you* withdraw, if you pleaſe.

Mr Gr. Not I, by the maſs! Are you afraid of a trial in open court? O-ho, couſin Charlotte!—

Miſs Gr. Have I not a *cruel* brother, Miſs Byron?

Lord L. Our ſiſter Charlotte really ſuffers, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. I am ſorry for it. The *innocent* ſhould not ſuffer. We will drop the cauſe.

Lady L. Worſe and worſe, brother.

Sir Ch. How ſo, Lady L.? Is not Charlotte innocent?

Dr Bartlett. If an advocate be required, and you, Sir Charles, are judge, and not a pleader in this cauſe, I offer myſelf to Miſs Grandiſon.

Sir Ch. A very powerful one ſhe will then have. You think her cauſe a juſt one, doctor, by your offer. Will you, Charlotte, give Dr Bartlett a brief? Or *have* you given him one?

Dr Bart. I have no doubt of the juſtice of the cauſe.

Sir

Sir Ch. Nor of the juſtice of the *accuſer*, I hope. I cannot be a *judge* in it.

Lady L. Nay, then!—Poor Charlotte!

Miſs Gr. I wiſh, couſin Grandiſon, you would withdraw.

Mr Gr. I wiſh, couſin Charlotte, you would *not* wiſh it.

Miſs Gr. But are you ſerious, brother?

Sir Ch. Let us call another cauſe, ſiſter, if you pleaſe. Pray, my lord, what viſitors have you had ſince I had the honour to attend you?

Miſs Gr. Nay, brother—Don't think—

Sir Ch. BE QUIET, Charlotte.

Lady L. Your own words, ſiſter!—But we had a viſit from Lady Anne S. yeſterday.

[I was glad to hear Lady L. ſay this. But nothing came of it.]

Sir Ch. You have ſeen Lady Anne more than once, my Emily: How do you like Lady Anne?

Miſs Emily. Very well, Sir. She is a very agreeable lady. Don't you think ſo, Sir?

Sir Ch. I do—But, Charlotte (and looked tenderly upon her), I muſt not have you uneaſy.

She ſat vexed—her complexion raiſed; and playing with a lump of ſugar; and ſometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, through earneſtneſs of talking, were not taken away, though the ſervants were withdrawn.

Mr Gr. Well, I will leave you together, I think. Poor couſin Charlotte!—[Riſing he tapped her ſhoulder] Poor couſin Charlotte!—Ha, ha, ha, hah!

Miſs Gr. Impertinence! with a look, the fellow to that ſhe gave him before.

Miſs Emily. I will withdraw, if you pleaſe, madam, riſing, and courteſying.

Miſs Grandiſon nodded her aſſent. And Emily withdrew likewiſe.

Dr Bartlett offered to do ſo. Miſs Grandiſon ſeemed not to diſapprove of his motion: But Sir Charles ſaid, The doctor is retained on your part, Charlotte: He muſt hear the charge. Shall Miſs Byron be judge?

I begged to be excuſed. The matter began to look like earneſt.

Miſs Gr. (whiſpering me). I wiſh, Harriet, I had opened my whole heart to you. Your naſty ſcribbling! Eternally at your pen; or I had.

Then I began to be afraid for her. Dear Miſs Grandiſon! re-whiſpered I, it was not for me to obtrude—Dear Miſs Grandiſon, my pen ſhould never have interfered, if—

Miſs Gr. (ſtill whiſpering). One ſhould be courted out of ſome ſort of ſecrets. One is not very forward to begin ſome ſort of diſcourſes—Yet the ſubjects moſt in our hearts, perhaps. But don't deſpiſe me. You ſee what an accuſer I have: And ſo generous a one too, that one muſt half condemn one's ſelf at ſetting out.

Harriet (whiſpering). Fear nothing, my Charlotte. You are in a brother's hands.

Miſs Gr. Well, Sir Charles; and now, if you pleaſe, for the charge. But you ſay you cannot be judge and accuſer: Who ſhall be judge?

Sir Ch. Your own heart, Charlotte. I deſire all preſent to be your advocates, if their judgment be with you: And if it be *not*, that they will pity you in ſilence.

He looked ſmilingly ſerious. Good heaven! thought I.

Miſs Gr. Pity me!—Nay, then—But, pray, Sir, your charge?

Sir Ch. The matter is too ſerious to be ſpoken of in metaphor.

Miſs Gr. Good God!—Hem!—and twice more ſhe hemmed—Pray, Sir, begin. Begin while I have breath.

Lord and Lady L. and Dr Bartlett, and I looked very grave; and Miſs Grandiſon looked, in general, *fretfully humble*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf: And every thing being removed but the table, ſhe played with her diamond-ring; ſometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; ſometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, ſwifter or ſlower, and ſtopping through downcaſt vexation, or earneſt attention, as ſhe found herſelf more or leſs affected—What a ſweet confuſion!

Sir Ch. You know, my dear Charlotte, that I, very early after my arrival, enquired after the ſtate of your heart. You told me it was abſolutely free.

Miſs Gr. Well, Sir.

Sir Ch. Not ſatisfied with your own acknowledgment, as I know that young ladies are too apt to make ſecrets of a paſſion that is not in itſelf illaudable [I know not why, when *proper* perſons make enquiries, and for motives not ungenerous]; I aſked your elder ſiſter, who ſcrupled not to own hers, whether there were any one man whom you preferred to another?—She aſſured me, that ſhe knew not of any one.

Lady L. My ſiſter knows I ſaid truth.

Miſs Gr. Well, well, Lady L. nobody doubts your veracity.

Sir Ch. Dear Charlotte, keep your temper.

Miſs Gr. Pray, Sir, proceed——And the ring turned round very faſt.

Sir Ch. On ſeveral occaſions I put the ſame queſtion, and had the ſame aſſurances. My reaſon for *repeating* my queſtion was owing to an early intelligence—Of which more by and by.

Miſs Gr. Sir!

Sir Ch. And that I might either provide the money that was due to her as my ſiſter, or to take time to pay it, according to the circumſtances of her engagement; and take from her all apprehenſions of controul, in caſe that might affect the hap-

pineſs of her life—Theſe, and brotherly love, were the motives of my enquiry.

Miſs Gr. Your generoſity, Sir, was without example.

Sir Ch. Not ſo, I hope. My ſiſters had an *equitable*, if not a *legal* right to what has been done. I found, on looking into my affairs, that, by a moderate calculation of the family circumſtances, no man ſhould think of addreſſing a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, without ſuppoſing himſelf intitled, either by his merits or fortune, to expect 10,000 *l.* with her—And this, even allowing to the ſon the cuſtomary preferences given to men as men, though given for the ſake of pride, perhaps, rather than natural juſtice: For does not tyrant cuſtom make a daughter change *her* name in marriage, and give to a ſon, for the ſake of *name* only, the eſtate of the common anceſtor of both?

This generous hint affected me. It was nearly my own caſe you know. I might otherwiſe have been a rich heireſs, and might have had as ſtrong pretenſions to be diſtinguiſhed by the Grandiſons for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worthleſs as thoſe are, to whom, for the ſake of the name, my father's eſtate is paſſed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with theſe Grandiſons.

Lord L. But who, Sir Charles, but you—

Sir Ch. Pray, my lord, let not your generoſity miſlead you to think that a favour, which is but a due. We ſhall not be judged by compariſon. The laws of truth and juſtice are always the ſame. What others would not have done in the like ſituation, that let them look to: But what is the *mortal* man who ſhould make an unjuſt advantage of *mortality*?

Miſs Grandiſon pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on and half off, by turns, her ring, looked

now

now and then at me, as if ſhe wiſhed me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: Every one did; and ſo did her judge, I dare ſay, in his heart. But juſtice, my Lucy, is a ſevere thing. Who can bear a trial, if the integrity and greatneſs of this man's heart is to be the rule by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you ſhall hear how generous he was.

Sir Ch. Allow me, for Miſs Byron's ſake, who has been but lately *reſtored* to our family, to be a little more particular than otherwiſe I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkyns deſired my intereſt with my ſiſter. I told him, that ſhe was entirely her own miſtreſs; and that I ſhould not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewiſe; and, applying to me, received the ſame anſwer.

I entered, however, into ſerious talk with my ſiſter upon this ſubject. She aſked me what *I* thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.

Miſs Gr. And pray, brother, be ſo good as to repeat what you ſaid of them. Let Miſs Byron be judge, whether either of the portraits was very inviting.

Sir Ch. I told her, Miſs Byron, that Sir Walter would, I preſumed, be thought the handſomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that ladies were ſeldom diſpleaſed with. I had not, however, diſcovered any great depth in him. My ſiſter, I imagined, if ſhe married him, would have the ſuperiority in good ſenſe: But I queſtion whether Sir Walter would eaſily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a briſk man for an hour, and might have wit and ſenſe too; but indeed I hardly ever ſaw him out of ladies' company; and he ſeemed to be of opinion, that flaſh rather than fire was what would recommend him to them.

Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of ſenſe ſhould puniſh ſuch men with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their underſtandings: But that I had known women of ſenſe approve a man of that character; and each woman muſt determine for herſelf what appeared moſt agreeable to her.

Miſs Gr. (whiſpering). Well, Harriet—

Har. (whiſpering). Don't interrupt him.

Sir Ch. You remember, my dear Charlotte, that it was in this kind of way I ſpoke about Sir Walter Watkyns; and added, that he was independent; in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, which I believed was a good one; and that he talked handſomely to me of ſettlements.

I do remember this, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; and whiſpering me, I am afraid, ſaid ſhe, he knows too much; but the *perſon* he cannot know.—Well, Sir, and pray be pleaſed to repeat what you ſaid of Lord G.

Sir Ch. Lord G. I told you, was a gay dreſſing man, but of a graver caſt than the other. The faſhion, rather than his inclination, ſeemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modeſt man, and I feared had too much doubt of himſelf to appear with that dignity in the eye of a lively woman, which ſhould give him a firſt conſequence with her.—

Miſs Gr. Your ſervant, Sir.

Sir Ch. I believe he would make a good huſband: So perhaps might Sir Walter: But the one would *bear*, the other perhaps muſt be *borne with*. Ladies, as well as men, I preſumed, had ſome foibles that they would not care to part with. As to fortune, I added, that Lord G. was dependent on his father's pleaſure. He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation, I found, in his addreſs: And I hoped that a ſiſter of mine would not wiſh for

for any man's death, for the ſake of either title or fortune. You have ſeen Lord G. Miſs Byron?

Har. What, Sir Charles, was Miſs Grandiſon's anſwer?

[I did not care to give my opinion, that might either *hurt* or *humour* my Charlotte.]

Sir Ch. Charlotte told me, in ſo many words, That ſhe did not approve of either. Each gentleman, ſaid I, has beſought me to be his advocate: A taſk that I nave not undertaken. I only told them, That I would talk to my ſiſter on the ſubject: But did not think a brother ought to expect an influence over a ſiſter, when the gentlemen ſuſpected their own. You will remember, ſaid I to my ſiſter, that women cannot chuſe where they will; and that the ſame man cannot be every-thing. She deſired me to tell her, which of the two *I* would prefer?—Firſt, ſaid I, let me repeat the queſtion I have more than once put to you: Have you any the leaſt ſhadow of a preference in your heart to any third perſon?—What was my ſiſter's anſwer? She ſaid, She had not. And yet, had I not had the private intelligence I hinted at, I ſhould have been apt to imagine, that I had ſome reaſon to repeat the queſtion, from the *warmth*, both of *manner* and *accent*, with which ſhe declared, that ſhe approved of neither. Women, I believe, do not, with *earneſtneſs*, reject a man who is not *quite* diſagreeable, and to whoſe quality and fortune there can be no objection, if they are actually unprejudiced in another's favour.

We women looked upon one another. I have no *doubt*, thought I, but Sir Charles came *honeſtly* by his knowledge of us.

The dear Charlotte ſat uneaſy. He proceeded.

However, I now made no queſtion but my ſiſter's affections were abſolutely diſengaged. My dear Charlotte, ſaid I, I would rather be excuſed telling you *which* gentleman's ſuit I ſhould incline to fa-

vour, leſt my opinion ſhould not have your inclination with it; and your mind, by that means, ſhould ſuffer any embarraſſment. She deſired to know it.

Miſs Gr. You were very generous, Sir; I owned you were, in this point, as well as in all others.

Sir Ch. I then declared in favour of Lord G. as the man who would be moſt likely to make her happy; who would think himſelf moſt obliged to her for her favour: And I took the liberty to hint, that tho' I admired her for her vivacity, and even, when her wit carried its keeneſt edge, loved to be awakened by it, and wiſhed it never to loſe that edge; yet I imagined that it would *hurt* ſuch a man as Sir Walter: Lord G. it would *enliven*: And I hoped, if ſhe took pleaſure in her innocent fallies, that ſhe would think it *ſomething*, ſo to chuſe, as that ſhe ſhould not be under a neceſſity of repreſſing thoſe ſprightly powers, that *very ſeldom* were to be wiſhed to be reined in.

Miſs Gr. True, Sir. You ſaid *very ſeldom*, I remember.

Sir Ch. I never will flatter either a prince, or a lady; yet ſhould be ſorry to treat either of them rudely.—She then aſked me after my *own* inclinations. I took this for a deſire to avoid the ſubject we were upon, and would have *withdrawn*; but not in ill-humour. There was no reaſon for it. My ſiſter was not obliged to follow me in a ſubject that was not agreeable to her: But I took care to let her know, that *her* queſtion was not a diſagreeable one to *me*; but would be more properly anſwered on ſome other occaſion. She would have had me to ſtay.—For the ſake of the former ſubject, do you aſk me to ſtay, Charlotte?—No, ſaid ſhe.

Well then, my dear, take time to conſider of it; and at ſome other opportunity we will reſume it. Thus tender did I *intend* to be, with regard to my ſiſter's inclinations.

Miſs

Miſs Grandiſon wiped her eyes—And ſaid, but with an accent that had a little peeviſhneſs in it, You wanted not, Sir, all this preparation. Nobody has the ſhadow of belief that *you* could be wrong.

Sir Ch. If this, Charlotte, be well ſaid; if in that accent, it be *generouſly* ſaid, I have done—And from my heart acquit you, and as cordially condemn myſelf, if I have appeared in your eye to intend to raiſe my own character at the expence of yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had much rather, in a point of delicacy, that the brother ſhould be found faulty than the ſiſter: And let it paſs that I am ſo.—And only tell me, in what way you would wiſh me to ſerve you?

Miſs Gr. Pardon me, brother. You can add forgiveneſs to the other obligations under which I labour. I was petulant.

Sir Ch. I do; moſt cordially I do.

Miſs Gr. (wiping her eyes). But won't you proceed, *Sir?*

Sir Ch. At another opportunity, *madam.*

Miſs Gr. MADAM!—Nay, now you are indeed angry with me. Pray, proceed.

Sir Ch. I am not: But you ſhall allow me an hour's converſation with you in your dreſſing-room, when you pleaſe.

Miſs Gr. No!—Pray, proceed. Every one here is dear to me. Every one preſent muſt hear either my acquittal or condemnation. Pray, Sir, proceed.—Miſs Byron, pray ſit ſtill—Pray (for we were all riſing to go out) keep your ſeats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother ſaid, you muſt pity me in ſilence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I ſhall be obliged to you for your pity.—Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.

Sir Ch. My dear Charlotte, I have ſaid enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know

know it, *that* I hope is ſufficient.—Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you—But —He ſtopt.

Miſs Gr. BUT *what*, Sir?—Pray, Sir—And ſhe trembled with eagerneſs.

Sir Ch. But it was not right to—And yet I wiſh that I were miſtaken in this point, and my ſiſter not wrong!

Miſs Gr. Well, Sir, you have reaſon, I ſuppoſe, to think—There ſhe ſtopt—

Sir Ch. That there is a man whom you can approve of—notwithſtanding—

Miſs Gr. All I have ſaid to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.

Sir Ch. That is all I mean—It is no fault in you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without conſulting your brother. I propoſed that you ſhould be entirely miſtreſs of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have ſuppoſed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not imagine me capable of laying ſuch a load on your free will: But I ſhould not have been made to pronounce to Lord G. and even to the earl his father (on their enquiries whether your affections were or were not engaged) in ſuch a manner as gave them hopes of ſucceeding.

Miſs Gr. Are you ſure, Sir?

Sir Ch. O my ſiſter, how hard fought (now muſt I ſay?) is this battle!—I can urge it no further. For *your* ſake, I can urge it no further.

Miſs Gr. Name your man, Sir!—

Sir Ch. Not *my* man, Charlotte—Captain Anderſon is not *my* man.

He aroſe; and taking her motionleſs hand, preſſed it with his lips:—Be not too much diſturbed, ſaid he. I am diſtreſſed, my ſiſter, for your diſtreſs

—I

—I think, more than I am for the error: And, ſaying this, bowing to her, he withdrew.

He ſaw and pitied her confuſion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herſelf. Lady L. gave her her ſalts. Miſs Grandiſon hardly ever wanted ſalts before.

O what a poor creature am I, ſaid ſhe, even in my own eyes! Don't deſpiſe me, Harriet—Dr Bartlett, can you excuſe me for ſo *ſturdy* a perſeverance? Forgive me, my Lord!—Lady L. be indulgent to a ſiſter's fault. But my brother will always ſee me in this depreciating light! "A battle hard fought," indeed! How one error perſiſted in produces another!

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one ſoothing, and pitying her, he returned. She would have riſen, with a diſpoſition ſeemingly as if ſhe ſhould have humbled herſelf at his feet: But he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair cloſe to her, and ſat down: With what ſweet majeſty and mingled compaſſion in his countenance! Miſs Grandiſon's *conſciouſneſs* made it terrible *only* to her.—Forgive me, Sir! were her words.

Dear Charlotte, I do. We have all ſomething to be forgiven for. We pity others then moſt cordially, when we want pity ourſelves. Remember only, in the caſes of other perſons, to ſoften the ſeverity of your virtue.

He had Mrs Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

We know not, ſaid he, to what *inconveniencies* a ſmall departure from principle will lead: And now let us look forward. But firſt, Had you rather ſhew me into your dreſſing-room?

Miſs Gr. I have now no wiſh to conceal anything from the perſons preſent. I will only withdraw for a few moments.

She

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting ſomebody to divide her fault with, the dear Charlotte blamed my *naſty* ſcribbling again: But for *that*, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould have told you all.

And what, my dear, would that have done, returned I?—That would not have prevented—

No: But yet you might have given me your advice: I ſhould have had the benefit of that; and my confeſſions would have been then, perhaps, aforehand with his accuſations.—But, forgive me, Harriet—

O my Charlotte, thought I to myſelf, could you but rein in your charming ſpirit a little, *very* little, you would not have had two forgiveneſſes to aſk inſtead of one.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

MISS Grandiſon deſired me to return to the company. I did. She ſoon followed me; took her ſeat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herſelf after this manner.

If it be not too late, after a perſeverance in error ſo obſtinate, to reinſtate myſelf in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world beſides, my ingenuouſneſs ſhall make atonment for that error.

Sir Ch. I would ſpare my ſiſter the—

Miſs Gr. I will not be ſpared, Sir—Pray hear me—I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many), ſeek to throw blame upon the abſent, much leſs upon the *everlaſtingly* abſent: And yet my brother's piety muſt not be offended, if I am obliged to ſay ſomething that may ſeem to caſt a ſhade on a memory—Be not hurt,

hurt, Sir,—I will be favourable to that memory, and juſt to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuſe me than my brother, if I failed in either.

I bowed, and bluſhed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aſpect.

My *father*, proceeded ſhe, thought fit to be, or to *ſeem* to be, diſpleaſed with ſomething that paſſed between him and Lord L. on the application made by my lord to him for my ſiſter.

Sir Ch. He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage ſhould be begun but at his own firſt motion, however unexceptionable the man, or the propoſal.

Miſs Gr. Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with a vivacity and ſpirit, that, where-ever pointed, there was no reſiſting. He took his two daughters to taſk upon this occaſion; and being deſirous to diſcourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, beſides his authority, on this occaſion (which I can truly ſay had *due* weight with us both) that vein of humour and railery for which he was noted; inſomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My ſiſter, in particular, was made to be aſhamed of a paſſion, that ſurely no young woman, the object ſo worthy, ought to be aſhamed of. My father alſo thought fit (perhaps for wiſe reaſons) to acquaint us, that he deſigned for us but ſmall fortunes: And this depreciated me with myſelf. My ſiſter had a ſtronger mind, and had better proſpects. I could not but apprehend, from what my ſiſter ſuffered, what muſt be *my* ſufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any ſtep, however raſh, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what ſhe underwent from the railery of a man ſo lively, and ſo humorous, and who ſtood in ſo venerable a degree of relation to me. While theſe impreſſions were

were ſtrong in my mind, Captain Anderſon, who was quartered near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an aſſembly. He is a ſprightly man, and was well received by every body; and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other on his account: And this, I own, when he made aſſiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him ſome conſequence with me: And then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was careſſed as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by every-body, as well as by himſelf: While this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her ſiſter had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both ſiſters, that two or three thouſand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horſe or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raiſing his fortune, would think himſelf but poorly paid for his pains (were ſhe even to obtain her father's pardon) ſhould ſhe engage without waiting for his conſent; as ſhe was urged to do, by letters, which he found ways unſuſpectedly to ſend her.—I hope, Sir, I hope, my lord, and you, my two ſiſters, that you will *now*, from what I have ſaid, acquit me of inſincerity, though you cannot of *paſt* indiſcretion.

Nevertheleſs, my pride at times was piqued: Sometimes I declared off; at other times was prevailed upon, by arts which men are maſters of, to go on again; till I found myſelf entangled, and at a loſs to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: But the object of my ſiſter's regard had ſo much to be ſaid for *him*, ſtood ſo well with my brother, and even with my father, was ſo much the man of quality in every reſpect, that a raſh

ſtep in me, I could not but think, would be looked upon as the more diſgraceful, on that account; and that if I married Captain Anderſon, I muſt be rejected, ſcorned, for one while, if not for ever.

And what title, often thought I, when I permitted myſelf ſeriouſly to think, have I to give my father a *ſon*, my brother, my ſiſter, my Lord L. (ſhould he and my ſiſter marry) a *brother*, whom they would not have choſen, nor will probably own!—Have not they a better *right* to reject him for *their* relation, than I have to chuſe for my huſband? And ſhall Charlotte Grandiſon, the daughter of the moſt prudent of mothers, take a ſtep that ſhall make her be looked upon as the diſgrace of her family; Shall *ſhe* be obliged to follow a ſoldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps diſtant regions?

Such as theſe were, at times, my reaſonings; and perhaps they would have had the leſs force with me, had I, in giving myſelf a *huſband*, had none of theſe relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their diſlike, by my marriage.

Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my ſiſter, who, in *her* choice, had ſo much advantage over me. I thought, within theſe few weeks paſt, I could reveal it to my new-found ſiſter; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me ſhe was ſo obliging as to accompany you down: But ſhe was *everlaſtingly* writing; and I was ſhy of *forcing* an opportunity, as none agreeably offered.

Sir Ch. I would not interrupt you, Charlotte—But may I aſk, If this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not ſometimes ſee each other?

Miſs Gr. We did. But our meetings were not frequent, becauſe he was at one time quartered in Scotland; at another was ſent to Ireland, where he ſtaid ſix or ſeven months; at others in diſtant parts of the kingdom.

Sir Ch. In what part of the king's dominions is the Captain now?

Miſs Gr. Dear Sir, could not the perſon who acquainted you with the affair inform you of that?

Sir Ch. (ſmiling). The perſon *could*, madam; and *did*. He is in London.

Miſs Gr. I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my confeſſion, and an ingenuouſneſs that is not often found in ſuch caſes as *this*, will not be ſo unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at laſt frank and unreſerved.

Sir Ch. Exceedingly juſt, Charlotte! exceedingly juſt!—I beg your pardon. I ſaid, we had all ſomething to be forgiven for. I am not however queſtioning you, with an intent to *caſt a ſtone*; but to *lend you a hand*.

Miſs Gr. O that we had had liberty granted to us, having *ſuch* a brother, to correſpond with him! —Happy ſhall I be, if I can atone—

There ſhe ſtopt.

Sir Ch. Proceed with your ſtory, my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault!

Miſs Gr. (bowing to her brother). Captain Anderſon *is* in town. I have ſeen him twice. I was to have ſeen him at the play, had I not come down to Colnebrooke. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recovered the right path, not one wry ſtep will I ever again wilfully take. I have ſuffered enough by thoſe I had taken, tho' I endeavoured to carry it off as well as I could (even ſometimes by a ſpirit of bravery), when it lay heavy *here*—putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles roſe from his ſeat; and taking one of his ſiſter's hands between both his, Worthy ſiſter! Amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankneſs, I muſt not permit you to accuſe yourſelf. An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won. If you think

think Captain Anderſon worthy of *your* heart, he ſhall have a place in *mine*; and I will uſe my intereſt with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to *them*. Miſs Byron and Dr Bartlett will look upon them as their friend.

He ſat down again; his countenance ſhining with brotherly love.

Miſs Gr. O Sir, what ſhall I ſay? You add to my difficulties by your goodneſs. I have told you how I had entangled myſelf. Captain Anderſon's addreſs began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon could not fail, firſt or laſt, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been, on many occaſions (on too many for his advantage) viſible to me. *My* allowance of his addreſs, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehenſions that I ſhould not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time our life was a confined one; and I girliſhly wiſhed for liberty—MATRIMONY and LIBERTY—Girliſh connection! as I have ſince thought.

We could none of us help ſmiling at this lively ſally: But ſhe went on more ſeriouſly.

I thought at firſt, that I could break with him when I would: But he holds me to it; and the more, ſince he has heard of your goodneſs to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.

Sir Ch. But do you not love Captain Anderſon, my ſiſter?

Miſs Gr. I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have ſaid, has come out, avowedly, to be my fortune. If I regulate my eſteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reaſon he likes me, to approve of him.

Sir Ch. I do not wonder that the Captain is deſirous to *hold you to it*, to uſe your words: But, my dear Charlotte, anſwer me, Have you had leſs liking to Captain Anderſon ſince your fortune is aſcer-

tained, and abſolutely in your own power, than you had before.

Miſs Gr. Not on *that* account, if I know my heart: But he has been a much more earneſt ſuitor ſince your goodneſs to me was generally known, than before. When public report had made me abſolutely dependent on my brother; and diminiſhed (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumſtances of the family; and when my ſiſter and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderſon; and that little was *ſo* prudent, and *ſo* cold—But I had found out the man before.

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him ſo; and ſo, by his looks, did Dr Bartlett.

Sir Ch. Poor man!—He ſeems to have been too prudent to truſt even to providence. But what, my ſiſter, *are now* your difficulties?

Miſs Gr. They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderſon appeared to me at firſt a man of ſenſe, as well as an agreeable man in his perſon and air. He had a lively and eaſy elocution. *He* ſpoke without doubt; and *I* had therefore the leſs doubt of his underſtanding. The man who knows how to ſay agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his ſide; ſince to doubt his veracity would be to queſtion her own merit. When he came to *write*, my judgment was even ſtill more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himſelf on a *faſt footing* with me, he then loſt his hand-writing, and his ſtile, and even his orthography. I bluſh to ſay it; and then I bluſhed to ſee it.

Sir Ch. Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to ſupply them, or to gloſs them over to thoſe, whoſe good opinion of us we wiſh to engage. I have known men who are not ſo *ready* as the Captain

tain ſeems to have been to find out their own defects. Captain Anderſon, perhaps, loſt his letter-writer by the ſhifting of quarters. But it is ſtrange that a man of family, as the Captain is, ſhould be ſo very illiterate.

Miſs Gr. His early wildneſſes, as I afterwards heard, made him run from ſchool, before he had acquired common ſchool-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: And his father marrying a ſecond wife, by whom he had children, conſidered not him as one. This came out to be his ſtory. But he diſplayed himſelf to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty eſtate, which, though not large, was well conditioned, and capable of improvement; beſides very conſiderable expectations. A mind that would not impoſe on another muſt leaſt bear to be impoſed upon itſelf: But I could not help *deſpiſing* him, when I found myſelf ſo groſsly impoſed upon by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of ſenſe, or learning, that he would have had me think him.

Sir Ch. But what was the *ſafe footing*, my ſiſter, that he thought he was upon with you?

Miſs Gr. O Sir! while all theſe good appearances held in his favour, he had teazed me into a promiſe. And when he had gained that point, *then* it was, or *ſoon after*, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, tho' he convinced me by doing ſo, that he had *before* employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourſe was to be an abſolute ſecret; and I trembled to find myſelf expoſed to his ſcribe, a man I knew not; and who muſt certainly deſpiſe the lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flouriſhes; and, in deſpiſing *him*, muſt probably deſpiſe *me*. Yet I *will* ſay, that my letters were ſuch as I can ſubmit to the ſevereſt eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement e-

nough, that I anſwered him by pen and ink; and he preſumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to teaze me for a promiſe, as he did for months before I made him one.

Sir Ch. Women ſhould never be drawn-in to fetter themſelves by promiſes. On the contrary, they ought always to deſpiſe, and directly to break with, the man who offers to exact a promiſe from them. To what end is a promiſe of this kind endeavoured to be obtained, if the urger ſuſpects not the fitneſs of his addreſſes in the eyes of thoſe who have a right to be conſulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the lady's honour, and feared her returning diſcretion?—Therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful; or (if ſhe had begun to ſwerve, by liſtening to a clandeſtine addreſs) to recover herſelf? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that), could have abſolved you from this promiſe. You have not now, however, any-body to controul you: You are abſolutely your own miſtreſs: And I ſee not but a promiſe—But, pray, of what nature was this promiſe?

Miſs Gr. O my folly!—I declared, that I never would marry any other man without his conſent, while he was ſingle. By this means (to my confuſion) I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at leaſt, I made the influences over me, of ſuch of them as had been living, of no avail, in the moſt material article of my life; teazed, as I told you, into it; and againſt my judgment.

Soon after, he let me know, as I ſaid, in his own hand-writing, what an illiterate, what a mere ſuperficial man I had entered into treaty with. And ever ſince I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in perſon, to get him to abſolve me from my raſh promiſe. And this was my view and endeavour

before

before I had a title to the independence, in which, Sir, you was ſo good as to eſtabliſh me.

I once thought, proceeded ſhe, that he would eaſily have complied, and have looked out elſewhere for a wife; for I ſought not to *fetter* him, as you juſtly call it: He was not of ſo much conſequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the leſs excuſeable:—But you held me not long enough in ſuſpenſe, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that releaſe from Captain Anderſon, which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what thoſe were.

All this time I kept my own ſecret. I had not confidence enough in the ſteps I had ſo raſhly taken (indeed had not *humility* enough) to make any living creature acquainted with my ſituation: And this was the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that I never was gueſſed at or found out. The proverb ſays, *Two can keep a ſecret when one is away:* But my Harriet knows [I bowed] that I very early, in my knowledge of her, dropt hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludicrouſly called it; for I could not, with juſtice, ſay *Love*.

Sir Ch. Charming frankneſs! How do your virtues ſhine thro' your very miſtakes!—But there are many women who have ſuffered themſelves to be worſe entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehenſions which you had at entering into this affair.

Miſs Gr. You are Sir *Charles Grandiſon*, Sir: I need not ſay more: We often dread, in raſh engagements, to make thoſe communications, which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourſelves. Had I, for the laſt ſix or ſeven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I been indulged in a correſpondence with him in his abſence; not a ſtep would I have taken, but with his approbation,

Sir

Sir Ch. Perhaps I was too implicit on this occaſion: But I always thought it more ſafe, in a diſputable caſe, to check, than to give way to an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my ſiſters, the *youngeſt* near as old as myſelf, would want my advice, in material articles: And to break through a father's commands, for the ſake merely of gratifying *myſelf*—I don't know how—But I could *not* do it: And as a conſiderate perſon, when he has loſt a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleaſure thoſe inſtances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; methinks I am the more ſatisfied with myſelf, for having obeyed a command, that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.

Miſs Gr. You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I ſhould be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderſon; nor wiſh to do ſo; for the man that once I had but the ſhadow of a thought to make one day my neareſt relation, is intitled I think to my good *wiſhes*, though he prove not quite ſo worthy as I believed him.

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderſon is paſſionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, but with great reluctance: Had I not come to Colnebrook, I ſhould have *ſeen* him, as I confeſſed; but it was with the reſolution that I had for a conſiderable time paſt avowed to him, never to be his; and to be a ſingle woman all my life, if he would not diſengage me of my raſh, my fooliſh promiſe. And now be pleaſed (looking round her to every one preſent) to adviſe me what to do.

Lord

Lord L. I think the man utterly unworthy of you, ſiſter Charlotte. I think you are right to reſolve never to have him.

Lady L. Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I muſt ſay, that he acts moſt ungenerouſly and unworthily, to hold you to an *unequal* promiſe: A promiſe, the like of which you offered not to bind *him* by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by ſuch a promiſe: And the poor trick of getting another perſon to write his letters for him, and expoſing my ſiſter to a ſtranger, and againſt ſtipulation—How I ſhould hate him!—What ſay you, ſiſter Harriet?

Harriet. I ſhould be unworthy of this kind confidence, if, thus called upon, I did not ſay ſomething, though it came out to be next to nothing—There ſeems not to have been any ſtrong affection, any ſympathy of ſoul, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, at *any* time, Miſs Grandiſon, between you and Captain Anderſon, I think?

Sir Ch. A very proper queſtion.

Miſs Gr. There was not, on *either* ſide, I believe. I have hinted at *my* motives, and at *his*. In every letter of his, he gave me cauſe to confirm what I have ſaid of his ſelf-intereſtedneſs: And now his principal plea to hold me to my promiſe, is *his* intereſt. I would not to him, I never did, plead *mine*; though his example would excuſe me, if I did.

Lord L. Was the promiſe given in writing, ſiſter?

Miſs Gr. Indeed it was. She looked down.

Harriet. May I be pardoned, madam?—The ſubſtance of your promiſe was, that you would never marry any other man without his conſent, while he remained unmarried—Did you promiſe, that, if ever you did marry at all, it ſhould be to him?

Miſs Gr. No he wanted me to promiſe that; but I refuſed. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?

Harriet.

Harriet. I beg to hear Dr Bartlett's opinion, and yours, Sir (to Sir Charles), before I preſume to give mine.

Sir Charles looked at the Doctor. The Doctor referred himſelf to him.

Sir Ch. Then, Doctor, you muſt ſet me right, if I am wrong. You are a caſuiſt.

As to what Lord L. has ſaid, I think with his lordſhip, that Captain Anderſon appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miſs Grandiſon: And in truth, I don't know many who are. if I am partial, excuſe the *brother*.

She bowed. Every one was pleaſed, that Miſs Grandiſon was enabled to hold up her head, as ſhe did, on this compliment from her brother.

Sir Ch. I think alſo if my ſiſter eſteems him not, ſhe is in the right to reſolve never to be his. But what ſhall we ſay, as to her promiſe, *never* to be the wife of another man without his conſent, while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, Doctor, you will allow, have abſolved her from it: But then, her very treating with him ſince to diſpenſe with it, ſhews, that in her own conſcience ſhe thinks herſelf bound by it.

Every one being ſilent, he proceeded.

Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts ungenerouſly and unworthily, to endeavor to hold her to an unequal promiſe: But what man, except a *very* generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over ſuch a woman as Charlotte [She reddened], would not try to hold it? Muſt he not, by giving up this advantage, vote againſt himſelf? Women ſhould be ſure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think that the man who engages a woman to make a promiſe, does not *intend* to hold her to it? When he *teazes* her to make it, he as good as tells her he

does,

does, let what will happen to make her wiſh ſhe had not.

Miſs Gr. O my brother! The repetition of that word *teazes!*—Are you not rallying me?—Indeed I deſerve it.

Sir Ch. Men gain all their advantages by *teazing*, by *promiſes*, by *importunities*—Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I uſe your word.

Miſs Gr. O my brother, what ſhall I do, if you rally me on my folly!

Sir Ch. I mean not to rally you. But I know ſomething of my own ſex; and muſt have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know not ſomething of the *world* [I thought, Lucy, he would here have uſed the word *other* inſtead of the word *world*]. We have heard her reaſon for not binding the Captain by a like promiſe; which was, that ſhe did not value him enough to exact it: And was not that his misfortune?

She is apprehenſive of blame on this head: but her ſituation will be conſidered: I *muſt not* repeat the circumſtances. I was grieved to hear that my ſiſters had been in *ſuch* circumſtances! What pity, that thoſe who believe they *beſt* know the ſex, think themſelves intitled to treat it with leaſt reſpect! [How we women look upon one another!] I ſhould hope in charity [In charity, Lucy,] and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greateſt glories of the creation, that the fault is not *generally* in the ſex.

As to the Captain's artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another's man's writing; that was enough indeed to make a woman, who herſelf writes finely, deſpiſe him when ſhe knew it. But to what will not ſome perſons ſtoop to gain a point, on which their hearts are fixed?—This is no *new* method. One ſingle inſtance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way by a favourite miſtreſs of Louis XIV. And this was

ſaid

ſaid to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat, that women ſhould be *ſure* of their men, before they embark with them in the voyage of love. *Hate the man*, ſays Lady L. for *expoſing her to the letter-writer!—Expoſing!*—Let me ſay, That women, who would not be *expoſed*, ſhould not put themſelves out of their own power. O Miſs Byron! (turning, to my confuſion, to me, who was too ready to apply the firſt part of this caution), be ſo good as to tell my Emily, that ſhe muſt never love a man, of whoſe love ſhe is not well aſſured: That ſhe muſt never permit a man to know his conſequence with her, till ſhe is ſure he is grateful, juſt and generous: And that ſhe muſt deſpiſe him as a mean and intereſted man, the firſt moment he ſeeks to engage her in a *promiſe*. Forgive me, Charlotte: You ſo generouſly blame yourſelf, that you will not ſcruple to have *your* experience pleaded for an example to a young creature who may not be able, if entangled, to behave with your magnanimity.

Seaſonably did he ſay this laſt part, ſo immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miſs Grandiſon's confuſion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I muſt not allow myſelf to be long from you, my dear friends; at leaſt in this company. Miſs Cantillon, Miſs Barnevelt, and half a dozen more miſſes and maſters, with whoſe characters and deſcriptions I firſt paraded: Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I ſaw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was eaſy and unapprehenſive: I could then throw my little ſquibs about me at pleaſure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the ſingeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER XXX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

BUT now what remains to be done for our ſiſter? aſked Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as ſeconding the queſtion. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

In the firſt place, let me aſſure you, my dear Charlotte, reſumed he, that if you have but the ſhadow of a preference for Captain Anderſon; and if you believe, from what has paſſed between you, and from the ſuſpenſe you have kept him in (which may have been a hindrance to his fortune or preferment), that you *ought* to be his, whether in juſtice, or by inclination, I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive propoſals. If you do not *find* him grateful or generous, we will *make* him ſo, by our example; and I will begin to ſet it.

Every one was affected: Dr Bartlett as much as any body. Miſs Grandiſon could hardly ſit ſtill: Her chair was uneaſy to her: While her brother looked like one who was too much accuſtomed to acts of beneficence, to ſuppoſe he had ſaid any thing extraordinary.

Miſs Grandiſon, after ſome heſitation, replied, Indeed, Sir, Captain Anderſon is *not* worthy of being called *your* brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthineſs, becauſe I am determined not to have him. He knows I am: Nor does my promiſe engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generoſity—But indeed he has not either, in the degree that would make me reſpect him, as a woman ſhould reſpect her huſband.

Sir Ch. Well then, Charlotte, I would have you excuſe yourſelf, if you have given him hopes

of meeting him; let him know that you have acquainted me with all that has paſſed between you, and that you refer yourſelf wholly to me; but with a reſolution (if ſuch be your reſolution) never to be his.

Miſs Gr. I ſhall dread his violent temper—

Sir Ch. Dread nothing! Men who are violent to a woman when they have a point to carry by being ſo, are not always violent to men. But I ſhall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in loſing ſuch a prize. You may tell him, that I will give him a meeting wherever he pleaſes. Mean time, it may not be amiſs, if you have no objection, to ſhew me ſome of the letters that have paſſed between you; of thoſe particularly in which you have declared your reſolution not to be his; the farther backward the better, if from the date of ſuch you have *always* been of the ſame mind.

Miſs Gr. You ſhall ſee the copies of *all* my letters; and *all* his, if you pleaſe. And you will gather from both, Sir, that it was owing to the unhappy ſituation I thought myſelf in, from the unkind treatment my ſiſter met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would entitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderſon.

Sir Ch. Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderſon. If there are any letters in which he has treated my ſiſter unhandſomely, you muſt not let me ſee them. My motive for looking into *any* of them is ſervice to you, Charlotte, and not curioſity. But let me, nevertheleſs, ſee all that is neceſſary to the queſtion, that I may not, when I meet him, hear any thing from him that I have not heard from you; and which may make for him, and againſt you. I do aſſure you, that I will allow in his favour all that

ſhall

ſhall appear favourable to him, though againſt my ſiſter. I may meet him *prejudiced*, but not *determined*: And I hope you ſee, by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond lovers in your letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am ſevere on lovers' foibles. Our paſſions may be made ſubſervient to excellent purpoſes. Don't think you have a ſupercilious brother. A ſuſceptibility of the paſſion called *love*, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary; your *brother*, ladies (looking upon all three), is no ſtoic.

And have you been in love, Sir Charles Grandiſon! thought I to myſelf.—Shall I, Lucy, be ſorry, or ſhall I be glad if he *has*?—But after all, is it not ſtrange, that in all this time one knows ſo little of his hiſtory while he was abroad?—And yet, he ſaid, that he was not angry at his ſiſter for queſtioning him on the ſubject. Had *I* been his ſiſter, queſtions of that ſort would not have been to be *now* aſked.

But here is a new taſk for her brother. I ſhall long to know how this affair will end.

This *trial* of Miſs Grandiſon, as ſhe called it, being thus happily over, and Miſs Emily and Mr Grandiſon deſired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with ſome ſeverity on our ſex, on the general liking which he ſaid women have for military men. He did not know, ſaid he, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial ſpirit, for many a gallant man.

What ſay you, Emily? ſaid he: Do not a cockade and a ſcarlet coat become a *fine gentleman*, and help to make him ſo, in your eyes?

Be pleaſed, Sir, to tell me how ſuch a one ſhould look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your leſſons.

He bowed to the happy girl: for my part, ſaid he, I cannot but ſay, that I diſlike the life of a ſoldier in general; whoſe trade is in blood; who muſt be as much a ſlave to the will of *his* ſuperiors in command, as he is almoſt *obliged* to be a tyrant to thoſe under him.

But as to the ſex, if it were not that ladies, where love and their own happineſs interfere, are the moſt incompetent judges of all others for themſelves—Pardon me—

Your ſervant, Sir, ſaid Lady L.—And we all bowed to him.

How can a woman, proceeded he, who really loves her huſband, ſubject herſelf, of *choice*, to the neceſſary abſences, to the continual apprehenſions, which ſhe muſt be under for his ſafety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his DUTY? He ſtopt. No anſwer being made, Perhaps, reſumed he, it may be thus accounted for: Women are the moſt delicate part of the creation. Conſcious of the weakneſs of their ſex, and that they ſtand in need of protection (for apprehenſiveneſs, the child of prudence, is as characteriſtic in them, as courage in a man), they naturally love brave men—And are not all military men ſuppoſed to be brave?

But how are they miſtaken in their main end, ſuppoſing *this* to be it!

I honour a good, a generous, a brave, an humane ſoldier: But were ſuch a one to be the braveſt of men, how can his wife expect conſtant protection from the huſband who is leſs *his own*, and conſequently leſs *hers*, than almoſt any other man can be (a *ſailor* excepted); and who muſt therefore, oftener than any other man, leave her expoſed to thoſe inſults from which he ſeems to think he can beſt defend her.

Lady L. (ſmiling). But may it not be ſaid, Sir, that thoſe women who make ſoldiers their choice, deſerve,

deſerve, in ſome degree, a rank with heroes; when they can part with their huſbands for their ſake of their country's glory?

Sir Ch. Change your word *glory* for *ſafety*, Lady L. and your queſtion will be ſtrengthened. The word and thing called *glory*, what miſchief has it not occaſioned!—As to the queſtion itſelf, were you *ſerious*, let every one, I anſwer, who can plead the *motive*, be intitled to the *praiſe* that is due to it.

Miſs Gr. There is ſo much weight in what my brother has ſaid, that I thank heaven I am not in danger of being the wife of a ſoldier.

We, who know what ſhe alluded to, ſmiled at it; and Mr Grandiſon looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words than they could import to him: And then was very earneſt to know how his couſin had come off.

Sir Ch. Triumphantly, couſin. Charlotte's ſuppoſed fault has brought to light additional excellencies.

Mr Gr. I am ſorry for that with all my ſoul—There was no bearing her before—And now what will become of me?

Miſs Gr. You have nothing now to fear, Mr Grandiſon, I aſſure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generouſly treated; and repent of my fault. Let me have an inſtance of like ingenuouſneſs in you, and I will ſay there are hopes of us both.

Mr Gr. Your ſervant, couſin. *Either* way I muſt have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourſelf amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuouſneſs.

Lord L. Upon my word, ſiſter Charlotte, Mr Grandiſon has ſaid a good thing.

Miſs Gr. I think ſo too, my lord. I will put it down. And if you are wiſe, Sir (to him), aſk me to ſew up your lips till to-morrow dinner-time.

Mr Grandiſon looked offended.

Sir Ch. Fie, Charlotte!

I am glad, thought I, my good Miſs Grandiſon, that you have not loſt much ſpirit by your trial!

Miss Grandiſon has ſhewed me ſome of the letters that paſſed between Captain Anderſon and her. How muſt ſhe have deſpiſed him, had ſhe been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How muſt ſhe have bluſhed at every civility paid him in ſuch a family! Yet from ſome paſſages in his letters, I dare ſay, he would have had the higheſt opinion of himſelf; firſt for having ſucceeded with her, and next for thoſe very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandiſon, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine underſtanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor get good ſenſe, nor generoſity of heart to countenance his pretenſions to ſuch a lady, or her for marrying beneath herſelf.

This is a copy of what Miſs Grandiſon has written to ſend to Captain Anderſon.

SIR,

HAD I had a generous man to deal with, I needed not to have expoſed myſelf to the apprehended cenſures of a brother, whoſe virtues made a ſiſter leſs perfect than himſelf, afraid that he would think her unworthy of that tender relation to him, from the occaſion. But he is the nobleſt of brothers. He pities me; and undertakes to talk with you, in the moſt friendly manner, at your

your own appointment, upon a ſubject that has long greatly diſtreſſed me; as *well* you know. I will not recriminate, as I might: But this aſſurance I muſt, for the hundredth time, repeat, that I never can, never will be to you, any other than

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

She is diſſatisfied with what ſhe has written: But I tell her, I think it will do very well.

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